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Hubert Smith-Stanier Esq.^{re}



Hubert Smith

FROM
THE DON QUIXOTE
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THE
HISTORY
OF THE
VALOROUS and WITTY
Knight-Errant,
Don QUIXOTE
Of the MANCHA.

Written in *Spanish* by MICHAEL CERVANTES.

Translated into *English*

By THOMAS SHELTON,
And now printed *verbatim* from the 4th Edition
of 1620.

With a Curious Set of New CUTS, *from the French*
of COYPEL.

In FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

L O N D O N :

Printed for D. MIDWINTER, W. INNYS, R.
ROBINSON, A. WARD, J. and P. KNAPTON,
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T. OSBORNE, H. LINTOT, J. DAVIDSON, C.
BATHURST, H. KNAPLOCK, and A. CONYERS.

M.DCC.XL.

KF15579





TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
His very good LORD, the
Lord of WALDEN, &c.

MYNE Honourable Lord, having translated some five or six Years ago, the History of Don *Quixote*, out of the *Spanish* Tongue into *English*, in the space of forty Days; being thereunto more than half enforced, thro' the Importunity of a very dear Friend, that was desirous to understand the Subject: After I had given him once a View thereof, I cast it aside, where it lay long time neglected in a Corner, and so little regarded by me, as I never once set Hand to review or correct the same. Since when, at the Entreaty of others my Friends, I

iv DEDICATION.

was content to let it come to light, conditionally, that some one or other would peruse and amend the Errors escaped; my many Affairs hindering me from undergoing that Labour. Now I understand by the Printer, that the Copy was presented to your Honour; which did at the first somewhat disgust me, because as it must pass, I fear much, it will prove far unworthy, either of your noble View or Protection. Yet since it is mine, tho' abortive, I do humbly entreat, that your Honour will lend it a favourable Countenance, thereby to animate the Parent thereof to produce in time some worthier Subject, in your Honourable Name, whose many rare Virtues have already render'd me so highly devoted to your Service, as I will some day give very evident Tokens of the same; and till then I rest

Your Honour's

most affectionate Servitor,

THOMAS SHELTON.



TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
G E O R G E,
Marquess BUCKINGHAM,
Viscount Villiers,
Baron of Whaddon,

Lord High-Admiral of *England*; Justice in Eyre of all His Majesty's Forests, Parks, and Chaces beyond *Trent*, Master of the Horse to His Majesty, and one of the Gentlemen of His Majesty's Bed-chamber, Knight of the most Noble Order of the Garter and one of His Majesty's most Honourable Privy Council of *England* and *Scotland*.

Right Noble Lord,

YOUR humble Servant hath observ'd in the multitude of Books that have pass'd his Hands, no small variety of Dedications, and those severally sorted to their Presenter's Ends; some, for the meer Ambition of great

vi DEDICATION.

Names; others, for the Desire or Need of Protection; many, to win Friends, and so Favour and Opinion; but most, for the more sordid Respect, Gain. This humbly offers into your *Lordship's* Presence with none of these Deformities; but as a bashful Stranger, newly arriv'd in *English*, having originally had the Fortune to be born commended to a *Grande* of *Spain*, and, by the way of Translation, the Grace to kiss the Hands of a great Lady of *France*, could not despair of less Courtesie in the Court of *Great Britain*, than to be receiv'd of your *Lordship's* Delight; his Study being to sweeten those short Starts of your Retirement from publick Affairs, which so many, so unreasonably, even to Molestation trouble,

By him who most truly honours

and humbly professes all Duties

to your Lordship,

ED. BLOUNT.



THE
Author's Preface
TO THE
READER.

THOU may'st believe me (gentle Reader) without swearing, that I could willingly desire this Book (as a Child of Understanding) to be the most beautiful, gallant, and discreet, that might possibly be imagined. But I could not transgress the Order of Nature, wherein every Thing begets his like : Which being so, what could my steril and ill-till'd Wit ingender, but the History of a dry toasted and humorous Son, full of various Thoughts and Conceits never before imagined of any other ; much like one who was ingendred within some noisom Prison, where all Discommodities have taken Possession, and all
A 4 doleful

doleful Noises made their Habitation? Seeing that Rest, pleasant Places, Amenity of the Fields, the Chearfulness of clear Sky, the murmuring Noise of the crystal Fountains, and the quiet Repose of the Spirit, are great Helps for the most barren Muses to shew themselves fruitful, and to bring into the World such Births as may enrich it with Admiration and Delight. It oft-times befalls that a Father hath a Child both by Birth evil-favoured, and quite devoid of all Perfection; and yet the Love that he bears him is such, as it casts a Mask over his Eyes, which binders his discerning of the Faults and Simplicities thereof, and makes him rather deem them Discretions and Beauty, and so tells them to his Friends, for witty Jest and Conceits. But I (tho' in shew a Father, yet in truth but a Step-father to Don Quixote) will not be born away by the violent Current of the modern Custom now-a-days, and therefore entreat thee with the Tears almost in mine Eyes, as many others are wont to do (most dear Reader) to pardon and dissemble the Faults which thou shalt discern in this my Son; for thou art neither his Kinsman nor Friend, and thou hast thy Soul in thy Body, and thy Free-will therein as absolute as the best, and thou art in thine own House, wherein thou art, as absolute a Lord, as the King is of his Subsidies, and thou knowest well the common Proverb, that under my Cloak a Fig for the King; all which doth exempt thee, and makes thee free from all Respect and Obligation;

gation; and so thou mayest boldly say of this History, whatsoever thou shalt think good, without Fear either to be controuled for the Evil, or rewarded for the Good that thou shalt speak thereof.

I would very fain have presented it unto thee pure and naked, without the Ornament of a Preface, or the Rabblement and Catalogue of the wonted Sonnets, Epigrams, Poems, Elegies, &c. which are wont to be put at the Beginning of Books. For I dare say unto thee, that (altho' it cost me some Pains to compose it) yet in no Respect did it equalize that, which I took to make this Preface, which thou dost now read. I took oftentimes my Pen in my Hand to write it, and as often set it down again, as not knowing what I should write; and being once in a Muse with my Paper before me, my Pen in mine Ear, mine Elbow on the Table, and mine Hand on my Cheek, imagining what I might write, there entered a Friend of mine unexpectedly, who was a very discreet and pleasantly witted Man; who, seeing me so pensative, demanded of me the Reason of my musing; and not concealing it from him, said, that I bethought myself on my Preface I was to make to Don Quixote's History, which did so much trouble me as I neither meant to make any at all, nor publish the History of the Acts of so noble a Knight. For how can I chuse (quoth I) but be much confounded at that which the old Legislator (the Vulgar) will say, when it sees, that after the End of so many Years (as

x The A U T H O R's Preface

are spent since I first slept in the Bosom of Oblivion) I come out loaden with my grey Hairs, and bring with me a Book as dry as a Kex, void of Invention, barren of good Phrase, poor of Conceits, and altogether empty both of Learning and Eloquence; without Quotations on the Margins, or Annotations in the End of the Book, wherewith I see other Books are still adorned, be they never so idle, fabulous, and prophane; so full of Sentences of Aristotle and Plato, and the other Crew of the Philosophers, as admires the Readers, and makes them believe that these Authors are very learned and eloquent. And after, when they cite Plutarch or Cicero, what can they say, but that they are the Sayings of St. Thomas, or other Doctors of the Church; observing herein so ingenious a Method, as in one Line they will paint you an enamoured Gull, and in the other will lay you down a little seeming devout Sermon, so that it is a great Pleasure and Delight to read or hear it? All which Things must be wanting in my Book; for neither have I any thing to cite in the Margin, or note in the End, and much less do I know what Authors I follow, to put them at the Beginning, as the Custom is, by the Letters of the A. B. C. beginning with Aristotle, and ending in Xenophon; or in Zoylus or Zeuxis. Altho' the one was a Railer, the other a Painter; so likewise shall my Book want Sonnets at the Beginning, at least such Sonnets whose Authors be Dukes, Marquesses, Earls, Bishops, Ladies, or famous

famous Poets. Altho' if I would demand them of two or three Artificers of mine Acquaintance, I know they would make me some such, as those of the most renowned in Spain would in no wise be able to equal or compare with them.

Finally, good Sir, and my very dear Friend, (quoth I) I do resolve that Sir Don Quixote remain intombed among the old Records of the Mancha, until Heaven ordain some one to adorn him with the many Graces that are yet wanting; for I find myself wholly unable to remedy them, through mine Insufficiency and little Learning; and also because I am naturally lazy and unwilling to go searching for Authors to say that, which I can say well enough without them. And hence proceeded the Perplexity and Extasy, wherein you found me plunged. My Friend bearing that, and striking himself on his Forehead, after a long and loud Laughter, said, In good faith, Friend, I have now at last delivered myself of a long and intricate Error, wherewith I was possessed all the Time of our Acquaintance; for hitherto I accounted thee even to be discreet and prudent in all thy Actions, but now I see plainly, that thou art as far from that I took thee to be, as Heaven is from the Earth.

How is it possible, that Things of so small moment, and so easy to be redressed, can have Force to suspend and swallow up so ripe a Wit as yours hath seemed to be, and so fitted to break up and trample over the greatest Difficulties that can be propounded. This proceeds not in good sooth
from

from Defect of Will, but from Superfluity of Sloth, and Penury of Discourse; wilt thou see whether that I say be true or no? Listen then attentively a while, and thou shalt perceive how in the Twinkling of an Eye, I will confound all the Difficulties, and supply all the Wants which do suspend and affright thee from publishing to the World, The History of thy famous Don Quixote, the Light and Mirrour of all Knight-hood-Errant.

Say, I pray thee, quoth I (hearing what he had said) After what manner dost thou think to replenish the Vacuity of my Fear, and reduce the Chaos of my Confusion to any Clearness and Light? And he replied, The first Thing where-at thou stoppest, of Sonnets, Epigrams, Eclogues, &c. (which are wanting for the Beginning, and ought to be written by grave and noble Persons) may be remedied, if thou thyself wilt but take a little Pains to compass them, and thou mayest after name them as thou pleasest, and father them on Prester John of the Indians, or the Emperor of Trapisonde, whom I know were held to be famous Poets; and suppose they were not, but that some Pedants and presumptuous Fellows would backbite thee, and murmur against this Truth, thou needest not weigh them two Straws; for altho' they could prove it to be an Untruth, yet cannot they cut off thy Hand for it.

As touching Citations in the Margin, and Authors, out of whom thou mayest collect Sentences

tences and Sayings, to insert in thy History, there is nothing else to be done, but to bob into it some Latin Sentences, that thou knowest already by rote, or mayest get easily with a little Labour : As for example, when thou treatest of Liberty and Thralldom, thou may'st cite that, Non bene pro toto libertas venditur auro ; and presently quote Horace, or be whosoever else that said it, on the Margin. If thou shouldst speak of the Power of Death, have presently Recourse to that of, Pallida mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas, Regumque tures. If of the Instability of Friends, thou hast at hand Cato freely offering his Distichon ; Donec eris fælix, multos numerabis amicos. Tempora si fuerint nubila, solus eris. If of Riches, Quantum quisque sua nummorum servat in arca, Tantum habet & fidei. If of Love, Hei mihi quod nullis amor est medicabilis herbis ! And so with these Latin Authorities, and other such like, they will at least account thee a good Grammarian, and the being such a one is of no little Honour and Profit in this our Age. As touching the Addition of Annotations in the End of thy Book, thou may'st boldly observe this Course: If thou namest any Giant in thy Book, procure that it be the Giant Goliah, and with this alone (which almost will cost thee nothing) thou hast gotten a fair Annotation ; for thou may'st say, The Giant Goliah or Goliath was a Philistine, whom the Shepberd David slew with the Blow of a Stone, in the Vale of Terebintho, as is re-
counted

counted in the Book of Kings, in the Chapter wherein thou shalt find it written.

After all this, to shew that thou art learned in humane Letters, and a Cosmographer, take some occasion to make mention of the River Tagus, and thou shalt presently find thyself stored with another notable Notation, saying, The River Tagus was so called of a King of Spain; it takes its Beginning from such a Place, and dies in the Ocean Seas, kissing first the Walls of the famous City of Lisbon; and some are of Opinion, that the Sands thereof are of Gold, &c. If thou wilt treat of Thieves, I will recite the History of Cacus to thee, for I know it by Memory. If of Whores or Curtezans, there thou hast the Bishop of Mondonnedo, who will lend thee Lamia, Layda, and Flora, whose Annotation will gain thee no small Credit. If of cruel Persons, Ovid will tender Medea. If of Inchanters or Witches, Homer bath Calypso, and Virgil, Circe. If of valorous Captains, Julius Cæsar shall lend himself in his Commentaries to thee, and Plutarch shall give thee a thousand Alexanders. If thou dost treat of Love, and hast but two Ounces of the Tuscan Language, thou shalt encounter with Lion the Hebrew, who will replenish thy Vessels with Store in that kind; but if thou wilt not travel for it into strange Countries, thou hast here at home in thy House Fonseca, of the Love of God, wherein is deciphered all that either thou, or the most ingenious Capacity can desire to learn
of

of that Subject. In conclusion, there is nothing else to be done, but that thou only endeavour to name those Names, or to touch those Histories in thine own, which I have here related, and leave the adding of Annotations and Citations unto me; for I do promise thee, that I will both fill up the Margin, and also spend four or five Sheets of Advantage at the End of the Book.

Now let us come to the Citation of Authors, which other Books have, and thine wanteth; the Remedy hereof is very easy; for thou needest do nought else but seek out a Book, that doth quote them all, from the Letter A. until Z. as thou saidst thyself but even now, and thou shalt set that very same Alphabet to thine own Book. For altho' the little Necessity that thou hadst to use their Assistance in thy Work, will presently convict thee of Falshood, it makes no matter, and perhaps there may not a few be found so simple, as to believe that thou hast holp thyself in the Narration of thy most simple and sincere History, with all their Authorities. And tho' that large Catalogue of Authors do serve to none other purpose, yet will it at least give some Authority to the Book at the first Blush; and the rather, because none will be so mad as to stand to examine whether thou dost follow them or no, seeing they can gain nothing by the Matter. Yet, if I do not err in the Consideration of so weighty an Affair, this Book of thine needs none of all these Things, forasmuch as it is only an Invective against Books of Knighthood, a
Subject

Subject whereof Aristotle never dreamed, Saint Basil said nothing, Cicero never heard any Word. Nor do the Punctualities of Truth, nor Observations of Astrology fall within the Sphere of such fabulous Jestings. Nor do Geometrical Dimensions impart it any thing, nor the Confutation of Arguments, usurp'd by Rhetorick; nor ought it to preach unto any the Mixture of holy Matters with prophane (a Motley wherewith no Christian well should be attired) only it hath need to help itself with Imitation: for by how much the more it shall excel therein, by so much the more will the Work be esteem'd. And since that thy Labour doth aim at no more, than to diminish the Authority and Acceptance that Books of Chivalry have in the World, and among the Vulgar, there's no Occasion why thou should'st go begging of Sentences from Philosophers, Fables from Poets, Orations from Rhetoricians, or Miracles from the Saints; but only endeavour to deliver with significant, plain, honest, and well-order'd Words, thy jovial and cheerful Discourse, expressing as near as thou may'st possibly thy Intention, making thy Conceits clear, and not intricate or dark: And labour also that the melancholy Mare, by the reading thereof, may be urg'd to Laughter, the pleasant Disposition encreas'd, the Simple not cloy'd, and that the Judicious may admire thy Invention, the Grave not despise it, the Prudent applaud it. In conclusion, let thy Project be to overthrow the ill-compiled Machina and Bulk of these

these Knightly Books, abhorred by many, but applauded by more; for if thou bring this to pass, thou hast atchiev'd not a small matter.

I list'ned with very great Attention to my Friend's Speech, and his Reasons are so firmly imprinted in my Mind, as without making any Reply unto them, I approved them all for good, and framed my Preface of them. Wherein (sweet Reader) thou may'st perceive my Friend's Discretion, my Happiness to meet with so good a Counsellor at such a pinch, and thine own Ease in finding so plainly and sincerely related, the History of the famous Don Quixote of the Mancha, of whom it is the common Opinion of all the Inhabitants bordering on the Fields of Montiel, that he was the most chaste, enamour'd and valiant Knight, that hath been seen, read, or heard of these many Ages. I will not endear the Benefit and Service I have done thee, by making thee acquainted with so noble and honourable a Knight, but only do desire, that thou gratifie me for the Notice of the famous Sancho Pancha, his Squire; in whom, in mine Opinion, are decipher'd all the Squire-like Graces dispersed through the vain rout of Knightly Books. And herewithal I bid thee farewell, and do not forget me. Vale.





C E R T A I N
SONNETS,

Written by *Knights-Errant, Ladies,
Squires, and Horses*, in the Praise of
Don *Quixote*, his *Dame*, his *Squire*,
and *Steed*.



AMADIS of Gaule, in Praise of DON
QUIXOTE.

THOU that my doleful Life didst imitate,
When absent, and disdained it beset,
Deydid of Joy, I a repentant State
Did lead, and on the *Poor Rock's* Top did dwell,
Thou that the Streams, so often from thine Eyes
Didst suck, of scalding Tears disgustful Brine :
And without Pewter, Copper, Plate likewise,
Was't on the bare Earth oft constrain'd to dine :
Live of one Thing secure eternally,
That whilst bright *Phæbus* shall his Horses spur
Through the fourth Sphere's dilated Monarchy,
Thy Name shall be renowned, near and fur.
And as 'mongst Countries, thine is best alone,
So shall thine Author, Peers on Earth have none.

DON



DON BELIANIS *of* Greece, to DON
QUIXOTE *of the* Mancha.

I Tore, I hack'd, abolish'd, said and did
More than Knight-Errant else on Earth hath done :
I dext'rous, valiant, and so stout beside,
Have thousand Wrongs reveng'd, millions undone.
I have done Acts that my Fame eternize :
In Love, I courteous, and so peerless was,
Giants, as if but Dwarfs, I did despise ;
And yet no Time of Love-plaints I let pass.
I have held Fortune prostrate at my Feet,
And by my Wit seiz'd on Occasion's top,
Whose wand'ring Steps I led where I thought meet ;
And tho' beyond the *Moor* my soaring Hope
Did crown my Hap with all Felicity,
Yet, *Great Quixote*, do I still envy thee.



The Knight of the Sun ALPHEBO, to
DON QUIXOTE.

MY Sword could not at all compare with thine,
Spanish Alphebo ! full of Courtesie ;
Nor thine Arm's Valour can be match'd by mine,
Tho' I was fear'd where Days both spring and die.
Empires

Empires I scorn'd, and the vast Monarchy
 Of th' Orient ruddy (offer'd me in vain)
 I left, that I the Sovereign Face might see
 Of my *Aurora*, fair *Claridiane* ;
 Whom, as by Miracle I surely lov'd ;
 So, banish'd by Disgrace, even very Hell
 Quak'd at mine Arm that did his Fury tame :
 But thou, Illustrious *Gotho*, *Quixote* ! hast prov'd
 Thy Valour for *Dulcinea*'s sake so well,
 As both on Earth have gain'd Eternal Fame.



ORLANDO FURIOSO, *Peer of France,*
to Don QUIXOTE of the Mancha.

THOU art not a *Peer*, thou hast no peer,
 Who might'st among ten thousand *Peers* be one ;
 Nor shalt thou never any *Peer* have here,
 Who, ever conquering, vanquish'd wast of none.

Quixote, I'm *Orlando* ! that Cast-away
 For fair *Angelica* cross'd remotest Seas,
 And did such Trophies on *Fame*'s Altar lay,
 As pass Oblivion's Reach many Degrees.

Nor can I be thy *Peer*, for *Peerlessness*
 Is to thy Prowess due, and great Renown,
 Altho' I lost, as well as thou, my Wit ;
 Yet mine thou may'st be, if thy good Success
 Make thee the proud *Moor* tame, a Schite that crown
 Us Equals in Disgrace, and loving Fit.



SOLIS DAN *to* DON QUIXOTE *of*
the Mancha.

M Augre the Ravings that are set abroad
And rumble up and down thy troubled Brain ;
Yet none thine Act, Don *Quixote*, can reproach,
Or thy Proceedings tax as vile or vain.
Thy Feats shall be thy fairest Ornament
(Seeing Wrongs t'undo thou goest thus about)
Altho' with Blows a thousand times y-shent
Thou wert well nigh, yea, e'en by the Miscreant Rout
And if thy fair *Dulcinea* shall wrong,
By Misregard thy fairer Expectation,
And to thy Cares will lend no list'ning Ear,
Then let this Comfort all thy Woes out-wear,
That *Sancho* fail'd in Broker's Occupation,
He foolish, cruel she ; thou, without Tongue.

The



The Princess ORIANA of Great Britain,
to Lady DULCINEA del Toboso.

HAppy those which, for more Commodity
And Ease, *Dulcinea* fair could bring to pass,
That *Greenwich*, where *Toboso* is, might be,
And *London* chang'd where thy Knight's Village was.
Happy she that might Body and Soul adorn
With thy rich Livery, and thy high Desire;
And see thy happy Knight by Honour born,
In cruel Combat broaching out his Ire.
But happiest she, that might so cleanly 'scape
From *Amadis*, as thou hast whilome done
From thy well-manner'd Knight, courteous *Quixote*;
O! were I she, I'd envy no one's Hap,
And had been merry when I most did moan,
And ta'en my Pleasure without paying Shot.

GAN-



GANDALINE, AMADIS *of Gaule's Squire*;
to SANCHO PANCHA, DON QUIXOTE'S
Squire.

HA I L famous Man! whom Fortune hath so blest,
When first in Squire-like Trade it thee did place,
As thou didst soft and sweetly pass Disgrace
Ere thou thereof the threatening Danger wist.
The Shovel or Sickle little do resist
The wand'ring Exercise; for now's in grace
Plain Squire-like Dealing, which doth quite deface
His Pride, that would the *Moor* bore with his Fist.
Thine As I jointly envy, and thy Name,
And eke thy Wallet I do emulate;
An Argument of thy great Providence.
Hail once again; who, 'cause so good a Man,
Thy Worths our *Spanish Ovid* does relate,
And lovely chaunts them with all Reverence.



*A Dialogue between BABIECA, Horse
to the Cid, à famous Conqueror of
Spain, and ROZINANTE, Don
Quixote's Courser.*

Es. **H**OW haps it, *Rozinante*, thou art so lo lean?

Ro. Because I travel still and never eat.

Ba. Thy want of Barley and Straw, what does it mean?

Ro. That of my Lord a Bit I cannot get.

Ba. Away, Sir Jade! you are ill-mannered,

Whose Ass's Tongue your Lord does thus abase.

Ro. If you did see how he's enamoured,

You would conclude that he's the greater Ass.

Ba. Is Love a Folly? (*Roz.*) Sure it is no Wit.

Ba. Thou art a Metaphysician, (*Roz.*) For want of Meat.

Ba. Complain upon the Squire. (*Roz.*) What profits it?

Or how shall I my woeful Complaints repeat,

Since, tho' the World imputes Slowness to me,

Yet greater Jades my Lord and *Sancho* be?





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F I N I S.



The Delightful
HISTORY
Of the most Ingenious K N I G H T
Don QUIXOTE
Of the M A N C H A.

B O O K I.

C H A P. I.

*Wherein is rehearsed the Calling and Exercises of
the Renowned Don Quixote of the Mancha.*

T H E R E lived, not long since, in a certain Village of the *Mancha*, the Name where- of I purposely omit, a Gentleman of their calling, that used to pile up in their Halls old Launces, Halberts, Morrions, and such other Armours and Weapons. He was besides Master of an ancient Target, a lean Stallion, and a swift Greyhound. His Pot consisted daily of somewhat more Beef than Mutton ; a Galli-mawfry each Night, Collops and Eggs on *Saturdays*, Lentils on *Fri-*
VOL. I. B days,

days, and now and then a lean Pigeon on *Sundays*, did consume three parts of his Rents: The rest and remnant thereof was spent on a Jerkin of fine Puke, a pair of Velvet Hose, with Pantofles of the same, for the Holidays, and one Suit of the finest Vesture; for therewithal he honour'd and set out his Person for the *Week-days*. He had in his House a Woman-servant of about some Forty years old, and a Niece not yet Twenty, and a Man that served him both in Field and at Home, and could saddle his Horse, and likewise manage a Pruning-hook. The Master himself was about Fifty years old, of a strong Complexion, dry Flesh, and a wither'd Face. He was an early Riser, and a great Friend of Hunting. Some affirm that his Sirname was *Quixada* or *Quesada* (for in this there is some Variance among the Authors that write his Life) altho' it may be gather'd by very probable Conjectures, that he was call'd *Quixana*. Yet all this concerns our historical Relation but little; let it then suffice, that in the Narration thereof we will not vary a jot from the Truth.

You shall therefore wit, that this Gentleman above named, the Spirits that he was idle (which was the longer part of the Year) did apply himself wholly to the reading of Books of Knighthood, and that with such Gusts and Delights, as he almost wholly neglected the Exercise of Hunting, yea, and the very administration of his Household Affairs. And his Curiosity and Folly came to that pass, that he made away many Acres of arable Land, to buy him Books of that kind; and therefore he brought to his House as many as ever he could get of that Subject: And among them all, none pleased him better than those which Famous *Felician* of *Silva* compos'd: For the smoothness of his Prose, with now and then some intricate Sentence medled, seem'd to him peerless; and principally when he did read the Courtings, or Letters of Challenge, that Knights sent to Ladies, or one to another: where, in many places, he found written — the Reason of the Unreasonableness, which against my Reason is wrought, doth so weaken my Reason, as with all Reason I do
justly

justly complain on your Beauty. And also when he read — the high Heavens, which with your Divinity do fortify you divinely with the Stars, and make you Deservereis of the Deserts that your Greatness deserves, &c. With these and other such Passages the poor Gentleman grew distracted, and was breaking his Brains Day and Night, to understand and unbowel their Sense. An endless Labour! for even *Aristotle* himself would not understand them, tho' he were again resuscitated only for that purpose. He did not like so much the Unproportionate Blows that *Don Belianis* gave and took in Fight; for, as he imagin'd, were the Surgeons never so cunning that cured them, yet was it impossible but that the Patient's Face, and all his Body, must remain full of Scars and Tokens: Yet did he praise notwithstanding, in the Author of that History, the Conclusion of his Book, with the promise of the endless Adventure; and many times he himself had a desire to take Pen and finish it exactly as it is there promised; and would doubtless have perform'd it, and that surely with happy Success, if other more urgent and continual Thoughts had not disturb'd him.

Many times did he fall at variance with the Curate of his Village (who was a learned Man, graduated in *Ciguenga*) touching who was the better Knight, *Palmerrin* of *England*, or *Amadis de Gaule*: But Master *Nicholas* the Barber of the same Town would affirm, that none of both arriv'd in worth to the *Knight of the Sun*, and if any one Knight might paragon with him, it was infallibly *Don Galaor*, *Amadis de Gaule's* Brother, whose Nature might fitly be accommodated to any thing; for he was not so coy and whining a Knight as his Brother, and that in Matters of Valour he did not abate him an Ace.

In Resolution, he plunged himself so deeply in his reading of these Books, as he spent many times in the Lecture of them whole Days and Nights; and in the end, thro' his little Sleep and much Reading, he dry'd up his Brains in such sort, as he lost wholly his Judgment. His Fantásie was filled with those things that he read of

Enchantments, Quarrels, Battels, Challenges, Wounds, Wooings, Loves, Tempests, and other impossible Follies. And these Toys did so firmly possess his Imagination with an infallible Opinion, that all that Machina of dreamed Inventions which he read was true, as he accounted no History in the World to be so certain and sincere as they were. He was wont to say, that the ‡ *Cid Ruydiaz* was a very good Knight, but not to be compared to the *Knight of the burning Sword*, which with one thwart Blow cut asunder two fierce and mighty Giants. He agreed better with *Fernando del Carpio*, because he slew the enchanted *Rowland* in *Roncesuales*. He likewise liked of the shift *Hercules* used when he smother'd *Anteon*, the Son of the Earth, between his Arms. He praised the Giant *Morgant* marvellously, because, tho' he was of that monstrous Progeny, who are commonly all of them proud and rude, yet he only was affable and courteous. But he agreed best of all with *Reinuld* of *Mount Alban*; and most of all then, when he saw him sally out of his Castle to rob as many as ever he could meet: And when moreover he robb'd the Idol of *Makomet*, made all of Gold, as his History recounts: and would be content to give his old Woman, yea, and his Niece also, for a good Opportunity on the Traytor *Galalon*, that he might lambskin and trample him into Powder.

Finally, his Wit being wholly extinguish'd, he fell into one of the strangest Conceits that ever Mad-man stumbled on in this World; to wit, it seem'd unto him very requisite and behoveful, as well for the Augmentation of his Honours, as also for the Benefit of the Commonwealth, that he himself should become a Knight-Errant, and go throughout the World with his Horse and Armour to seek Adventures, and practise in Person all that he had read was used by Knights of yore; revenging of all kinds of Injuries, and offering himself to

‡ *A famous Captain of the Spanish Nation.*

Occasions and Dangers ; which being once happily achieved, might gain him eternal Renown. The poor Soul did already figure himself crown'd, thro' the Valour of his Arm, at least Emperor of *Trapefouda* ; and led thus by those soothing Thoughts, and born away with the exceeding Delight he found in them, he hasten'd all that he might to effect his urging Desires.

And first of all he caus'd certain old rusty Arms to be scoured, that belong'd to his Great Grandfather, and lay many Ages neglected and forgotten in a by-corner of his House : He trimmed them, and dress'd them the best he mought, and then perceiv'd a great defect they had ; for they wanted a Helmet, and had only a plain Morrion : But he by his Industry supply'd that Want, and framed with certain Papers pasted together, a Beaver for his Morrion. True it is, that to make tryal whether his pasted Beaver was strong enough, and might abide the Adventure of a Blow, he out with his Sword and gave it a Blow or two, and with the very first did quite undo his whole Week's Labour : The Facility wherewithal it was dissolv'd liked him nothing ; wherefore to assure himself better the next time from the like Danger, he made it anew, placing certain Iron Bars within it, in so artificial a manner, that he rested at once satisfied, both with his Invention, and also the Solidity of the Work ; and without making a second Trial, he deputed and held it in Estimation of a most excellent Beaver. The next day he presently visit his Horse, who tho' he had more Quarters than Pence in a Sixpence, thro' Leanness, and more Faults than *Genellas*, having nothing on him but Skin and Bone ; yet he thought that neither *Alexander's Bucephalus*, nor the *Cid's* Horse *Balica*, were in any respect equal to him. He spent four Days in devising him a Name : For (as he reason'd to himself) it was not fit that so famous a Knight's Horse, and chiefly being so good a Beast, should want a known Name ; and therefore he endeavour'd to give him such a one, as should both declare what some time he had been, before he pertained to a Knight-Errant, and also what at present he was : For it stood greatly with Reason, seeing his

Lord and Master chang'd his Estate and Vocation, that he should alter likewise his Denomination, and get a new one, that was famous and altisonant, as becomed the new Order and Exercise which he now profess'd: And therefore, after many other Names which he framed, blotted out, rejected, added, undid and turned again to frame in his Memory and Imagination, he finally concluded to name him † *Rozinante*, a Name in his Opinion lofty, full, and significant of what he had been when he was a plain Jade, before he was exalted to his new Dignity; being, as he thought, the best carriage Beast of the World. The Name being thus given to his Horse, and so to his Mind, he resolv'd to give himself a Name also, and in that Thought he labour'd other eight Days; and in conclusion call'd himself *Don Quixote*; whence (as is said) the Authors of this most true History deduce, that he was undoubtedly named *Quixada*, and not *Quesada*, as others would have it. And remembering that the valorous *Amadis* was not satisfied only with the dry Name of *Amadis*, but added thereunto the Name of his Kingdom and Country, to render his own more undoubted, terming himself *Amadis de Gaule*; so he, like a good Knight, would add to his own, that also of his Province, and call himself *Don Quixote of the Mancha*; wherewith it appear'd, that he very lively declared his Lineage and Country, which he did honour by taking it for his Sur-name.

His Armour being scoured, his Morrion transformed into an Helmet, his Horse named, and himself confirmed with a new Name also; he forthwith bethought himself, that now he wanted nothing but a Lady, on whom he might bestow his Service and Affection; for the Knight-Errant that is Loveless resembles a Tree that wants Leaves and Fruit, or a Body without a Soul:

† A Horse of Labour or Carriage, in Spanish, is called *Rozin*, and the word *Ante* signifies Before; so that *Rozinante* is a Horse that sometime was of Carriage.

And therefore he was wont to say, If I should for my Sins, or by good hap encounter there abroad with some Giant (as Knights-Errant do ordinarily) and that I should overthrow him with one Blow to the Ground, or cut him with a stroke in two halves, or finally overcome, and make him yield to me, would it not be very expedient to have some Lady, to whom I might present him? And that he entring in her Presence to kneel before my sweet Lady, and say unto her with an humble and submissive Voice: Madam! I am the Giant *Caraculiambro*, Lord of the Island called *Malindrania*, whom the never-too-much-praised Knight *Don Quixote de la Mancha* hath overcome in single Combat, and hath commanded to present myself to your Greatness, that it may please your Highness to dispose of me according unto your liking. O! how glad was our Knight when he had made this Discourse to himself, but chiefly when he had found out one, whom he might call his Lady! For, as 'tis imagined, there dwelt in the next Village unto his Manor, a young handsome Wench, with whom he was some time in Love, altho', as is understood, she never knew or took Notice thereof. She was call'd *Aldonsa Lorenzo*, and her he thought fittest to entitle with the Name of *Lady of his Thoughts*; and searching a Name for her that should not vary much from her own, and yet should draw and aveer somewhat to that of a Princess or great Lady, he called her *Dulcinea del Toboso* (for there she was born) a Name in his Conceit harmonious, strange, and significant, like to all the others that he had given to his Things.





C H A P. II.

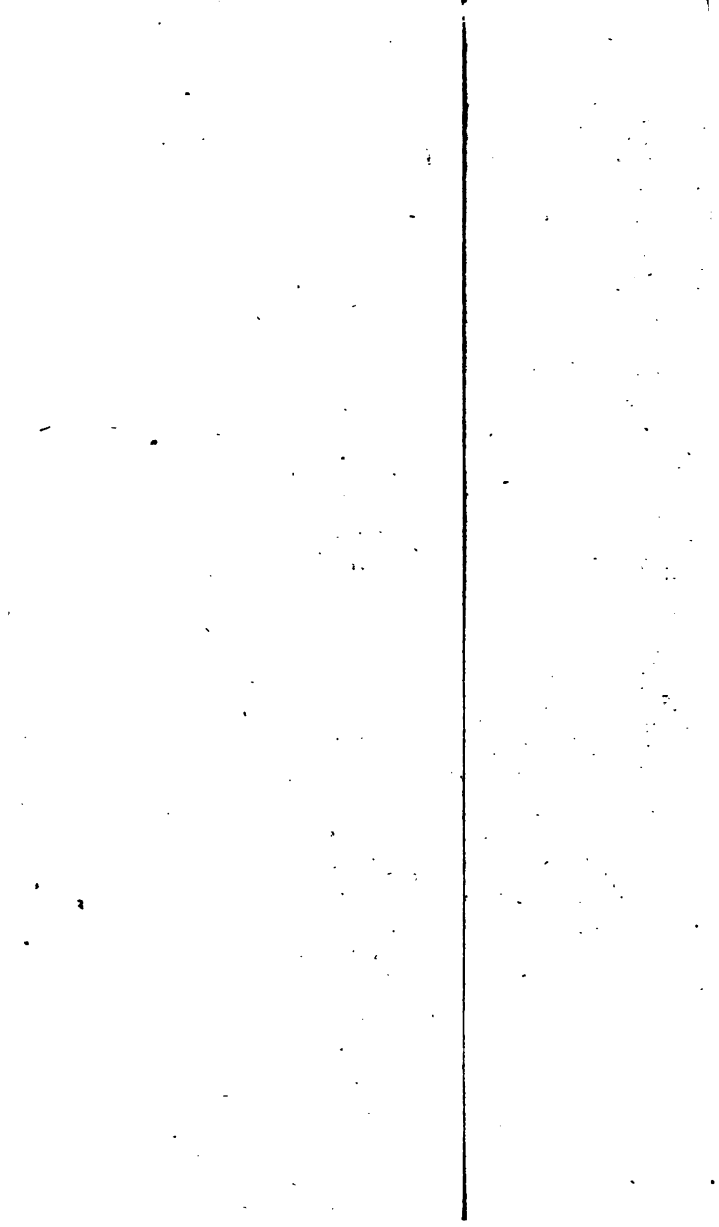
Of the first Salley that Don Quixote made to seek Adventures.

THINGS being thus order'd, he would defer the Execution of his Designs no longer, being spur'd on the more vehemently by the Want which he esteem'd his Delays wrought in the World, according to the Wrongs that he resolv'd to right, the Harms he meant to redress, the Excesses he would amend, the Abuses that he would better, and the Debts he would satisfy. And therefore, without acquainting any living Creature with his Intention, he unseen of any, upon a certain Morning, somewhat before Day (being one of the warmest of July) arm'd himself *Cap-a-pee*, mounted on *Rozinante*, laced on his ill-contriv'd Helmet, embraced his Target, took his Launce, and by a Postern-door of his base Court issued out to the Field, marvellous jocund and content to see with what Facility he had commenced his good Desires. But scarce had he sally'd to the Fields, when he was suddenly assaulted by a terrible Thought, and such a one as did well-nigh overthrow his former good Purposes; which was, he remember'd that he was not yet dubb'd Knight, and therefore by the Laws of Knighthood neither could nor ought to combat with any Knight. And tho' he were one, yet ought he to wear white Armour, like a new Knight, without any Device in his Shield, until he did win it by force of Arms.

These Thoughts did make him stagger in his Purposes; but his Follies prevailing more than any other Reason, he purpos'd to cause himself to be Knighted by the first he met, to the Imitation of many others that did the same, as he had read in the Books which distracted him. As touching white Armour, he resolv'd with



*Don Quixote led by Folly, & Inflam'd by
Dulciana Sets out upon Knight Errand.*



with the first Opportunity to scour his own so well, that they should rest whiter than Ermins : And thus he pacified his Mind, and prosecuted his Journey, without chusing any other Way than that which his Horse pleas'd, believing that therein consisted the Vigour of Knightly Adventures. Our burnish'd Adventurer travelling thus onward, did parley with himself in this manner :

“ Who doubts in the ensuing Ages, when the true History of my famous Acts shall come to light, but that the wise Man who shall write it will begin it, when he comes to declare this my first Salley so early in the Morning, after this manner ? *Scarce had the ruddy Apollo spread over the Face of the vast and spacious Earth, the golden Twists of his beautiful Hairs, and scarce had the little enamell'd Birds with their naked Tongues saluted, with sweet and mellifluous Harmony, the Arrival of Rosia Aurora ; when abandoning her jealous Husband's soft Couch, she shews herself to mortal Wights thorough the Gates and Windows of the Manchegal Horizon : When the famous Knight Don Quixote of the Mancha, abandoning the slothful Plumes, did mount upon his renowned Horse Rozinante, and began to travel through the ancient and known Fields of Montiel*” (as indeed he did.) And following still on with his Discourse, he said, “ O ! happy the Age, and fortunate the Time, wherein my famous Feats shall be reveal'd, Feats worthy to be graven in Bras, carv'd in Marble, and deliver'd with most curious Art in Tables, for a future Instruction and Memory. And, thou wise Enchanter, whosoever thou beest, whom it shall concern to be the Chronicler of this strange History, I desire thee not to forget my good Horse *Rozinante*, mine eternal and inseparable Companion in all my Journeys and Courses.”

And then, as if he were verily enamour'd, he said, “ O Princess *Dulcinea*, Lady of this captive Heart, much wrong hast thou done me by dismissing me, and reproaching me with the rigorous Decree and Commandment not to appear before thy Beauty : I pray thee, sweet Lady, daign me to remember thee of this

" poor subjected Heart, that for thy Love suffers so many
 " Tortures." And with these Words he inserted a
 thousand other Ravings, all after the same manner that
 his Books taught him, imitating as near as he could
 their very Phrase and Language, and did ride there-
 withal so slow a pace, and the Sun did mount so swift-
 ly, and with so great Heat, as it was sufficient to melt
 his Brains if he had had any left.

He travel'd almost all that Day without encountering
 any thing worthy the Recital, which made him to fret
 for Anger ; for he desired to encounter presently some
 one upon whom he might make trial of his invincible
 Strength. Some Authors write, that his first Adven-
 ture was that of the *Lapicean* Straits ; others, that of
 the Wind-mills ; but what I could only find out in this
 Affair, and that which I have found written in the An-
 nals of the *Mancha*, is, that he travel'd all that Day
 long, and at Night both he and his Horse were tired,
 and marvellously prest by Hunger, and looking about
 him, on every side, to see whether he could discover any
 Castle or Sheepfold, wherein he might retire him'self
 for that Night, and remedy his Wants, he perceiv'd an
 Inn, near unto the Highway wherein he travel'd ; which
 was as welcome a sight to him as if he had seen a Star,
 that did address him to the Porch, if not to the Palace
 of his Redemption. Then spurring his Horse, he hy'd
 all he might towards it, and arriv'd much about Night-
 fall. There stood by chance at the Inn-door two Wo-
 men, Adventurers likewise, which travel'd toward *Se-
 ville*, with certain Carriers, and did by chance take up
 their Lodging in that Inn the same Evening ; and for-
 asmuch as our Knight-Errant esteem'd all which he
 thought, saw, or imagin'd, was done or did really pass
 in the very same form as he had read the like in his
 Books ; forthwith as soon as he espy'd the Vent, he
 feign'd to himself that it was a Castle with four Turrets,
 whereof the Pinacles were of glittering Silver, without
 omitting the Drawbridge, deep Foss, and other Adhe-
 rents belonging to the like Places : And approaching by
 little and little to the Vent, when he drew near to it,
 check-

checking *Rozinante* with the Bridle, he rested a while, to see whether any Dwarf would mount on the Battlements, to give Warning with the Sound of a Trumpet, that some Knight did approach the Castle; but seeing they staid so long, and also that *Rozinante* kept a coil to go to his Stable, he went to the Inn-door, and there beheld the two loose Baggages that stood at it, whom he presently supposed to be two beautiful Damsels, or lovely Ladies that did solace themselves before the Castle Gates. And in this space it befel by chance, that a certain Swineherd, as he gather'd together his Hogs, blew the Horn, whereat they are wont to come together; and instantly *Don Quixote* imagin'd it was what he desir'd, to wit, some Dwarf who gave Notice of his Arrival; and therefore with marvellous satisfaction of Mind he approached to the Inn and Ladies; who beholding one arm'd in that manner draw so near with his Launce and Target, they made much haste, being greatly affrighted, to get to their Lodging. But *Don Quixote* perceiving their Fear by their Flight, lifting up his pasted Beaver, and discovering his wither'd and dusty Countenance, did accost them with gentle Demeanour and grave Words in this manner: *Let not your Ladships fly, nor fear any Outrage, for to the Order of Knighthood which I do profess, it toucheth nor appertaineth not to wrong any body, and least of all such worthy Damsels as your presences denote you to be. The Wenches look'd on him very earnestly, and did search with their Eyes for the Visage, which his ill-fashion'd Beaver did conceal: But when they heard themselves term'd Damsels, a thing so far from their Profession, they could not constrain their Laughter, which was so loud, as Don Quixote waxed asham'd thereat, and therefore said to them, Modesty is a comely Ornament of the Beautiful, and the excessive Laughter that springs from a light Occasion must be reputed great Folly: But I do not object this unto you to make you the more ashamed, or that you should take it in ill part; for my Desire is none other than to do you all the Honour and Service I may.* This he spake unto them in such uncooth Words

as they could not understand him, which was an Occasion, join'd with his own Uncomeliness, to encrease their Laughter and his Wrath, which would have pass'd the Bounds of Reason, if the Inn-keeper had not come out at the instant : being a Man who, by reason of his exceeding Fatness, must needs have been of a very peaceable Condition ; who beholding that counterfeit Figure, all arm'd in so unsuitable Armour, as were his Bridle, Launce, Target, and Corset, was very near to have kept the Damsels company in the pleasant Shews of his Merriment ; but fearing in effect the *Machina* and Bulk, contriv'd of so various Furnitures, he determin'd to speak him fairly, and therefore began to him in this manner : *If your Worship (Sir Knight) do seek for Lodging, you may chalk your self a Bed, for there's none in this Inn, wherein you shall find all other things in abundance.* Don Quixote noting the Lowliness of the Constable of that Fortrefs (for such the Inn and Inn-keeper seem'd unto him) answer'd, *Any Thing (Sir || Constable) may serve me, for mine Arms are mine Ornaments, and Battles mine Ease, &c.* The Host thought he had call'd him a *Castellano* or Constable, because he esteem'd him to be one of the sincere and honest Men of *Castille*, whereas he was indeed an *Andalusian*, and of the Commark of *S. Lucar's* ; no less than *Cacus*, nor less malicious and crafty than a Student or Page ; and therefore he answer'd him thus : *If that be so, your Bed must be hard Rocks, and your Sleep a perpetual Watching : And being such, you may, boldly alight, and shall find certainly here Occasion and Opportunity to hold you waking this Twelve-month more, for One Night.* And saying so, laid hand on Don Quixote's Stirrup, who did forthwith alight, though it was with great Difficulty and Pain, as one that had

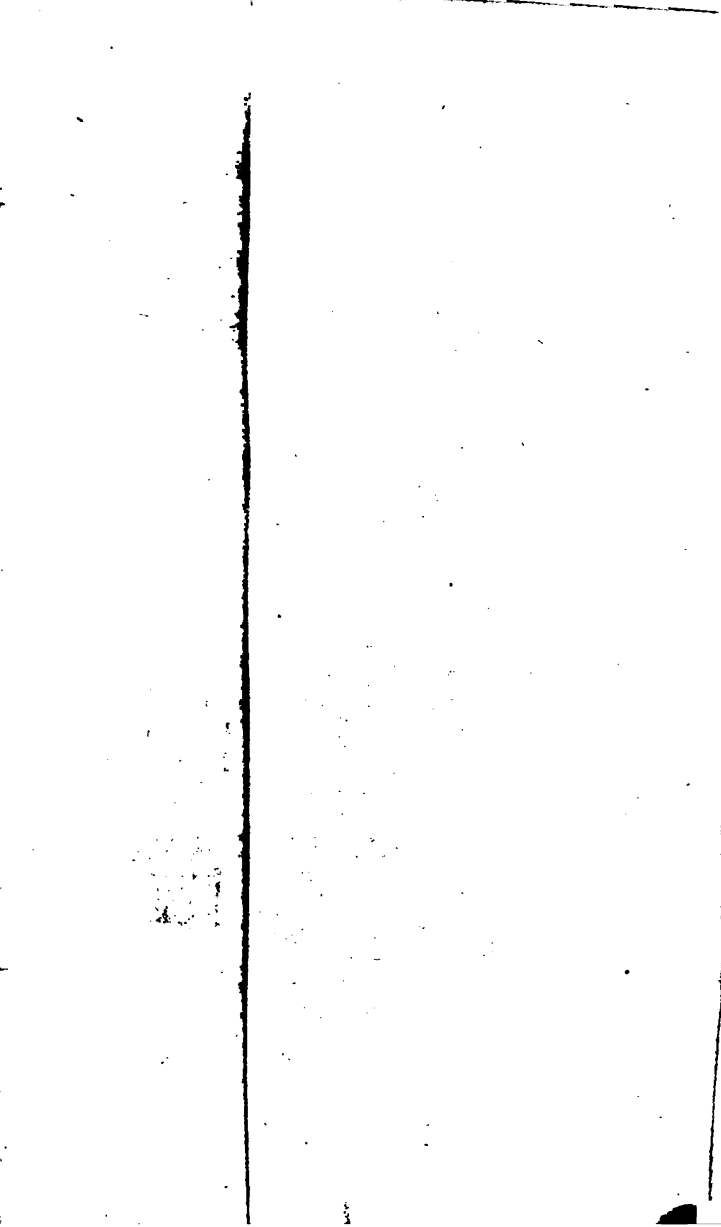
|| Here the Spanish is *Castellano*, that is in the Spanish Tongue either a Constable of a Castle, or one born in *Castille*.

not

not eaten all that Day one crumb; and then he requested the Host to have special Care of his Horse, saying, he was one of the best Pieces that ever eat Bread. The Inn-keeper view'd and review'd him, to whom he did not seem half so good as Don *Quixote* valued him; and setting him up in the Stable, he turn'd to see what his Guest would command, who was a disarming by both the Damsels (which were by this time reconciled to him) who, tho' they had taken off his Breast-plate and Back-parts, yet knew they not how, nor could any ways undo his Gorget, nor take off his counterfeit Beaver, which he had fasten'd on with green Ribbons; and by reason of the Knots were so intricate, it was requisite they should be cut; whereunto he would not in any wise agree, and therefore remain'd all the Night with his Helmet on, and was the strangest and pleasantest Figure thereby that one might behold. And as he was a disarming (imagining those light Wenches that help'd him to be certain principal Ladies and Dames of that Castle) he said unto them with a very good Grace, Never was any Knight so well attended on, and serv'd by Ladies as was Don *Quixote*; when he departed from his Village, Damsels attended on him, and Princesses on his Horse. O *Rozinante*! for (Ladies) that is the Name of my Horse, and Don *Quixote de la Mancha* is mine own: For altho' I meant at the first not to have discover'd my self, until the Acts done in your Service and Benefit should manifest me, yet the Necessity of accommodating to our present Purpose the old Romance of Sir *Launcelot*, has been an Occasion that you should know my Name before the right season; but the Time will come wherein your Ladiships may command me, and I obey; and then the Valour of mine Arm shall discover the desire I have to do you Service.

The Wenches being unaccustom'd to hear such Rhetorical Terms, answer'd never a Word to him, but only demanded whether he would eat any thing? That I would, reply'd Don *Quixote*, for as much as I think the taking a little Meat would be very behoveful for me.

me. It chanced by hap to be on *Friday*, and therefore there was no other Meat in the Inn than a few Pieces of a Fish call'd in *Castille*, *Abadexo*; in *Andalusia*, *Bacallao*; and in some Places *Curadillo*, and in others *Truchuela*, and is but *Poor John*. They demanded of him therefore whether he would eat thereof, giving it the Name us'd in that place of *Truchuela*, or little Trout; for there was no other Fish in all the Inn to present unto him but such. Why then (quoth Don *Quixote*) bring it in, for there be many little Trouts, they may serve me instead of a great one; it being all one to me to be paid my Money (if I were to receive any) in eight single Reals, or to be paid the same in one Real of eight. And moreover, those little Trouts are perhaps like unto Veal, which is much more delicate Flesh than Beef; or the Kid, which is better than the Goat: But be it what it list, let it be brought in presently, for the Labour and Weight of Arms cannot be well born without the well supplying of the Guts. Then was there strait laid a Table at the Inn-Door, that he might take the Air; and the Host brought him a Portion of evil-water'd and worse-boil'd *Poor John*, and a Loaf as black and hoary as his Harness: But the only Sport was to behold him eat; for, by reason his Helmet was on, and his Beaver lifted, he could put nothing into his Mouth himself, if others did not help him to find the way; and therefore one of those Ladies serv'd his turn in that: But it was altogether impossible to give him Drink after that manner, and would have remain'd so for ever, if the Inn-keeper had not bored a Cane, and setting the one end in his Mouth, poured down the Wine at the other: All which he suffer'd most patiently, because he would not break the Ribbons of his Helmet. And as he sate at Supper, there arriv'd by chance a Sow-gelder, who, as soon as he came to the Inn, did sound four or five times a Whistle of Cane, the which did confirm Don *Quixote*, that he was in some famous Castle, where he was serv'd with Musick, and that the *Poor John* was Trouts, the Bread of the finest Flower, the Whores Ladies, and the Inn-keeper





red in the Inn.

G. P. Young & Co. Sculp.

keeper Constable of the Castle : Wherefore he accounted his Resolution and Departure from his own House very well employ'd. But that which did most afflict him, was, that he was not yet dubb'd a Knight, forasmuch as he was fully perswaded, that he could not lawfully enterprize, or follow any Adventure, until he receiv'd the Order of Knighthood.



C H A P. III.

Wherein is recounted the pleasant Manner observ'd in the Knighting Don-Quixote.

AND being thus toss'd in Mind he made a short beggarly Supper ; which being finish'd, he called for his Host, and shutting the Stable Door very fast, he laid himself down upon his Knees in it before him, saying, I will never rise from the place where I am, valorous Knight, until your Courtesy shall grant unto me a Boon that I mean to demand of you, the which will redound unto your Renown, and also to the Profit of all Human Kind. The Inn-keeper seeing his Guest at his Feet, and hearing him speak those Words, remain'd confounded, beholding him, not knowing what he might do or say, and did study and labour to make him arise ; but all was in vain, until he must have promised unto him, that he would grant him any Gift that he sought at his hands. I did never expect less (reply'd Don Quixote) from your great Magnificence, my Lord, and therefore I say unto you, that the Boon which I demand of you, and that hath been granted unto me by your Liberality, is, that to-morrow in the Morning you will dub me a Knight; and this Night I will watch mine Armour in the Chapel of your Castle, and in the Morning, as I have said, the rest of my Desires shall be accomplish'd, that I may go in due manner

ner throughout the four Parts of the World to seek Adventures, to the Benefit of the Needy, as is the Duty of Knighthood and of Knights-Errant, as I am, whose Desires are wholly inclined and dedicated to such Achievements. The Host, who, as we noted before, was a great Giber, and had before gather'd some Arguments of the Defect of Wit in his Guest, did wholly now persuade himself that his Suspicions were true, when he heard him speak in that manner: And that he might have an occasion of Laughter, he resolv'd to feed his Humour that Night, and therefore answer'd him, That he had very great Reason in that which he desir'd and sought; and, that such Projects were proper and natural to Knights of the Garb and Worth he seem'd to be of; and, that he himself likewise, in his youthful Years, had follow'd that honourable Exercise, going thorough divers Parts of the World to seek Adventures, without either omitting the * Dangers of *Malaga*, the Isles of *Riaran*, the Compass of *Seville*, the † Quicksilver-house of *Segovia*, the Olive-field of *Valentia*, the Circuit of *Granada*, the Wharf of *S. Lucar*, the ‡ Potro or Cowl of *Cordova*, and the little Taverns of *Toledo*, and many other places, wherein he practis'd the Dexterity of his Hands, doing many Wrongs, soliciting many Widows, undoing certain Maidens, and deceiving many Pupils, and finally making himself known and famous in all the Tribunals and Courts almost of all *Spain*; and that at last he had retired himself to that his Castle, where he was sustain'd with his own and other Men's Goods, entertaining in it all Knights-Errant, of whatsoever Quality and Condition they were, only for the great Affection he bore towards them, and to the end they might divide with him part of their Winnings, in re-

* Percheles. † Azoguefo. ‡ The Potro of
Cordova is a certain Fountain whereon stands a Pegasus, and to that Fountain resort a number of Coney-catching Fellows, as to Duke Humphry at Paul's.

compense of his Good-will He added besides, That there was no Chapel in his Castle, wherein he might watch his Arms, for he had broken it down to build it up anew : But notwithstanding he knew very well that in a Case of Necessity they might lawfully be watch'd in any other place, and therefore he might watch them that Night in the base Court of the Castle ; for in the Morning, an't pleas'd God, the Ceremonies requisite should be done in such sort, as he should remain a dubb'd Knight in so good fashion as in all the World he could not be better'd. He demanded of Don *Quixote*, whether he had any Money ? who answer'd, That he had not a Blank, for he had never read in any History of Knights-Errant, that any one of them ever carried any Money. To this his Host reply'd, That he was deceiv'd ; for admit that Histories made no mention thereof, because the Authors of them deem'd it not necessary to express a Thing so manifest, and needful to be carried, as was Money and clean Shirts ; it was not therefore to be credited that they had none, and therefore he should hold for most certain and manifest, that all the Knights-Errant, with the Story of whose Acts so many Books are replenish'd and heap'd, had their Purfes well lined for that which might befall, and did moreover carry with them a little Casket of Ointments and Salves, to cure the Wounds which they received ; for they had not the Commodity of a Surgeon to cure them, every time they fought abroad in the Fields and Desarts, if they had not by chance some wise Enchanter to their Friend, who would presently succour them, bringing unto them, in some Cloud through the Air, some Damself or Dwarf, with a Vial of Water of so great Virtue, as tasting one Drop thereof, they remain'd as whole of their Sores and Wounds, as if they had never receiv'd any ; but when they had not that Benefit, the Knights of Times past held it for a very commendable and secure Course, that their Squires should be provided of Money, and other necessary Things, as Lint and Ointments for to cure themselves : And when it befel that the like Knights had no Squires to attend upon them (which happen'd but very seldom)

then

then would they themselves carry all this Provision behind 'em on their Horses, in some slight and subtle Wallets, which could scarce be perceiv'd, as a Thing of very great Consequence: For if it were not upon such an Occasion, the Carriage of Wallets was not very tolerable among Knights-Errant. And in this respect he did advise him, seeing he might yet command him as one that by receiving the Order of Knighthood at his hands, should very shortly become his God-child, that he should not travel from thenceforward without Money, and other the Preventions he had then given unto him; and he should perceive himself how behoveful they would prove unto him, when he least expected it.

Don *Quixote* promis'd to accomplish all that he had counsel'd him to do, with all Punctuality; and so Order was forthwith given how he should watch his Arms in a great Yard, that lay near unto one side of the Inn: Wherefore Don *Quixote* gathering all his Arms together, laid them on a Cistern that stood near unto a Well; and buckling on his Target, he laid hold on his Launce, and walk'd up and down before the Cistern very demurely; and when he began to walk, the Night likewise began to lock up the Splendour of the Day. The Inn-keeper in the mean season recounted to all the rest that lodg'd in the Inn the folly of his Guest, the watching of his Arms, and the Knighthood which he expected to receive. They all admired very much at so strange a kind of Folly, and went out to behold him from afar off, and saw that sometimes he pranced to and fro with a quiet Gesture; other times leaning upon his Launce, he look'd upon his Armour, without beholding any other Thing save his Arms for a good space.

The Night being shut up at last wholly, but with such clearness of the Moon, as it might well compare with his brightness that lent her her Splendour, every thing which our new Knight did, was easily perceiv'd by all the Beholders. In this Season one of the Carriers that lodg'd in the Inn resolv'd to water his Mules, and for that purpose 'twas necessary to remove Don *Quixote's* Armour that lay on the Cistern; who seeing him

him approach, said unto him with a loud Voice, O thou! *whosoever thou beest, bold Knight, that comest to touch the Armour of the most valorous Adventurer that ever girded Sword, look well what thou doest, and touch them not, if thou meanest not to leave thy Life in Payment of thy Presumption.* The Carrier made no account of those Words (but it were better he had, for it would have redounded to his benefit) but rather laying hold on the Leatherings, threw the Armour a pretty way off from him; which being perceiv'd by Don Quixote, he lifted up his Eyes towards Heaven, and addressing his Thoughts (as it seem'd) to his Lady Dulcinea, he said, *Assist me, dear Lady, in this first dangerous Affront and Adventure offer'd to this Breast that is enthrall'd to thee, and let not thy Favour and Protection fail me in this my first Trance.* And uttering these and other such Words, he let slip his Target, and lifting up his Launce with both his Hands, he paid the Carrier so round a Knock therewithal on the Pate, as he overthrew him to the Ground in so evil taking, as if he had seconded it with another he should not have needed any Surgeon to cure him. This done, he gather'd up his Armour again, and laying them where they had been before, he walk'd after up and down by them, with as much Quietness as he did at the first.

But very soon after, another Carrier, without knowing what had happen'd (for his Companion lay yet in a Trance on the Ground) came also to give his Mules Water, and coming to take away the Arms, that he might free the Cistern of Incumbrances, and take Water the easier; Don Quixote saying nothing, nor imploring Favour of his Mistress or any other; let slip again his Target, and lifting his Launce, without breaking of it in pieces, made more than three on the second Carrier's Noddle, for he broke it in four places. All the People of the Inn, and amongst them the Host likewise repair'd at this time to the Noise: Which Don Quixote perceiving, embracing his Target, and laying Hand on his Sword, he said, *O Lady of all Beauty, Courage,*
and

and Vigour of my weaken'd Heart, it is now high time that thou do convert the Eyes of thy Greatness to this thy captive Knight, who doth expect so marvellous great an Adventure. Saying thus, he recover'd, as he thought so great Courage, that if all the Carriers of the World had assail'd him, he would not go one Step backward. The wounded Mens Fellows, seeing them so evil dight, from afar off began to rain Stones on Don Quixote, who did defend himself the best he might with his Target, and durst not depart from the Cistern, lest he should seem to abandon his Arms. The Inn-keeper cry'd to them to let him alone, for he had already inform'd them that he was mad, and so such a one would 'scape scotfree altho' he had slain them all. Don Quixote likewise cry'd out louder, terming them all Disloyal Men and Traytors, and that the Lord of the Castle was a treacherous and bad Knight, seeing he consented that Knights-Errant should be so basely used; and that, if he had not yet receiv'd the Order of Knighthood, he would make him understand his Treason: *But of you base and rascally Kennel (quoth he) I make no reckoning at all: Throw at me, approach, draw near, and do me all the Hurt you may, for you shall ere long perceive the Reward you shall carry for this your Madness and Outrage.* Which Words he spoke with so great Spirit and Boldness, as he struck a terrible Fear into all those that assaulted him: And therefore, moved both by it and the Inn-keeper's Persuasions, they left off throwing Stones at him, and he permitted them to carry away the wounded Men, and return'd to the guard of his Arms, with as great Quietness and Graviry as he did at the beginning.

The Inn-keeper did not very much like these Tricks of his Guest, and therefore he determin'd to abbreviate, and give him the unfortunate Order of Knighthood forthwith, before some other Disaster beset: And with this Resolution coming unto him, he excused himself of the Insolencies those base Fellows had used to him, without his Privy or Conduct, but their Rashness, as he said, remain'd well chastis'd. He added how he had

already told unto him, that there was no Chappel in his Castle, and that for what yet rested unperfected of their Intention, it was not necessary ; because the chief Point remaining of being Knighted, consisted chiefly in Blows of the Neck and Shoulders, as he had read in the Ceremonial Book of the Order ; and that, that might be given in the very midst of the Fields ; and, that he had already accomplish'd the Obligation of watching his Arms, which with only two Hours watch might be fulfilled ; how much more after having watch'd four, as he had done ? All this *Don Quixote* believ'd, and therefore answer'd, That he was most ready to obey him, and requested him to conclude with all the Brevity possible : For if he saw himself Knighted, and were once again assaulted, he meant not to leave one Person alive in all the Castle, except those which the Constable should command, whom he would spare for his sake.

The Constable being thus advertised, and fearful that he would put this his Deliberation in execution, brought out a Book presently, wherein he was wont to write down the Accounts of the Straw and Barley which he deliver'd from time to time, to such Carriers as lodg'd in his Inn, for their Beasts : And with a Butt of a Candle which a Boy held lighted in his Hand before him, accompanied by the two Damsels above-mention'd, he came to *Don Quixote*, whom he commanded to kneel upon his Knees, and reading in his Manual (as it seem'd some devout Oration) he held up his Hand in the midst of the Lecture, and gave him a good Blow on the Neck, and after that gave him another trim Thwack over the Shoulders with his own Sword, (always murmuring something between the Teeth as if he pray'd.) This being done, he commanded one of the Ladies to gird on his Sword, which she did with a singular good Grace and Dexterity ; which was much, the Matter being of it self so ridiculous, as it wanted but little to make a Man burst for Laughter at every Passage of the Ceremonies : But the Prowess which they had already beheld in the new Knight did limit and constrain their

De-

Delight. At the girding on his Sword the good Lady said, *God make you a fortunate Knight, and give you good Success in all your Debates.* Don *Quixote* demanded then how she was call'd, that he might thenceforward know to whom he was so much obliged for the Favour receiv'd? And she answer'd with great Buxomness, That she was named *Tolosa*, and was a Butcher's Daughter of *Toledo* that dwelt in *Sancho-Benegas Street*, and that she would ever honour him as her Lord. Don *Quixote* reply'd, requesting her, for his sake, to call herself from thenceforth the Lady *Tolosa*; which she promis'd him to perform. The other Lady buckled on his Spur, with whom he had the very like Conference; and asking her Name, she told him, she was call'd *Molinera*, and was Daughter to an honest Miller of *Antequera*. Her likewise our Knight entreated to call herself the Lady *Molinera*, proffering her new Services and Favours. The new and never-seen-before Ceremonies being thus speedily finish'd, as it seem'd with a Gallop, Don *Quixote* could not rest until he were mounted on horseback, that he might go to seek Adventures; wherefore causing *Rozinante* to be instantly saddled, he leap'd on him, and embracing his Host, he said unto him such strange Things, gratifying the Favour he had done him in dubbing him Knight, as it is impossible to hit upon the manner of recounting them right. The Inn-keeper, that he might be quickly rid of him, did answer his Words with others no less Rhetorical, but was in his Speech somewhat briefer: and without demanding any thing of him for his Lodging, he suffer'd him to depart in a fortunate Hour.





C H A P. IV.

Of that which befel to our Knight after he had departed from the Inn.

AURORA began to display her Beauties about the time that *Don Quixote* issued out of the Inn, so content, lively, and jocund to behold himself knighted, as his very Horse-girts were ready to burst for Joy ; But calling to Memory the Counsels that his Host had given him touching the most needful Implements that he was to carry about him, of Money and clean Shirts, he determin'd to return to his House, and to provide himself of them, and also of a Squire ; making account to entertain a certain Labourer his Neighbour, who was poor, and had Children, but yet one very fit for this Purpose, and Squirely Function, belonging to Knighthood. With this Determination he turn'd *Rozinante* towards the Way of his own Village, who knowing in a manner his Mind, began to trot on with so good a Will, as he seem'd not to touch the Ground. He had not travel'd far, when he thought that he heard certain weak and delicate Cries, like to those of one that complain'd, to issue out from the thickest of the Wood that stood on the Right-hand: And scarce had he heard them, when he said, *I render infinite Thanks to Heaven for the Favour it doth me, by proffering me so soon Occasions wherein I may accomplish the Duty of my Profession, and gather the Fruits of my good Desires: These Complaints doubtless be of some distressed Man or Woman, who needeth my Favour and Aid.* Then turning the Reins, he guided *Rozinante* towards the place from whence he thought the Complaints sadly'd ; and within a few Paces after he had enter'd into the Thicket, he saw a Mare ty'd unto an *Holme Oak*,
and

and to another was ty'd a young Youth all naked from the middle upward, of about the Age of Fifteen Years, and was he that cry'd so pitifully: And not without Cause; for a certain Countryman of comely Personage did whip him with a Girdle, and accompanied every Blow with a Reprehension and Counsel, for he said, *The Tongue must peace, and the Eyes be wary*: And the Boy answer'd, *I will never do it again, good Master; for the Passion of God, I will never do it again; and I promise to have more care of your Things from henceforth.*

But Don Quixote viewing all that passed, said with an angry Voice, *Discourteous Knight, it is very uncomely to see thee deal thus with one that cannot defend himself: Mount therefore on Horseback, and take thy Launce* (for the Farmer had also a Launce leaning to the very same Tree whereunto his Mare was ty'd) *for I will make thee know, that it is the Use of Cowards to do that which thou dost.* The other beholding such an Antick to hover over him, all laden with Arms, and brandishing of his Launce towards his Face, made full account that he should be slain: and therefore he answer'd with very mild and submissive Words, saying, *Sir Knight, the Boy which I chastise is mine own Servant, and keepeth for me a Flock of Sheep in this Commark, who is grown so negligent, as he loseth one of them every other Day; and because I correct him for his Carelessness and Knavery, he says I do it through Covetousness and Pinching, as meaning to defraud him of his Wages; but before God, and in Conscience, he belyes me.* "What! the
 " Lye in my Presence, rascally Clown? (quoth Don
 " Quixote) by the Sun that shines on us, I am about
 " to run thee thorow and thorow with my Launce,
 " base Carl; pay him instantly, without more reply-
 " ing, or else by that God, which doth manage our
 " Sublunary Affairs, I will conclude thee, and anni-
 " hilate thee in a Moment: Loose him forthwith."
 The Countryman hanging down of his Head, made no Reply, but loosed his Servant, of whom Don Quixote demanded, how much did his Master owe unto him?

He

He said, Nine Months Hire, at Seven Reals a Month. Don *Quixote* made then the Account, and found that all amounted to Sixty-one Reals, and therefore commanded the Farmer to pay the Money presently, if he meant not to die for it. The fearful Countryman answer'd, That by the Trance wherein he was then, and by the Oath he had made, (which was none at all, for he swore not) that he ow'd not so much; for there should be deducted out of the Account three pair of Shoes he had given unto him, and a Real for twice letting him blood, being sick. "All is well, quoth Don *Quixote* ; " but let the Price of the Shoes, and letting blood, go " for the Blows which thou hast given him without any " Desert; for if he have broken the Leather of those " Shoes thou hast bestow'd on him, thou hast likewise " torn the Skin of his Body; and if the Barber took a- " way his Blood, being sick, thou hast taken it out, he " being in health; so as in that respect he owes thee no- " thing." The Damage is, Sir Knight, replied the Boy's Master, that I have no Money here about me: Let *Andrew* come with me to my House, and I will pay him his Wages, one Real upon another. I go with him! (quoth the Boy :) Evil befall me then: No, Sir, I never meant it, for as soon as ever he were alone, he would slay me like St *Bartholomew*. He will not dare to do it, quoth Don *Quixote*, for my Command is sufficient to make him respect me; and so that if he will swear to me to observe it by the Order of Knighthood which he hath receiv'd, I will set him free, and assure thee of the Payment. Good Sir, quoth the Youth, mark well what you say, for this Man my Master is no Knight, nor did ever receive any Order of Knighthood; for he is *John Haldudo*, the rich Man, a Dweller of *Quintanar*. That makes no matter, quoth Don *Quixote*; for there may be Knights of the *Haldudos*; and, what is more, every one is Son of his Works. That's true, quoth *Andrew*: But of what Works can this my Master be Son, seeing he denies me my Wages, and my Sweat and Labour? I do not detty thy Wages, Friend *Andrew*, quoth his Master; do me but the pleasure to come with

me, and I swear by all the Orders of Knighthood that are in the World, to pay thee as I have said, one Real upon another, yea, and those also perfum'd. " For the
 " perfuming I thank thee, quoth Don *Quixote*, give it
 " him in Reals, and with that I will rest satisfied; and
 " see that thou fulfillest it as thou hast sworn: If not, I
 " swear again to thee by the same Oath, to return and
 " search thee, and chastise thee, and I will find thee
 " out, tho' thou didst hide thy self better than a *Lizard*:
 " And if thou desirest to note who commands thee this,
 " that thou may'st remain more firmly oblig'd to ac-
 " complish it, know that I am the valorous Don *Quixote*
 " of the *Mimcha*, the Righter of Wrongs, and Undoer
 " of Injuries, and so farewell: And do not forget what
 " thou hast promis'd and sworn, on pain of the Pains
 " already pronounc'd." And saying these Words, he
 spur'd *Rozinante*, and in short space was got far off
 from them. The Countryman pursuing him with his
 Eye, and perceiving that he was past the Wood, and
 quite out of sight, he return'd to his Man *Andrew*, and
 said to him, Come to me, Child, for I will pay thee
 what I owe thee, as the Righter of Wrongs hath left
 me commanded. That I swear, quoth *Andrew*, and you
 shall deal discreetly in fulfilling that good Knight's Com-
 mandment, who I pray God may live a thousand Years:
 For seeing he is so valorous and so just a Judge, I swear
 by *Rocque*, that if you pay me not, he shall return and
 execute what he promis'd. I also do swear the same,
 quoth the Farmer, but in respect of the great Affection
 I bear unto thee, I will augment the Debt, to encrease
 the Payment: And catching the Youth by the Arm, he
 ty'd him again to the Oak, where he gave him so many
 Stripes as he left him for dead. Call now, Mr. *Andrew*
 (quoth he) for the Righter of Wrongs, and thou shalt
 see that he cannot undo this, altho' I believe it is not yet
 ended to be done; for I have yet a Desire to slay thee
 alive, as thou didst thy self fear. Notwithstanding all
 these Threats, he untty'd him at last, and gave him leave
 to go seek out his Judge, to the end he might execute
 the Sentence pronounc'd. *Andrew* departed somewhat
 discontent,

discontent, swearing to search for the valorous Don *Quixote* of the *Mancha*, and recount unto him Word for Word all that had pass'd, and that he should pay the Abuse with Ufury: But, for all his Threats, he departed weeping, and his Master remain'd behind laughing; and in this manner the valorous Don *Quixote* redress'd that Wrong: Who glad above measure for his Success, accounting himself to have given a most noble Beginning to his Feats of Arms, did travel towards his Village with very great Satisfaction of himself, and said in a low Tone these Words ensuing: "Well may'st thou call thy self
 "happy above all other Women of the Earth, O (above
 "all Beauties) beautiful *Dulcinea* of *Toboso*, since thy good
 "Fortune was such, to hold subject and prostrate to thy
 "Will and Desire so valiant and renown'd a Knight as
 "is, and ever shall be, Don *Quixote* of the *Mancha*; who,
 "as the World knows, receiv'd the Order of Knight-
 "hood but yesterday, and hath destroy'd to-day the great-
 "est Outrage and Wrong that want of Reason could
 "form, or Cruelty commit. To-day did he take away
 "the Whip out of that pitiless Enemy's Hand, which
 "did so cruelly scourge without occasion the delicate
 "Infant."

And now he came to a Way which divided it self into four; and presently these thwarting cross Ways presented themselves to his Imagination, which oft-times held Knights-Errant in suspence which Way they should take; and, that he might imitate them, he stood still awhile, and after he had bethought himself well, he let slip the Reins to *Rozinante*, subjecting his Will to that of his Horse, who presently pursued his first Design, which was to return Home unto his own Stable: And having travel'd some two Miles, Don *Quixote* discover'd a great Troop of People, who, as it was after known, were certain Merchants of *Toledo*, that rode towards *Murcia* to buy Silks; they were six in number, and came with their
 * *Quitafoles*, or Shadows of the Sun, four Serving-men

* *A Thing made like a Canopy, and is used by Travellers to keep away the Sun.*

on horse-back, and three Lackeys. Scarce had Don *Quixote* perceiv'd them, when he straight imagin'd them to be a new Adventure; and because he would imitate as much as possible the Passages which he read in his Books, he represented this to himself, to be just such an Adventure as he suppos'd to atchieve: And so, with comely Gesture and Hardiness, settling himself well in the Stirrups, he set his Launce into his Rest, and embraced his Target, and placing himself in the midst of the Way, he stood a waiting when those Knights-Errant should arrive, for now he judg'd and took them for such: And when they were so near as they might hear and see him, he lifted up his Voice, and said, *Let all the World stand, and pass no further, if all the World will not confess, that there is not in all the World a more beautiful Damsel than the Empress of the Mancha, the peerless Dulcinea of Toboso.* The Merchants stay'd at these Words, to behold the marvellous and ridiculous Shape of him that spake them, and by his Fashion and them join'd, did incontinently gather his Folly and Distraction, and notwithstanding would leisurely behold to what tended that Confession which he exacted of them; and therefore one of them who was somewhat given to gibing, and was withal very discreet, said unto him, Sir Knight, we do not know that good Lady of whom you speak; shew her therefore to us, and if she be so beautiful as you affirm, we will willingly, and without any Compulsion, confess the Truth, which you now demand of us. If I did shew her to you, reply'd Don *Quixote*, what Mastery were it then for you to acknowledge a Truth so notorious? The Consequence of mine Affairs consists in this; that without beholding her, you do believe, confess, swear, and defend it; which if you refuse to perform, I challenge you all to Battel, proud and unreasonable Folk; and whether you come one by one (as the Order of Knighthood requires) or all at once, as is the Custom and dishonourable Practice of Men of your Brood, here will I expect and await you all, trusting in the Reason which I have on my side. Sir Knight,
re-

reply'd the Merchant, I request you in all these Princes Names, as many as we be here, that to the end we may not burthen our Consciences, confessing a Thing which we never beheld nor heard, and chiefly being so prejudicial to the Empreßes and Queens of the Kingdoms of *Alcarria* and *Estredamura*, you will please to shew us some Portraiture of that Lady, altho' it be no bigger than a Grain of Wheat; for by one Thread we may judge of the whole Clue, and we will with this Favour rest secure and satisfied, and you likewise remain content and appaid. And I do believe moreover, that we are already so inclined to your side, that altho' her Picture shew'd her to be blind of the one Eye, and that she ran Fire and Brimstone at the other, yet we would notwithstanding, to please you, say in her favour all that you listed. There drops not, base Scoundrels, quoth *Don Quixote*, all inflam'd with Choler, there drops not, I say, from her that which thou say'st, but Amber and Civet among Bombase; and she is not blind of an Eye, or crook-back'd, but is streighter than a Spindle of *Guadarama*: But all of you together shall pay for the great Blasphemy thou hast spoken against so immense a Beauty as is that of my Mistress. And saying so, he abased his Launce against him that had answer'd, with such Fury and Anger, as, if good Fortune had not so ordain'd it, that *Rozinante* should stumble and fall in the midst of the Career, it had gone ill with the bold Merchant. *Rozinante* fell in fine, and his Master reel'd over a good Piece of the Field; and tho' he attempted to arise, yet was he never able, he was so incumbred by his Launce, Target, Spurs, Helmet, and his weighty old Armour. And in the mean while that he strove to arise, and could not, he cry'd, Flie not, cowardly Folk; abide, base People; for I lie not here thro' mine own Fault, but thro' the Defect of my Horse.

One of the Lackeys, which came in the Company, and seem'd to be a Man of none of the best Intentions, hearing the poor overthrown Knight speak such insolent Words, could not forbear them, without returning him an Answer on his Ribs; and with that Intention ap-

proaching to him, he took his Launce, and after he had broken it in pieces, he gave Don *Quixote* so many Blows with one of them, that in despite of his Armour he threshed him like a Sheaf of Wheat. His Masters cry'd to him, commanding him not to beat him so much, but that he should leave him; but all would not serve, for the Youth was angry, and would not leave off the Play until he had voided the rest of his Choler; and therefore running for the other Pieces of the broken Launce, he broke 'em all on the miserable fallen Knight, who for all the Tempest of Blows that rain'd on him, did never shut his Mouth, but threatned Heaven and Earth, and those * Murderers, for such they seem'd to him. The Lackey tired himself at last, and the Merchants follow'd on their Way, carrying with them Occasion enough of Talk of the poor belabour'd Knight; who, when he saw himself alone, turn'd again to make trial whether he might arise; but if he could not do it when he was whole and sound, how was it possible he being so bruised and almost destroy'd? And yet he accounted himself very happy, persuading himself that his Disgrace was proper, and incident to Knights-Errant, and did attribute all the Fault to his Horse, and could in no wise get up, all his Body was so † bruised and loaden with Blows.



CHAP. V.

*Wherein is prosecuted the former Narration
of our Knight's Misfortune.*

BUT seeing in effect that he could not stir himself, he resolv'd to have recourse to his ordinary Remedy, which was, to think on some Passage of his Histories; and in the instant his Folly presented to his Memory that of *Valdovinos*, and the Marquis of *Man-*
tua,

* *Malandrines.*

† *Brumada.*

tua, then, when *Carloto* had left him wounded in the Mountain. A History known by Children, not hidden to young Men, much celebrated, yea, and believ'd by many old Men, and is yet, for all that, no more authentic than are *Mahomet's* Miracles. This History, as it seem'd to him, was most fit for the Trance wherein he was, and therefore he began with Signs of great Pain to tumble up and down, and pronounce with a languishing Breath the same that they feign the wounded Knight to have said in the Wood :

*Where art thou, Lady dear, that griev'st not at my Smart?
Or thou dost it not know, or thou distroyal art.*

And after this manner he did prosecute the old Song until these Verses that say, O noble Marquis of *Mantua*, my carnal Lord and Uncle ! And it befel by chance, that at the very same time there pass'd by the Place where he lay a Man of his own Village, who was his Neighbour, and return'd after having carried a Load of Wheat to the Mill ; who beholding a Man stretch'd on the Ground, he came over to him, and demanded what he was, and what was it that caus'd him to complain so dolefully ? *Don Quixote* did verily believe that it was his Uncle the Marquis of *Mantua*, and so gave him no other Answer, but only follow'd on in the Repetition of his old Romance, wherein he gave him Account of his Misfortune, and of the Love the Emperor's Son bore to his Spouse, all in the very same manner that the Ballad recounts it. The Labourer remain'd much astonish'd, hearing those Follies : and taking off his Visor, which with the Lackey's Blows was broken all to pieces, he wiped his Face that was full of Dust ; and scarce had he done it when he knew him, to whom he said, Master *Quixada* (for so he was probably call'd when he lost his Wits, before he left the State of a staid Yeoman to become a wandering Knight) who hath used you after this manner ? But he continued his Romance, answering out of it to every Question that was put to him. Which the good Man perceiving, disarming him the

best he could, to see whether he had any Wound, but he could see no Blood, or any Token on him of Hurt : Afterward he endeavour'd to raise him from the Ground, which he did at last with much ado, and mounted him on his As, as a Beast of easiest Carriage. He gather'd then together all his Arms, and left not behind so much as the Splinters of the Launce, and ty'd them all together upon *Rozinante*, whom he took by the Bridle, and the As by his Halter, and led them both in that Equipage fair and easily towards his Village, being very pensative to hear the Follies that Don *Quixote* spoke.

And Don *Quixote* was no less melancholy, who was so beaten and bruised, as he could very hardly hold himself upon the As ; and ever and anon he breath'd forth such grievous Sighs, as he seem'd to fix them in Heaven ; which mov'd his Neighbour to entreat him again to declare unto him the Cause of his Grief. And it seems none other, but that the very Devil himself did call to his Memory Histories accommodated to his Successes : For in that instant wholly forgetting *Valdovinos*, he remember'd the Moor *Abindarraez*, then, when the Constable of *Antequera*, *Roderick Narvaez*, had taken him and carried him Prisoner to his Castle. So that when his Neighbour turn'd again, to ask of him how he did, and what ail'd him, he answer'd the very same Words and Speech that Captive *Abencerrase* said to *Narvaez*, just as he had read them in *Diana of Montemayor*, where the History is written, applying it so properly to his Purpose, that the Labourer grew almost mad for Anger, to hear that Machina of Follies ; by which he collected that his Neighbour was distracted, and therefore he hy'd as fast as possible he could to the Village, that so he might free himself from the Vexation that Don *Quixote's* prolix Discourse gave unto him. At the end whereof the Knight said, Don *Roderick* of *Narvaez*, you shall understand, that this beautiful *Xarifa*, of whom I spoke, is now the fair *Dulcinea* of *Toboso*, for whom I have done, I do, and will do such famous Acts of Knight-hood, as ever have been, are, and shall be seen in all the World. To this his Neighbour answer'd, Do not you per-

perceive, Sir, (Sinner that I am) how I am neither *Don Roderick de Narvaez*, nor the Marquis of *Mantua*, but *Peter Alonso* your Neighbour? Nor are you *Valdovinos* nor *Abindaraez*, but the honest Gentleman Mr. *Quixada*. I know very well who I am, quoth *Don Quixote*, and also I know that I may not only be those whom I have named, but also all the twelve Peers of *France*, yea, and the nine Worthies, since mine Acts shall surpass all those that ever they did together, or every one of them apart.

With these, and such other Discourses, they arriv'd at last at their Village about Sun-set; but the Labourer awaited until it waxed somewhat dark, because Folk should not view the Knight so simply mounted. And when he saw his Time, he enter'd into the Town, and went to *Don Quixote's* great Friends; to whom the old Woman of the House said in a lamentable manner, What do you think, Master Licenciate *Pero Perez* (for so the Curate was call'd) of my Master's Misfortune? These six Days neither he nor his Horse have appear'd, nor the Target, Lance, or Armour: Unfortunate Woman that I am! I do suspect, and I am as sure it is true as that I shall die, how those accursed Books of Knight-hood which he hath, and is wont to read ordinarily, have turn'd his Judgment; for now I remember that I have heard him say oftentimes (speaking to himself) that he would become a Knight-Errant, and go seek Adventures throughout the World: Let such Books be recommended to *Satan* and *Barrabas*, which destroy'd in this sort the most delicate Understanding of all the *Mancha*. His Niece affirm'd the same, and did add, Moreover you shall understand, good Master *Nicholas* (for so hight the Barber) that it many times befel my Uncle to continue the Lecture of those unhappy Books of Disventures two Days and two Nights together; at the end of which, throwing the Book away from him, he would lay Hand on his Sword, and would fall a slashing of the Walls; and when he was wearied he would say, that he had slain four Giants as great as four Towers; and the Sweat that drop'd down, thro' the Labour he took, he would say,

say, was Blood which gush'd out of those Wounds which he had receiv'd in the Conflict; and then would he quaff off a great Pot-full of Water, and strait he did become whole and quiet, saying, That Water was a most precious Drink, which the wise Man *Esquise*, a great Enchanter or Sorcerer, and his Friend, had brought unto him. But I am in the fault of all this, who never advertis'd you both of my Uncle's raving, to the end you might have redress'd it ere it came to these Terms, and burnt all those excommunicated Books; for he had many as deserv'd the Fire as much as if they were heretical. That do I likewise affirm, quoth Master Curate, and in sooth to-morrow shall not pass over us without making a publick Process against them, and condemn them to be burnt in the Fire, that they may not minister Occasion again to such as may read them, to do that which I fear my good Friend hath done.

The Labourer and Don *Quixote* stood hearing all that which was said, and then he perfectly understood the Disease of his Neighbour; and therefore he began to cry aloud, Open the Doors to Lord *Valdovinos*, and to the Lord Marquis of *Mantua*, who comes very sore wounded and hurt, and to the Lord Moor *Abindarraez*, whom the valorous *Roderick* of *Narvaez* (Constable of *Antequera*) brings as his Prisoner. All the Household ran out, hearing these Cries, and some knowing their Friend, the others their Master and Uncle, who had not yet alighted from the As, because he was not able, they ran to embrace him; but he forbade them, saying, Stand still and touch me not, for I return very sore wounded and hurt, thro' Default of my Horse: carry me to my Bed, and (if it be possible) send for the wise *Urganda*, that she may cure and look to my Hurts. See, in an ill Hour (quoth the old Woman straightway) if my Heart did not very well foretell me on which Foot my Master halted: Come up in good time, for we shall know how to cure you well enough, without sending for that *Urganda* you have mention'd. Accursed may those Books of Knighthood be, which have brought you to such a state. With that, they bore him up to his Bed

Bed, and searching for his Wounds, could not find any ; and then he said, All was but Bruising, by reason of a great Fall he had with his Horse *Rozinante*, as he fought with ten Giants, the most unmeasurable and boldest that might be found in a great part of the Earth. Hearken, quoth the Curate, we have also Giants in the Dance ; by mine Honesty, I will burn them all before to-morrow at Night. Then did they ask a thousand Questions of Don *Quixote*, but he would answer to none of 'em, and only requested them to give him some Mear, and suffer him to sleep, seeing Rest was most behoveful for him. All which was done, and the Curate inform'd himself at large of the labouring Man, in what sort he had found Don *Quixote*, which he recounted to him, and also the Follicies he said, both at his finding and bringing to Town ; which did kindle more earnestly the Licentiate's Desire to do what he had resolv'd the next Day, which was, to call his Friend the Barber, Master *Nicholas*, with whom he came to Don *Quixote's* House.



C H A P. VI.

Of the pleasant and curious Search, made by the Curate and the Barber, of Don Quixote's Library.

WHILE he slept soundly, the Curate sought for the Keys of the Library, the only Authors of his Harm ; which the Gentleman's Niece gave unto him very willingly. All of them enter'd into it, and among the rest the old Woman ; wherein they found more than a hundred great Volumes, and those very well bound, beside the small ones. And as soon as the old Woman had seen them, she departed very hastily out of the Chamber, and eftsoons return'd with as great speed, with a Holy-water Pot and a Sprinkler in her

Hand, and said, Hold, Master Licenciate, and sprinkle this Chamber all about, lest there should lurk in it some one Enchanter of the many which these Books contain, and cry quittance with us for the Penalties we mean to inflict on these Books, by banishing them out of this World. The Simplicity of the good old Woman caused the Licenciate to laugh; who commanded the Barber to fetch him down the Books from their Shelves, one by one, that he might peruse their Arguments, for it might happen some to be found which in no sort deserv'd to be chastis'd with Fire. No, reply'd the Niece, no, you ought not to pardon any of 'em, seeing they have all been Offenders; 'tis better you throw 'em all into the base Court, and there make a Pile of them, and then set them a-fire; if not, they may be carried into the Yard, and there make a Bonfire of them, and the Smoak will offend no body. The old Woman said as much, both of them thirsted so much for the Death of these Innocents; but the Curate would not condescend thereto, until he had first read the Titles at the least of every Book.

The first that Master *Nicholas* put into his Hands was that of *Amadis of Gaule*, which the Curate perusing a while, said, This comes not to me first of all others without some Mystery; for, as I have heard told, this is the first Book of Knighthood that ever was printed in *Spain*, and all the others have had their Beginning and Original from this; and therefore methinks that we must condemn him to the Fire without all Remission, as the Dogmatizer and Head of so bad a Sect. Not so, fie, quoth the Barber, for I have heard that it is the very best contriv'd Book of all those of that kind, and therefore he is to be pardon'd as the only compleat one of his Profession. That's true, reply'd the Curate, and for that Reason we do give him his Life for this time. Let us see that other which lies next unto him. It is, quoth the Barber, *The Adventures of Splandian, Amadis of Gaule's* lawfully begotten Son: Yet, on mine Honour, reply'd the Curate, his Father's Goodness shall nothing avail him; take this Book, old Mistress, and open-

opening the Window, throw it down into the Yard, and let it lay the Foundation of our heap for the Fire we mean to make. She did what was commanded with great Alacrity, and so the good *Splandian* fled into the Yard, to expect with all Patience the Fire which he was threatned to abide. Forward, quoth the Curate. This that comes now, said the Barber, is *Amadis of Greece*; and, as I conjecture, all those that lie on this side are of the same Lineage of *Amadis*. Then let them go all to the Yard, quoth the Curate, in exchange of burning Queen *Pintiquinestra*, and the Shepherd *Darinel*, with his Eclogues, and the subtle and intricate Discourses of the Author, which are able to entangle the Father that engender'd me, if he went in form of a Knight-Errant. I am of the same Opinion, quoth the Barber. And I also, said the Niece. Then since it is so, quoth the old Wife, let them come, and to the Yard with them all. They were render'd all up unto her, which were many in number; wherefore to save a Labour of going up and down the Stairs, she threw 'em out at the Window.

What Bundle is that, quoth the Curate? This is, answer'd Master *Nicholas*, Don *Olivante of Laura*. The Author of that Book, quoth the Curate, compos'd likewise *The Garden of Flowers*; and in good sooth I can scarce resolve which of the two Works is truest, or, to speak better, is less lying: Only thus much I can determine, that this must go to the Yard, being a Book foolish and arrogant. This that follows is *Florismarte of Hircania*, quoth the Barber. Is Lord *Florismarte* there (then reply'd the Curate)? Then by mine Honesty he shall briefly make his Arrest in the Yard, in despite of his wonderful Birth and famous Adventures; for the Drought and Harshness of his Style deserves no greater Favour. To the Yard with him and this other, (good Masters.) With a very good Will, Sir, quoth old *Mumpsimus*; and straightway did execute his Commandment with no small Gladness. This is Sir *Platyr*, (quoth the Barber.) It is an ancient Book, reply'd the Curate, wherein I find nothing meriting Pardon, let him

him without any Reply keep company with the rest. Forthwith it was done. Then was another Book open'd, and they saw the Title thereof to be *Knight of the Cross*. For the Holy Title which this Book beareth, quoth the Curate, his Ignorance might be pardon'd; but it is a common Saying, *The Devil lurks behind the Cross*, wherefore let it go to the Fire. The Barber taking another Book, said, this is *The Mirrour of Knighthood*. I know his Worship well, quoth the Curate. There goes among those Books I see, the Lord *Raynald of Montalban*, with his Friends and Companions, all of them greater Thieves than ‡ *Cacus*, and the twelve Peers of *France*, with the true Historiographer *Turpin*. I am in truth about to condemn them only to Exile, forasmuch as they contain some part of the famous Poet *Matthew Boyardo's* Invention; out of which the Christian Poet *Ludovic Ariosto* did likewise weave the Work, which if I can find among these, and that he speaks not his own native Tongue, I'll use him with no Respect; but if he talks in his own Language, I will put him, for Honour's sake on my Head. If that be so, quoth the Barber, I have him at home in the *Italian*, but cannot understand him. Neither were it good you should understand him, reply'd the Curate: And here we would willingly have excus'd the good Captain that translated it into *Spanish* from that Labour, or bringing it into *Spain* if it had pleas'd himself; for he hath depriv'd it of much natural Worth in the Translation; a Fault incident to all those that presume to translate Verses out of one Language into another: For tho' they employ all their Industry and Wit therein, they can never arrive to the height of that primitive Conceit which they bring with them in their first Birth. I say therefore, that this Book, and all the others that may be found in this Library to treat of *French* Affairs, be cast and

‡ *A Thief that used to steal Cattle, and pull 'em backward by their Tails, that none might trace 'em.*

deposited in some dry Vault, until we may determine with more Deliberation what we should do with them ; always excepting *Bernardo del Carpie*, which must be there among the rest, and another call'd *Roncesualler* ; for these two coming to my hands, shall be render'd up to those of the old Guardian, and from her's into the Fire's, without any Remission. All which was confirm'd by the Barber, who did ratify his Sentence, holding it for good and discreet, because he knew the Curate to be so virtuous a Man, and so great a Friend of the Truth, as he would say nothing contrary to it for all the Goods of the World.

And then opening another Book, he saw it was *Palmerin de Oliva* ; near unto which stood another, entitl'd, *Palmerin of England* ; which the Licentiate perceiving, said, Let *Oliva* presently be rent to pieces, and burnt in such sort, that even the very ashes thereof may not be found : And let *Palmerin of England* be preserved, as a Thing rarely delectable, and let such another Box as that which *Alexander* found among *Darius's* Spoils, and deputed to keep *Homer's* Works, be made for it ; for, Gossip, this Book hath sufficient Authority for two Reasons ; the first, because of it self it is very good, and excellently contriv'd ; the other, forasmuch as the Report runs, that a certain discreet King of *Portugal* was the Author thereof. All the Adventures of the Castle of *Miraguarda* are excellent and artificial, the Discourses very clear and courtly, observing evermore a *Décorum* in him that speaks, with great Propriety and Conceit : Therefore I say, Master *Nicholas*, if you think good, this and *Amadis de Gaule* may be preserv'd from the Fire ; and let all the rest, without further Search or Regard, perish. In the Devil's Name do not so, gentle Gossip (reply'd the Barber) for this which I hold now in my Hand is the famous *Don Bellianis*. What he ! quoth the Curate, the second, third, and fourth Part thereof have great need of some Rhubarb to purge his excessive Choler ; and we must moreover take out of him all that of the *Castle of Fame*, and other Impertinences of more consequence. Therefore we
give

give him a *Terminus Ultramarinus*, and as they shall be corrected, so will we use Mercy or Justice towards them: And in the mean space, Gossip, you may keep them at your House, but permit no Man to read them. I am pleas'd, quoth the Barber, and being unwilling to tire himself any more by reading of Titles, he bade the old Woman to take all the great Volumes and throw 'em into the Yard. The Words were not spoken to a Mome or deaf Person, but to one that had more desire to burn them, than to weave a Piece of Linnen, were it never so great and fine: And therefore taking eight of them together, she threw them all out of the Window: and returning the second time, thinking to carry away a great many at once, one of them fell at the Barber's Feet, who desirous to know the Title, saw that it was *The History of the famous Knight-Tyrant the White*. Good God! quoth the Curate with a loud Voice, is *Tyrant the White* here? Give me it, Gossip, for I make account to have found in it a Treasure of delight, and a copious Mine of Pastime. Here is Don *Quireleison* of *Montalban*, a valiant Knight, and his Brother *Thomas* of *Montalban*, and the Knight *Fonseca*; and the Combat which the valiant *Detriante* fought with *Alano*, and the witty Conceits of the Damsel *Plaxerdemivida*, with the Love and Guiles of the Widow *Reposada*, and of the Empress enamour'd on her Squire *Ipolito*. I say unto you, Gossip, that this Book is, for the Stile, one of the best of the World: In it Knights do eat, and drink, and sleep, and die in their Beds naturally, and make their Testaments before their Death; with many other Things, which all other Books of this Subject do want: Yet, notwithstanding, if I might be Judge, the Author thereof deserv'd, because he purposely penn'd and writ so many Follies, to be sent to the Gallies for all the Days of his Life.

Carry it home and read it, and you shall see all that I have said thereof to be true. I believe it very well, quoth the Barber; but, What shall we do with these little Books that remain? These, as I take it, said the Curate, are not Books of Knighthood, but of Poetry; and

and opening one, he perceiv'd it was *The Diana of Montemayor*, and believing that all the rest were of that stamp, he said, These deserve not to be burnt with the rest, for they have not, nor can do so much Hurt as Books of Knighthood, being all of 'em Works full of Understanding and Conceits, and do not prejudice any other.

O good Sir! quoth Don *Quixote's* Niece, your Reverence shall likewise do well to have them also burnt, lest that mine Uncle, after he be cured of his Knightly Disease, may fall by reading of these in an Humour of becoming a Shepherd, and so wander thro' the Woods and Fields, singing of Roundelays, and playing on a Croud. And what's more dangerous than to become a Poet, which is, as some say, an incurable and infectious Disease? This Maiden says true, quoth the Curate, and 'twill not be amiss to remove this Stumbling-block and Occasion out of our Friend's Way: And since we begin with the *Diana of Montemayor*, I am of Opinion that it be not burnt, but only that all that which treats of the wise *Felicia*, and of the enchanted Water, be taken away, and also all the longer Verses, and let him remain with his Profes, and the Honour of being the best of that kind. This that follows, quoth the Barber, is the *Diana* call'd the Second, written by him of *Salamanca*; and this other is of the same Name, whose Author is *Gil Polo*. Let that of *Salamanca*, answer'd Mr. Parson, augment the Number of the Condemn'd in the Yard, and that of *Gil Polo* be kept as charily as if it were *Apollo's* own Work; and go forward speedily, good Gossip, for it grows late. This Book, quoth the Barber, opening of another, is *The twelve Books of the Fortune of Love*, written by *Anthony Lofraso* the Sardinical Poet. By the Holy Orders which I have receiv'd, quoth the Curate, since *Apollo* was *Apollo* and the *Muses Muses*, and *Poets Poets*, was never written so delightful and extravagant a Work as this; and that, in his Way and Vein, it is the only one of all the Books that have ever issued of that kind to view the Light of the World; and he that hath not read it, may make account that he hath never read Mar-
ter

ter of Delight: Give it to me, Gossip, for I do prize more the finding of it, than I would the Gift of a Cassock of the best Sattin in *Florence*. And so with great Joy he laid it aside, and the Barber proceeded, saying, These that follow be *The Shepherd of Iberia*, *The Nymphs of Enares*, and *The Reclaiming of Jealousies*; then there is no more to be done, but to deliver them up to the secular Arm of the old Wife; and do not demand the Reason, for that were never to make an end. This that comes is, *The Shepherd of Filida*. That is not a Shepherd, quoth the Curate, but a very compleat Courtier, let it be preserv'd as a precious Jewel. This great one that follows is, said the Barber, entitled, *The Treasure of divers Poems*. If they had not been so many, reply'd the Curate, they would have been more esteem'd: 'Tis necessary that this Book be carded and purg'd of certain base Things, that lurk among his high Conceits.

Let him be kept, both because the Author is my very great Friend, and in regard of other more heroical and lofty Works he has written. This is, said the Barber, *The Ditty-book of Lopez Maldonado*. The Author of that Work is likewise my great Friend, reply'd the Parson, and his Lines, pronounc'd by himself, do ravish the Hearers; and such is the Sweetness of his Voice, when he sings them, it doth enchant the Ear: He's somewhat prolix in his *Eclogues*, but that which is good is never superfluous: Let him be kept among the choicest. But what Book is that which lies next unto him? *The Galatea of Michael Cervantes*, quoth the Barber. That *Cervantes*, said the Curate, is mine old Acquaintance this many a Year, and I know he is more practis'd in Misfortunes than in Verses: His Book hath some good Invention in it; he intends and propounds somewhat, but concludes nothing; therefore we must expect the Second Part, which he has promis'd, perhaps his Amendment may obtain him a general Remission, which until then is deny'd him; and whilst we expect the Sight of his second Work, keep this Part closely imprison'd in your Lodging. I am very well content to do so, good Gossip, said the Barber, and here there come three together,

ther, *The Arcana* of Don Alonso de Ercilla, *The Austrianda* of John Ruffo, one of the Magistrates of Cordova, and *The Monserrato* of Christopher de Virnes, a Valencian Poet. All these three Books, quoth the Curate, are the best that are written in Heroical Verse in the Castilian Tongue, and may compare with the most famous of Italy: Reserve them, as the richest Pawns that Spain enjoyeth of Poetry. The Curate with this grew weary to see so many Books, and so he would have all the rest burnt at all adventures. But the Barber, ere the Sentence was given, had open'd by chance one entituled, *The Tears of Angelica*. I would have shed those Tears my self, said the Curate, if I had wittingly caused such a Book to be burnt; for the Author thereof was one of the most famous Poets of the World, not only of Spain; and was most happy in the Translation of certain Fables of Ovid.



C H A P. VII.

Of the second Departure which our good Knight Don Quixote made from his House to seek Adventures.

WHILE they were thus busied, Don Quixote began to cry aloud, saying, *Here, here, valorous Knights, here it is needful that you shew the Force of your valiant Arms, for the Courtiers begin to bear away the best of the Tourney.* The Folk repairing to this Rumour and Noise, was an Occasion that any farther Speech and Visitation of the Books was omitted, and therefore 'tis to be suspected that *The Carolea*, and *Lion of Spain*, with the Acts of the Emperor Charles the Fifth, written by Don Lewis d'Avila, were burnt, without being ever seen or heard; and perhaps if the Curate had seen them, they should not have pass'd under so rigorous a Sentence.

When

When they all arriv'd to Don *Quixote's* Chamber, he was risen already out of his Bed, and continued still his Outcries, cutting and flashing on every side, being as broadly awake as if he never had slept. Wherefore taking him in their Arms, they return'd him by main force into his Bed: And after he was somewhat quiet and settled, he said, turning himself to the Curate, In good sooth, Lord Archbishop *Turpin*, 'tis a great Dishonour to us, that are call'd *The twelve Peers*, to permit the Knights of the Court to bear thus away the Glory of the Journey without more ado, seeing that we the Adventurers have gain'd the Prize thereof the three foremost Days. Hold your peace, good Gossip, quoth the Curate, for Fortune may be pleas'd to change the Success, and what is lost to-day, may be won again to-morrow; look you to your Health for the present, for you seem at least to be very much tired, if besides you be not sore wounded.

Wounded! No, quoth Don *Quixote*, but doubtless I am somewhat bruised; for that Bastard Don *Rowland* hath beaten me to Powder with the Stock of an Oak-Tree, and all for Envy, because he sees that I only dare oppose my self to his Valour: but let me be never again call'd *Raynold de Montalban*, if he pay not dearly for it, as soon as I rise from this Bed, in despite of all his Enchantments. But, I pray you, call for my Breakfast, for I know 'twill do me much good, and leave the Revenge of this Wrong to my charge. Presently Meat was brought, and after he had eaten he fell asleep, and they remain'd astonish'd at his wonderful Madnes.

That Night the old Woman burnt all the Books that she found in the House and Yard; and some there were burnt that deserv'd for their Worthiness to be kept up in everlasting Treasuries, if their Fortunes and the Laziness of the Searchers had permitted it: And so the Proverb was verified in them, that *the Just pays sometimes for Sinners*. One of the Remedies which the Curate and Barber prescrib'd for that present, to help their Friend's Disease, was that they should change his Chamber, and dam up his Study, to the end that when he
arose,

arose, he might not find them ; for perhaps by removing the Cause, they might also take away the Effect : And moreover they bade them to say, That a certain Enchanter had carried them away Study and all ; which Device was presently put in practice. And within two days after, *Don Quixote* got up, and the first thing he did, was to go and visit his Books ; and seeing he could not find the Chamber in the same Place where he had left it, he went up and down to find it. Sometimes he came to the place where the Door stood, and felt it with his Hands, and then would turn his Eyes up and down here and there to seek it, without speaking a Word ; but at last after Deliberation, he ask'd of the old Woman the Way to his Books : she, as one well school'd before that she should answer, said, What Study, or what Nothing is this you look for ? There is now no more Study nor Books in this House, for the Devil himself carried all away with him. It was not the Devil, said his Niece, but an Enchanter, that came here one Night upon a Cloud, the Day after you departed from hence ; and alighting down from a Serpent on which he rode, he enter'd into the Study, and what he did therein I know not, and within a while after, he fled out at the Roof of the House, and left all the House full of Smoak ; and when we accorded to see what he had done, we could neither see Book or Study : Only thus much the old Woman and I do remember very well, that the naughty old Man, at his departure, said with a loud Voice, That he, for hidden Enmity, that he bore to the Lord of those Books, had done all the Harm to the House, that they might perceive when he was departed ; and added, That he was named *The wise Munition*. *Freston* you would have said, quoth *Don Quixote*. I know not, quoth the old Woman, whether he might *Freston* or *Friton*, but well I wot that his Name ended in *ton*. That is true, quoth *Don Quixote*, and he is a very wise Enchanter, and my great Adversary, and looks on me with a sinister Eye, for he knows by his Art and Science, that I shall in time fight a single Combat with a Knight his very great Friend, and overcome him

him in Battel, without being able to be by him assisted, and therefore he labours to do me all the Hurt he may; and I have sent him word, that he strives in vain to divert or shun that which is already by Heaven decreed. Who doubts of that, quoth his Niece? but I pray you, good Uncle, say, What Need have you to thrust your self into these Difficulties and Brabbles? Were it not better to rest you quietly in your own House, than to wander thorow the World, searching Bread of * blasted Corn, without once considering how many there go to seek for Wool, that return again shorn themselves? O! Niece, quoth Don *Quixote*, how ill dost thou understand the Matter? Before I permit my self to be shorn, I will pill and pluck away the Beards of as many as shall dare or imagine to touch but only an Hair of me. To these Words the Women would make no Reply, because they saw his Choler encrease.

Fifteen Days he remain'd quietly at home, without giving any Argument of seconding his former Vanities, in which time pass'd many pleasant Encounters between him and his two Gossips, the Curate and Barber, upon that Point which he defended, to wit, that the World needed nothing so much as Knights-Errant, and, that the Errantical Knighthood ought to be again renew'd therein. Master Parson would contradict him sometimes, and other times yield unto what he urg'd; for had they not observ'd that manner of proceeding, 'twere impossible to bring him to any Conformity. In this Space Don *Quixote* dealt with a certain Labourer, his Neighbour, an honest Man (if the Title of *Honesty* may be given to the Poor) but one of a very shallow Wit; in Resolution he said so much to him, and perswaded him so earnestly and made him so large Promises, as the poor Fellow determin'd to go away with him, and serve him as his Squire. Don *Quixote*, among many other Things, bade him to dispose himself willingly to de-

* *Bucardo, pan de Trastrigo*, p. 47.

part with him, for now and then such an Adventure might present it self, that in-as short space as one would take up a couple of Straws an Island may be won, and he be left as Governour thereof. With these and such-like Promises *Sancho Pancha* (for so he was call'd) left his Wife and Children, and agreed to be his Squire. Afterward *Don Quixote* began to cast Plots how to come by some Money, which he atchiev'd by selling one Thing, pawning another, and turning all upside down. At last got a pretty Sum, and accommodated himself with a Buckler, which he had borrow'd of a Friend, and patching up his broken Beaver again as well as he could, he advertis'd his Squire *Sancho* of the Day and Hour wherein he meant to depart, that he might likewise furnish himself with that which he thought needful; but, above all Things, he charg'd him to provide himself of a Wallet; which he promis'd to perform, and said, That he meant also to take a very good As, which he had of his own, because he was not wont to travel much a-foot. In that of the As *Don Quixote* stood a while pensive, calling to mind whether ever he had read, that ever any Knight-Errant carried his Squire assishly mounted, but he could not remember any Authority for it: Yet notwithstanding he resolv'd, that he might bring his Beast, with Intention to accommodate him more honourably when Occasion were offer'd, by dismounting the first discourteous Knight they met from his Horse, and giving it to his Squire: He also furnish'd himself with Shirts, and as many other Things as he might, according unto the Inn-keeper's Advice. All which being finish'd, *Sancho Pancha*, without bidding his Wife or Children farewell; or *Don Quixote*, his Niece and old Servant; they both departed one Night out of the Village unknown to any Person living; and they travell'd so far that Night, as they were sure in the Morning not to be found, altho' they were pursued. *Sancho Pancha* rode on his Beast like a *Patriarch*, with his Wallet and Bottle, and a marvellous Longing to see himself Governour of the Island which his Master had promis'd unto him.

Don *Quixote* took by chance the same very Course and Way that he had done in his first Voyage, thro' the Field of *Montiel*, wherein he travel'd then with less Vexation than the first; for, by reason that it was early, and the Sun-beams struck not directly down, but athwart, the Heat did not trouble them much. And *Sancho Pancha* seeing the Opportunity good, said to his Master, *I pray you have a care, good Sir Knight, that you forget not that Government of the Island which you have promised me, for I shall be able to govern it were it never so great.*

To which Don *Quixote* reply'd, "You must understand, Friend *Sancho Pancha*, that it is a Custom very much used by ancient Knights-Errant, to make their Squires Governours of the Islands and Kingdoms that they conquer'd, and I am resolv'd that so good a Custom shall never be abolish'd by me, but rather I will pass and exceed them therein; for they sometimes, as I take it, did for the greater part expect until their Squires wax'd aged, and after they were cloy'd with Service, and had suffer'd many bad Days and Nights, then did they bestow upon them some Title of an *Earl*, or at least of a *Marquis* of some Valley of more or less account."

But if thou livest, and I withal, it may happen that I may conquer such a Kingdom within six Days, that hath other Kingdoms adherent to it, which would fall out just as 'twere cast in a Mould for thy Purpose, whom I would crown presently King of one of them. And don't account this to be any great Matter, for Things and Chances do happen to such Knights Adventurers as I am, by so unexpected and wonderful Ways and Means, as I might give thee very easily a great deal more than I promised. After that manner, said *Sancho Pancha*, if I were a King, thro' some Miracle of those which you say, then should *Joan Gutierrez* my Wife become a Queen, and my Children Princes. Who doubts of that, said Don *Quixote*? That do I, reply'd *Sancho Pancha*, for I am fully perswaded, that altho' God would rain Kingdoms down upon the Earth, none of them would

but Wind-mills; and that which seems in them to be Arms, are their Sails, that are swing'd about with the Wind, do also make the Mill go. It seems well, quoth Don *Quixote*, that thou art not yet acquainted with Matter of Adventures: They are Giants; and if thou beest afraid, go aside and pray, whilst I enter into cruel and unequal Battel with them. And saying so, he spurred his horse *Rozinante*, without taking heed to his Squire *Sancho's* Cries, advertising him how they were doubtlessly Windmills that he did assault, and no Giants; but he went so fully persuaded that they were Giants, as he neither heard his Squire's Outcries, nor did discern what they were, altho' he drew very near to them, but rather said as loud as he could, Flie not, ye Cowards and vile Creatures, for 'tis only one Knight that assaults you.

With this the Wind encreas'd, and the Mill-sails began to turn about; which Don *Quixote* espying, said, Altho' thou movedst more Arms than the Giant *Briareus*, thou shalt stoop to me; and after saying this, and commending himself most devoutly to his Lady *Dulcinea*, desiring her to succour him in that Trance, covering himself well with his Buckler, and setting his Lance on his Rest, he spurr'd on *Rozinante*, and encounter'd with the first Mill that was before him, and striking his Lance into the Sail, the Wind swing'd it about with such Fury, that it broke his Lance into Shivers, carrying him and his Horse after it, and finally tumbled him a good way off from it, on the Field in very evil plight. *Sancho Pancha* repair'd presently to succour him, as fast as his Ass could drive; and when he arriv'd he found him not able to stir, he had gotten such a Crush with *Rozinante*. Good God! quoth *Sancho*, did I not foretell unto you, that you should look well what you did? for they were none other than Wind-mills, nor could any think otherwise, unless he had also Wind-mills in his Brains. Peace, *Sancho*, quoth Don *Quixote*, for Matters of War are more subject than any other Thing to continual Change; how much more, seeing I do verily persuade myself, that the sage *Fresnon*, who robb'd my Study

and

and Books, hath transform'd these Giants into Mills, to deprive me of the Glory of the Victory, such is the Enmity he bears towards me? But yet, in fine, all his bad Arts shall but little prevail against the Goodness of my Sword. God grant it, as he may, said *Sancho Pancha*, and then help'd him to arise, and presently he mounted on *Rozinante*, who was † half Shoulder-pitch'd by the rough Encounter; and discoursing upon that Adventure, they follow'd on the Way which guided towards the Passage or Gate of *Lapice*; for there, as *Don Quixote* avouch'd, it was not possible but to find many Adventures, because it was a Thorowfare much frequented; and yet he affirm'd, that he went very much griev'd, because he wanted a Lance; and telling it to his Squire, he said, I remember how I have read, that a certain Spanish Knight called *Diego Peres* of *Vargas*, having broke his Sword in a Battel, tore off a great Branch or Stock from an Oak-tree, and did such Marvels with it that Day, and batter'd so many *Moors*, as he remain'd with the Surname of *Machuca*, which signifies a Stump, and as well he, as all his Progeny, were ever after that Day call'd *Vargas* and *Machuca*. I tell thee this, because I mean to tear another Branch, such, or as good at least as that, from the first Oak we shall encounter; and I mean to atchieve such Adventures therewithal, as thou wilt account thy self fortunate for having merited to behold them, and be a Witness of Things almost incredible.

In God's Name, quoth *Sancho*, I do believe every Word you say; but I pray you sit right in your Saddle, for you ride sideling, which proceeds, as I suppose, of the bruising you got by your Fall. Thou say'st true, quoth *Don Quixote*, and if I do not complain of the Grief, the Reason is, because Knights-Errant use not to complain of any Wound, altho' their Guts did issue out thereof. If it be so (quoth *Sancho*) I know not what to say, but God knows I would be glad to hear you to complain when any thing grieves you. Of my self I

† *Medio spaldado, a Passage thro' the Mountains.*

dare affirm, that I must complain of the least Grief that I have, if it be not likewise meant that the Squires of Knights-Errant must not complain of any Harm. Don *Quixote* could not refrain Laughter, hearing the Simplicity of his Squire; and after shew'd unto him, that he might lawfully complain, both when he pleased and as much as he list'd, with Desire or without it, for he had never yet read any thing to the contrary in the Order of Knighthood.

Then *Sancho* said unto him, that it was Dinner-time; to whom he answer'd, That he needed no Repast, but if he had Will to eat, he might begin when he pleas'd. *Sancho* having obtain'd his Licence, did accommodate himself on his Ass-back the best he might, taking out of his Waller some Belly-munition, he rode after his Master, travelling and eating at once, and that with great leisure, and ever anon he lifted up his Bottle with such pleasure as the best-fed Victualler of *Malaga* might envy his State; and whilst he rode multiplying of Quaffs in that manner, he never remember'd any of the Promises his Master had made him, nor did he hold the Fetch of Adventures to be a Labour, but rather a great Recreation and Ease, were they never so dangerous.

In conclusion, they pass'd over that Night under certain Trees, from one of which Don *Quixote* tore a wither'd Branch, which might serve him in some sort for a Lance, and therefore he set thereon the Iron of his own, which he had reserv'd when 'twas broken. All that Night Don *Quixote* slept not one Wink, but thought upon his Lady *Dulcinea*, that he might conform himself to what he had read in his Books of Adventures, when Knights pass'd over many Nights without Sleep in Forests and Fields, only entertain'd by the Memory of their Mistresses: But *Sancho* spent not his Time so vainly; for having his Stomach well stuff'd, and that not with *Sarcory* Water, he carried smoothly away the whole Night in one Sleep; and if his Master had not call'd him up, neither the Sun-beams, which struck on his Visage, nor the Melody of the Birds, which were many, and did cheerfully welcome the Approach of the new Day, could have

have been able to awake him. At his arising he gave one essay to the Bottle, which he found to be somewhat more weak than 'twas the Night before, whereat his Heart was griev'd, for he mistrusted that they took not a Course to remedy that Defect so soon as he wish'd; nor could Don *Quixote* break his Fast, who (as we have said) meant only to sustain himself with pleasant Remembrances. Then did they return to their commenced Way towards the City of *Lapice*, which they discover'd about Three of the Clock in the Afternoon. Here (said Don *Quixote*, as soon as he ken'd it) may we (Friend *Sancho*) thrust our Hands up to the very Elbows into that which is call'd *Adventures*: But observe well this Caveat which I shall give thee, that altho' thou seest me in the greatest Dangers of the World, thou must not set Hand to thy Sword in my Defence, if thou dost not see that those which assault me be base and vile vulgar People, for in such a Case thou may'st assist me: Marry, if they be Knights, thou must not do so in any wise; nor is it permitted by the Laws of Arms that thou may'st help me, until thou beest likewise dubb'd Knight thy self.

I do assure you, Sir, quoth *Sancho*, that herein you shall be most punctually obey'd; and therefore chiefly, in respect that I am, of mine own Nature, a quiet and peaceable Man, and a mortal Enemy of thrusting my self into Stirs or Quarrels, yet it is true, that touching the Defence of mine own Person, I'll not be altogether so observant of those Laws, seeing that both divine and human allow every Man to defend himself from any one that would wrong him. I say no less, answer'd Don *Quixote*, but in this of aiding me against any Knight, thou must set Bounds to thy natural Impulses. I say that I will do so, quoth *Sancho*, and I will observe this Commandment as punctually as that of keeping holy the Sabbath-day.

Whilst thus they reason'd, there appear'd in the Way two Monks of *St. Bennet's* Order, mounted on two Dromedaries; for the Mules whereon they rode were but little less: They wore Masks with Spectacles in them, to keep the Dust from their Faces, and each of them besides bore their Umbrilles; after them came a Coach and

four or five a horseback accompanying it, and two Lackies that ran hard by it. There came therein, as 'twas after known, a certain *Biscaine* Lady, which travel'd towards *Seville*, where her Husband sojourn'd at the present, and was going to the *Indies* with an honourable Charge: The Monks rode not with her, altho' they travel'd the same Way. Scarce had Don *Quixote* perceiv'd them, when he said to his Squire, Either I am deceiv'd, or else this will prove the most famous Adventure that ever hath been seen: For these two great black Bulls which appear there, are questionless Enchanters, that steal or carry away perforce some Princess in that Coach; and therefore I must with all my Power undo that Wrong. This will be worse than the Adventure of the Wind-mills, quoth *Sancho*. Do not you see, Sir, that those are Friars of *St. Bennet's Order*? And the Coach can be none other than of some Travellers. Therefore listen to mine Advice, and see well what you do, lest that the Devil do deceive you. I have said already to thee, *Sancho*, that thou art very ignorant in Matter of Adventures; what I say is true, as now thou shalt see: And saying so, he spurr'd on his Horse, and placing himself just in the midst of the Way by which the Friars came; and when they approach'd so near, as he suppos'd they might hear him, he said with a loud Voice, *Devilish and wicked People, leave presently those high Princesses which you violently carry away with you in that Coach; or, if you will not, prepare your selves to receive sudden Death, as a just Punishment for your bad Works.*

The Friars held their Horses, and were amaz'd both at the Shape and Words of Don *Quixote*; to whom they answer'd, Sir Knight, we are neither devilish nor wicked, but religious Men of *St. Bennet's Order*, that travel about our Affairs, and we know not whether or no there come any Princesses forced in this Coach. With me fair Words take no Effect, quoth Don *Quixote*, for I know you very well, treacherous Knaves. And then, without expecting their Reply, he set Spurs to *Rozinante*, and laying his Lance on the Thigh, charg'd the first Friar with such Fury and Rage, that if he had not suffer'd

fer'd himself willingly to fall off his Mule, he would not only have overthrown him against his Will, but likewise have slain, or at least wounded him very ill with the Blow. The second religious Man seeing how ill his Companion was used, made no Words, but setting Spurs to that Castel, his Mule did fly away thro' the Field, as swift as the Wind itself. *Sancho Pancha* seeing the Monk overthrown, dismounted very speedily off his Ass, and ran over to him, and would have ransack'd his Habits. In this arriv'd the Monk's two Lackeys, and demanded of him why he thus despoiled the Frier: *Sancho* reply'd, That it was his Due by the Law of Arms, as lawful Spoils gain'd in Battel by his Lord *Don Quixote*. The Lackeys, which understood not the Jest, nor knew not what the Words of Battel or Spoils meant, seeing that *Don Quixote* was now out of the way speaking with those that came in the Coach, set both at once upon *Sancho*, and left him not a Hair in his Beard but they pluck'd, and did so trample him under their Feet, as they left him stretch'd on the Ground, without either Breath or Feeling. The Monk, cutting off all Delays, mounted again on horseback, all affrighted, having scarce any Drop of Blood left in his Face thro' Fear: And being once up, he spurr'd after his Fellow, who expected him a good way off, staying to see the Success of that Assault, and being unwilling to attend the End of that strange Adventure, they did prosecute their Journey, blessing and crossing themselves, as if the Devil did pursue them.

Don Quixote, as is rehearsed, was in this Season speaking to the Lady in the Coach, to whom he said, "Your Beauty, dear Lady, may dispose from henceforth of your Person, as best ye liketh; for the Pride of your Robbers lies now prostrated on the Ground, by this my invincible Arm: And because you may not be troubled to know your Deliverer's name, know that I am call'd *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, a Knight-Errant and Adventurer, and Captive to the peerless and beautiful Lady *Dulcinea of Toboso*; and in Reward of the Benefit which you have receiv'd at my hands, I demand nothing else, but that you return to *Toboso*, and there

“ present yourselves in my Name before my Lady, and
 “ recount unto her what I have done to obtain your Liberty.”

To all these Words which Don Quixote said, a certain *Biscayan* Squire that accompany'd the Coach gave ear; who seeing that Don Quixote suffer'd not the Coach to pass onward, but said that it must presently return to *Toboso*, he drew near to him, and laying hold on his Lance, he said in his bad *Spanish* and worse *Bisquish*, Get thee away, Knight, in an ill Hour; by the God that created me, if thou leave not the Coach I will kill thee, as sure as I am a *Biscaine*.

Don Quixote understanding him, did answer with great staidness, If thou wer'st a † Knight, as thou art not, I would by this have punish'd thy Folly and Presumption, Caitiff Creature! The *Biscaine* reply'd with great Fury, Not I a Gentleman? I swear by God thou ly'st, as well as I am a Christian: If thou cast away thy Lance, and draw thy Sword, ‡ thou shalt see the Water as soon as thou shalt carry away the Car: A *Biscaine* by Land, and a Gentleman by Sea, a Gentleman in despite of the Devil, and thou ly'st if other Things thou say'st. Strait thou shalt see that said *Agrages*, reply'd Don Quixote, and throwing his Lance to the Ground, he out with his Sword, and took his Buckler, and set on the *Biscaine* with Resolution to kill him.

The *Biscaine* seeing him approach in that manner, altho' he desir'd to alight off his Mule, which was not to be trusted, being one of those naughty ones which are wont to be hired, yet had he no Leisure to do any other thing than to draw out his Sword; but it besel him happily to be near to the Coach, out of which he snatch'd a Cushion that serv'd him for a shield; and presently the one made upon the other like mortal Enemies.

Those that were present labour'd all that they might, but in vain, to compound the Matter between them; for the *Biscaine* swore in his bad Language, that if they

† Cavallero in Spanish, is taken as well for a Gentleman as for a Knight.

‡ Pag. 58.

hinder'd him from ending the Battel, he would put this Lady and all the rest that dared to disturb him, to the Sword.

The Lady astonish'd and fearful of that which she beheld, commanded the Coachman to go a little out of the way, and sat aloof beholding the rigorous Conflict, in the progress whereof the *Biscaine* gave Don *Quixote* over the Target a mighty Blow on one of the Shoulders, where, if it had not found Resistance in his Armour, it would doubtlessly have cleft him down to the Girdle. Don *Quixote*, feeling the Weight of that unmeasurable Blow, cry'd with a loud Voice, saying, O *Dulcinea!* *Lady of my Soul, the Flower of all Beauty, succour this thy Knight, who, to set forth thy Worth, finds himself in this dangerous Trance.* The saying of these Words, the gripping fast of his Sword, the covering himself well with his Buckler, and the assailing of the *Biscaine*, was done all in one Instant, resolving to venture all the Success of the Battel on that one only Blow. The *Biscaine*, who perceiving him come in that manner, perceiv'd by his Doughtiness his Intention, and resolv'd to do the like: and therefore expected him very well cover'd with his Cushion, not being able to manage his Mule as he wish'd, from one part to another, who was not able to go a step, 'twas so wearied, as a Beast never before used to the like Toys.

Don *Quixote*, as we have said, came against the wary *Biscaine* with his Sword lifted aloft, with a full resolution to part him in two; and the Beholders stood with Fear suspended, to see the Success of those monstrous Blows, wherewithal they threatned one another. And the Lady of the Coach, with her Gentlewoman, made a thousand Vows and Offerings to all the devout Places of *Spain*, to the end that God might deliver the Squire and themselves out of that great Danger wherein they were.

But it is to be deplor'd, how in this very Point and Term, the Author of this History leaves this Battel depending, excusing himself, that he could find no more written of the Acts of Don *Quixote*, than those which

he hath already recounted. True it is, that the second Writer of this Work would not believe, that so curious a History was drown'd in the Jaws of Oblivion; or that the Wits of the *Mancha* were so little curious, as not to reserve among their Treasuries or Records, some Papers treating of this famous Knight; and therefore, encourag'd by this Presumption, he did not despair to find the End of this pleasant History, which, Heaven being propitious to him, he got at last, after the manner that shall be recounted in the Second Part.

The End of the First Part.



THE



The Delightful
HISTORY
 Of the most Witty KNIGHT
Don QUIXOTE
 Of the MANCHA.

B O O K II.

C H A P. I.

*Wherein is related the Events of the fearful
 Battle, which the valiant Biscaine fought
 with Don Quixote.*

WE left the valorous *Biscaine*, and the famous
Don Quixote, in the First Part, with their
 Swords lifted up and naked in Terms, to
 discharge one upon another two furious
 Cleavers, and such as (if they had alighted
 rightly) would cut and divide them both from the Top
 to the Toe, and open them like a Pomegranate. And
 that

that in so doubtful a Taking the delightful History stopped, and remain'd dismember'd, the Author thereof leaving us no Notice where we might find the rest of the Narration. This griev'd me not a little, but wholly turn'd the Pleasure I took in reading the beginning thereof into Disgust, thinking how small Commodity was offer'd to find out so much as in mine Opinion wanted of this so delectable a Tale. It seem'd unto me almost impossible, and contrary to all good Order, that so good a Knight should want some wise Man, that would undertake his wonderful Prowesses and Feats of Chivalry; a thing that none of those Knights-Errant ever wanted, of whom People speak: for each of them had one or two wise Men of purpose, that did not only write their Acts, but also depainted their very least Thoughts and Toys, were they never so hidden; and sure so good a Knight could not be so unfortunate as to want that wherewith *Platyr*, and others his like, abounded; and therefore could not induce my self to believe, that so gallant a History might remain maim'd and lame, and did rather cast the Fault upon the Malice of Time, who is a Consumer and Devourer of all Things, which had either hidden or consumed it.

Methought on the other side, seeing that among his Books were found some modern Works, such as *The Undeceiving of Jealousie*, and *The Nymphs and Shepherds of Henares*, that also his own History must have been new; and if it were not written, yet was the Memory of him fresh among the Dwellers of his own Village, and the other Villages adjoining. This Imagination held me suspended, and desirous to learn really and truly all the Life and Miracles of our famous Spaniard Don Quixote of the Mancha, the Light and Mirrour of all *Manchical* Chivalry; being the first who, in this our Age and Time so full of Calamities, did undergo the Travels and Exercise of Arms-Errant; and undid Wrongs, succour'd Widows, protected Damsels that rode up and down with their Whips and Palfreys, and with all their Virginity on their Backs, from Hill to Hill, and Dale to Dale: For if it happened not that some lewd

Mis-

Miscreant, or some Clown with a Hatchet and long Hair, or some monstrous Giant did force them, Damfels there were in times past, that at the end of Fourscore Years old, all which time they never slept one Day under a Roof, went as entire and pure Maidens to their Graves as the very Mother that bore them. Therefore, I say, that as well for this, as for many other good Respects, our gallant *Don Quixote* is worthy of continual and memorable Praises: Nor can the like be justly deny'd, to my self, for the Labour and Diligence which I used, to find out the End of this grateful History; altho' I know very well that if Heaven, Chance, and Fortune, had not assisted me, the World had been depriv'd of the Delight and Pastime they may take for almost two Hours together, who shall with Attention read it. The Manner therefore of finding it was this:

Being one Day walking on the Exchange of *Toledo*, a certain Boy by chance would have sold divers old Quires and Scrolls of Books to a Squire that walk'd up and down in that Place; and I being addicted to read such Scrolls, tho' I found them torn in the Streets, born away by this my natural Inclination, took one of the Quires in my Hand, and perceiv'd it to be written in *Arabick* Characters, and seeing that altho' I knew the Letters, yet could I not read the Substance, I look'd about to view, whether I could perceive thereabouts any *Moor* turn'd *Spaniard*, that could read them; nor was it very difficult to find there such an Interpreter: for if I had search'd one of another better and more ancient † Language, that Place would easily have afforded him. In fine, my good Fortune presented one to me, to whom telling my Desire, and giving him the Book in his Hand, he open'd it, and having read a little therein, began to laugh. I demanded of him, why he laugh'd; and he answer'd, At that marginal Note which the Book had. I bid him to expound it to me, and with that took

† *To wit, a Jew.*

him a little aside : And he continuing still his Laughter, said, There is written here on this Margin these Words: *This Dulcinea of Toboso, so many times spoken of in this History, had the best Hand for powdering of Pork, of any Woman in all the Mancha.* When I heard it make mention of *Dulcinea of Toboso*, I rested amaz'd, and suspended, and imagin'd forthwith that those Quires contain'd the History of *Don Quixote*. With this Conceit I hasten'd him to read the Beginning, which he did, and translating the *Arabick* into *Spanish* in a trice, he said that it begun thus : *The History of Don Quixote of the Mancha, written by Cyd Hamet Benengeli, an Arabical Historiographer.* Much Discretion was requisite to dissemble the Content of Mind I conceiv'd, when I heard the Title of the Book ; and preventing the Squire, I bought all the Boy's Scrolls and Papers for a Real : and had he been of Discretion, or known my Desire, he might have promis'd himself easily, and also born away with him, more than six Reals for his Merchandise. I departed after with the *Moor* to the Cloyster of the great Church, and I requested him to turn me all the *Arabick* Sheets that treated of *Don Quixote* into *Spanish*, without adding or taking away any thing from them, and I would pay him what he would desire for his Pains. He demanded Fifty pounds of Raisins, and Three Bushels of Wheat, and promis'd to translate them speedily, well, and faithfully : But I, to hasten the Matter more, lest I should lose such an unexpected and welcome Treasure, brought him to my House, where he translated all the Work in less than a Month and a half, even in the manner that it is here recounted.

There was painted in the first Quire, very naturally, the Battel betwixt *Don Quixote* and the *Biscaine*, even in the same manner that the History relateth it, with their Swords lifted aloft ; the one cover'd with his Buckler, the other with his Cushion : And the *Biscaine's* Mule was deliver'd so naturally, as a Man might perceive it was hired, altho' he stood farther off than the shoot of a Cross-bow. The *Biscaine* had a Title written

written under his Feet that said, *Don Sancho de Azpetir*, for so belike he was call'd; and at *Rozinante's* Feet there was another that said, *Don Quixote*. *Rozinante* was marvellous well pourtray'd, so long and lank, so thin and lean, so like one labouring with an incurable Consumption, as he did shew very clearly with what Consideration and Propriety he had given unto him the Name *Rozinante*. By him stood *Sancho Pancha* holding his Ass by the Halter; at whose Feet was another Scroll, saying, *Sancho Canca*; And, I think, the reason thereof was, that, as his Picture shew'd, he had a great Belly, a short Stature, and thick Legs; and therefore I judge he was called *Pancha*, or *Canca*, for both these Names are written of him indifferently in the History.

There were other little Things in it worthy the noting, but all of 'em are of no great Importance, nor any thing necessary for the true Relation of the History, for none is ill if it be true: And if any Objection be made against the Truth of this, it can be none other than that the Author was a *Moor*, and 'tis a known Propriety of that Nation to be lying; yet in respect that they hate us so mortally, 'tis to be conjectur'd, that in this History there is rather Want and Concealment of our Knight's worthy Acts, than any Superfluity; which I imagine the rather, because I find in the Progress thereof, many times, that when he might and ought to have advanc'd his Pen in our Knight's Praises, he does (as 'twere on purpose) pass 'em over in Silence. Which was very ill done, seeing that Historiographers ought and should be very precise, true, and unpassionate, and that neither Profit or Fear, Rancour or Affection should make them to tread awry from the Truth, whose Mother is History, the Emulatreſs of Time, the Treasury of Actions, the Witness of Things past, and Advertiser of Things to come.

-In this History, I know, a Man may find all that he can desire in the most pleasing manner; and if they want any Thing to be desir'd, I am of opinion that it is thro' the fault of that ungracious Knave that translated

lated it, rather than thro' any Defect in the Subject. Finally, the Second Part thereof (according to the Translation) began in this manner:

The trenchant Swords of the two valorous enraged Combatants being lifted aloft, it seem'd that they threatened Heaven, the Earth, and the Depths, such was their Hardiness and Courage; and the first that discharg'd his Blow was the *Biscaine*, which fell with such Force and Fury, as, if the Sword had not turn'd a little in the way, that only Blow had been sufficient to set an end to the rigorous Contention, and all other the Adventures of our Knight: But his good *Fortune*, which reserv'd him for greater Affairs, did wrest his Adversary's Sword awry in such sort, as tho' he stroke him on the left Shoulder, yet did it no more Harm than disarm all that side, carrying away with it a great part of his Beaver, with the half of his Ear, all which fell to the Ground with a dreadful Ruin, leaving him in very ill case for a good time. Good God! who is he that can well describe at this present the Fury that enter'd into the Heart of our *Manchegan*, seeing himself used in that manner? Let us say no more, but that it was such, that stretching himself again in the Stirrups, and griping his Sword fast in both his Hands, he discharg'd such a terrible Blow on the *Biscaine*, hitting him right upon the Cushion, and by it on the Head, that the Strength and Thickness thereof so little avail'd him, that as if a whole Mountain had fallen upon him, the Blood gush'd out of his Mouth, Nose, and Ears, all at once, and he totter'd so on his Mule, that every Step he took he was ready to fall off, as he would indeed if he had not taken him by the Neck; yet nevertheless he lost the Stirrups, and loosing his gripe of the Mule, it being likewise frighted by that terrible Blow, ran away as fast as it could about the Fields, and within two or three winces overthrew him to the Ground.

All which Don *Quixote* stood beholding: with great quietness, and as soon as he saw him fall, he leap'd off his Horse, and ran over to him very speedily, and setting the Point of his Sword on his Eyes, he bade him yield

yield himself, or else he would cut off his Head. The *Biscaine* was so amaz'd, as he could not speak a Word ; and it had succeeded very ill with him, considering Don *Quixote's* Fury, if the Ladies of the Coach (which until then had beheld the Conflict with great Anguish) had not come where he was, and earnestly besought him to do them the Favour to pardon their Squire's Life. Don *Quixote* answered with great Loftiness and Gravity, " Truly, fair Ladies, I am well appaid to grant your
 " Request, but it must be with this Agreement and
 " Condition, that this Knight shall promise me to go to
 " *Toboso*, and present himself in my Name to the peerless
 " Lady *Dulcinea*, to the end she may dispose of him as
 " she pleaseth."

The timorous and comfortless Lady, without considering what Don *Quixote* demanded, or asking what *Dulcinea* was, promis'd that her Squire should accomplish all that he pleas'd to command. Why then, quoth Don *Quixote*, trusting to your Promise, I'll do him no more Harm, altho' he hath well deserv'd it at my hands.



CHAP. II.

*Of that which after befel unto Don Quixote,
 when he had left the Ladies.*

BY this *Sancho Pancha* had gotten up, tho' somewhat abused by the Friars Lackeys, and stood attentively beholding his Lord's Combat, and pray'd to God with all his Heart, that it would please him to give him the victory ; and that he might therein win some Island, whereof he might make him Governour, as he had promis'd.

And seeing the Controversie ended at last, and that his Lord remounted upon *Roxinante*, he came to hold him the Stirrup, and cast himself on his Knees before him

him ere he got up, and taking him by the Hand he kiss'd it, saying, I desire that it will please you, good my Lord Don *Quixote*, to bestow upon me the Government of that Island, which in this terrible Battel you have won; for tho' it were never so great, yet do I find my self able enough to govern it, as well as any other whatsoever that ever govern'd Islands in this World.

To this Demand Don *Quixote* answer'd, Thou must note, Friend *Sancho*, that this Adventure, and others of this Kind, are not Adventures of Islands, but of Thwartings and Highways, wherein nothing else is gain'd but a broken Pate, or the loss of an Ear: Have patience a while, for Adventures will be offer'd, whereby thou shalt not only be made a Governour, but a greater Man. *Sancho* render'd him many Thanks, and kissing his Hand again, and the Skirt of his Habergeon, he did help him to get up on *Rozinante*, and he leap'd on his As and follow'd his Lord; who, with a swift Pace, without taking Leave, or speaking to those of the Coach, enter'd into a Wood that was hard at hand. *Sancho* follow'd him as fast as his Beast could trot, but *Rozinante* went off so swiftly, as he perceiving he was like to be left behind, was forced to call aloud to his Master, that he would stay for him; which Don *Quixote* did, by checking *Rozinante* with the Bridle, until his wearied Squire did arrive, who, as soon as he came, said unto him, Methinks (Sir) that it will not be amiss to retire our selves to some Church; for, according as that Man is ill dight with whom you fought, I certainly persuade my self that they will give Notice of the Fact to the *holy Brotherhood*, and they will seek to apprehend us, which if they do, in good faith before we can get out of their Claws, I fear me we shall sweat for it. Peace, quoth Don *Quixote*; Where hast thou ever read or seen that Knight-Errant, that hath been brought before the Judge, tho' he committed never so many Homicides and Slaughters? I know nothing of *Omicides*, quoth *Sancho*, nor have I cared in my Life for any; but well I wot that it concerns the *holy Brotherhood* to deal with such as fight in the Fields; and in that other I will not intermeddle.

meddle. Then be not afraid, Friend, quoth Don *Quixote*, for I will deliver thee out of the hands of the *Chaldeans*, how much more out of those of the *Brotherhood*? But tell me in good earnest whether thou didst ever see a more valorous Knight than I am, throughout the Face of the Earth? Didst thou ever read in Histories of any other that hath, or ever had more Courage in assailing, more Breath in persevering, more Dexterity in offending, or more Art in overthrowing than I? The truth is (quoth *Sancho*) that I have never read any History, for I can neither read nor write; but that which I dare wager, is, that I never in my Life serv'd a bolder Master than you are; and I pray God that we pay not for this Boldness, there where I have said. That which I request of you, is, that you will cure your self, for you lose much Blood by that Ear; and here I have Lint and a little *Unguentum Album* in my Wallet.

All this might be excused, quoth Don *Quixote*, if I had remember'd to make a Vial-full of the *Balsamum of Fierabras*, for with one drop of it we might spare both Time, and want well all those other Medicines. What Vial, and what *Balsamum* is that, said *Sancho Pancha*? It is, answer'd Don *Quixote*, a *Balsamum*, whereof I have the Receipt in Memory, which one possessing, he needs not fear Death, nor ought he to think that he can be kill'd by any Wound; and therefore after I have made it and given it unto thee, thou hast nothing else to do, but when thou shalt see that in any Battel I be cleft in twain (as many times it happens) thou shalt take fair and softly that Part of my Body that is fallen to the Ground, and put it up again with great Subtilty on the Part which rests in the Saddle, before the Blood congeal, having evermore great Care that thou place it just and equally: Then, presently after, thou shalt give me two Draughts of that *Balsamum*, of which I have spoken, and thou shalt see me strait become sounder than an Apple. If that be true, quoth *Sancho*, I do presently here renounce the Government of the Island you promis'd, and in Recompence of my Services of you, but only the Receipt of this precious Liquor; for I am certain, that an
Ounce

Ounce thereof will be worth two Reals in any Place; and when I have it, I should need nothing else to gain my living easily and honestly. But let me know, Is it costly in making? With less than three Rials, quoth Don *Quixote*, a Man may make three Gallons of it: But I mean to teach thee greater Secrets than this, and do thee greater Favours also. And now let me cure my self, for mine Ear grieves me more than I could wish. *Sancho* then took out of his Wallet his Lint and Ointment, to cure his Master.

But when Don *Quixote* saw that the Visor of his Helmet was broken, he was ready to run mad; and setting his Hand to his Sword, and lifting up his Eyes to Heaven, he said, I vow to the Creator of all Things, and to the four Gospels, where they are largest written, to lead such another Life as the great Marquis of *Mantua* did, when he swore to revenge the Death of his Nephew *Valdevinos*, which was, not to eat on 'Table-cloth, nor sport with his Wife, and other Things; which altho' I do not now remember, I give them here for express'd, until I take compleat Revenge on him that hath done me this Outrage. *Sancho* hearing this, said, You must note, Sir Don *Quixote*, that if the Knight hath accomplish'd what you ordain'd, to go and present himself before my Lady *Dulcinea* of *Toboso*, then hath he fully satisfied his Debt, and deserves no new Punishment, except he commit a new Fault. Thou hast spoken well, and hit the Mark right, said Don *Quixote*, and therefore I disannul the Oath in that of taking any new Revenge on him; but I make it, and confirm it again, that I will lead the Life I have said, until I take another Helmet, like or as good as this, perforce from some Knight: And do not think, *Sancho*, that I make this Resolution lightly, or (as they say) with the Snoak of Straws, for I have an Author whom I may very well imitate herein, for the very like in every respect pass'd about *Mambrino's* Helmet, which cost *Sacripante* so dearly. I would have you resign those kind of Oaths to the Devil, quoth *Sancho*, for they will hurt your Health, and prejudice your Conscience: If not, tell me now, I beseech you, if we shall not these many Days encounter

counter with any one that wears a Helmet, what shall we do? Will you accomplish the Oath in despite of all the Inconveniences and Discommodities that ensue thereof, to wit, to sleep in your Clothes, not to sleep in any Dwelling, and a thousand other Penitencies, which the Oath of the mad old Man the Marquis of *Mantua* contain'd, which you mean to ratify now? Do you not consider that arm'd Men travel not in any of these Ways, but Carriers and Waggoners, who not only carry no Helmets, but also for the most part never heard speak of them in their Lives. Thou dost deceive thy self in saying so, reply'd Don *Quixote*, for we shall not haunt these Ways two hours before we shall see more arm'd Knights than were at the Siege of *Albraca*, to conquer *Angelica the Fair*.

Well, then let it be so (quoth *Sancho*) and I pray God it befall us well, whom I devoutly beseech that the Time may come of gaining that Island which cost me so dear; and after let me die presently, and I care not. I have already said to thee, *Sancho* (quoth his Lord) that thou shouldst not in any wise trouble thy self about this Affair; for if an Island were wanting, we have then the Kingdom of *Denmark*, or that of *Sobradisa*, which will come as fit to thy Purpose as a Ring to thy Finger; and principally thou art to rejoice, because they're on the Continent: But omitting this till its own Time, see whether thou hast any thing in thy Wallet, and let us eat it, that afterwards we may go search out some Castle, wherein we may lodge this Night, and make the *Balsamum* which I have told thee; for I vow to God that this Ear grieves me marvellously. I have here an Onion, reply'd the Squire, a piece of Cheese, and a few Crusts of Bread, but such gross Meats are not befitting so noble a Knight as you are. How ill dost thou understand it, answer'd Don *Quixote*! I let thee to understand, *Sancho*, that it is an Honour for Knights-Errant not to eat once in a Month's space; and if by chance they should eat, to eat only that which was next at hand. And this thou might'st certainly conceive, hadst thou read so many Books as I have done; for tho' I pass over many,
yet

yet did I never find recorded in any, that Knights-Errant did ever eat, but by meer chance and adventure, or in some costly Banquets that were made for them, and all the other Days they pass'd over with Herbs and Roots : And tho' it is to be understood that they could not live without Meat, and supplying the other Needs of Nature, because they were in effect Men as we are, 'tis likewise to be understood, that spending the greater part of their Lives in Forests and Desarts, and that too without a Cook, that their most ordinary Meats were but coarse and rustical, such as thou dost now offer unto me. So that, Friend *Sancho*, let not that trouble thee which is my Pleasure, nor go not thou about to make a new World, or to hoist Knight-Errantry off of her Hinges

Pardon me, good Sir (quoth *Sancho*) for by reason I can neither read nor write, as I have said once before, I have not fal'n rightly in the Rules and Laws of Knight-hood ; and from henceforth my Wallet shall be well furnish'd with all kinds of dry Fruits for you, because you are a Knight ; and for my self, seeing I am none, I will provide Fowls and other Things, that are of more substance. I say not, *Sancho*, (quoth *Don Quixote*) that it is a forcible Law to Knights-Errant, not to eat any other Things than such Fruits, but that their most ordinary Subsistence could be none other than those, and some Herbs they found up and down the Fields, which they knew very well, and so do I also.

'Tis a Virtue, quoth *Sancho*, to know those Herbs ; for, as I imagine, that Knowledge will some day stand us in stead. And saying so, he took out the Provision he had, which they both eat together with good Conformity. But being desirous to search out a Place where they might lodge that Night, they did much shorten their poor Dinner, and mounting anon on horseback, they made as much haste as they could to find out some Dwellings before the Night did fall ; but the Sun and their Hopes did fail 'em at once, they being near the Cabins of certain Goat-herds, and therefore they concluded to take up their Lodging there for that Night ; for tho' *Sancho's* Grief was great, to lie out of a Village, yet

Don

Don *Quixote's* Joy exceeded it far, considering he must sleep under open Heaven, because he made account as oft as this befel him, that he did a worthy Act, which did facilitate and ratifie the Practice of his Chivalry.



CH A P. III.

Of that which pass'd between Don Quixote and certain Goat-herds.

HE was entertain'd very cheerfully by the Goat-herds; and *Sancho* having set up *Rozinante*, and his Ass, as well as he could, he presently repair'd to the Smell of certain Pieces of Goat-flesh that stood boiling in a Kettle over the Fire; and altho' he thought in that very Moment to try whether they were in season to be translated out of the Kettle into the Stomach, he did omit it, because he saw the Herds take them off the Fire, and spreading certain Sheep-skins, which they had for that Purpose on the Ground, laid in a trice their rustical Table, and invited the Master and Man with very cheerful Mind, to come and take part of that which they had. There sat down round about the Skins six of them, which were all that dwelt in that Fold, having first (using some coarse Compliments) placed Don *Quixote* upon a Trough, turning the bottom up.

Don *Quixote* sat down, and *Sancho* stood to serve the Cup, which was made of Horn. His Master seeing him a-foot, said, *Sancho*, to the end that thou may'st perceive the Good included in wandering Knighthood, and also in what Possibility they are which exercise themselves in any Ministry thereof, to arrive briefly to Honour and Reputation in the World, my Will is, that thou dost sit here by my Side, and in company with this good People; and that thou beest one and the very self-same Thing with me, who am thy Master and natural

ral Lord, that thou eat in my Dish, and drink in the same Cup wherein I drink ; for the same may be said of Chivalry that is of Love, to wit, *That it makes all Things equal.*

I yield you great Thanks (quoth *Sancho*) yet dare I avouch unto you, that so I had wherewithal to eat well, I could eat it as well, or better, standing alone, than if I sat by an Emperor. And besides, if I must say the Truth, methinks, that which I eat in a Corner without Ceremonies, Curiosity, or Respect of any, tho' it were but Bread and an Onion, smacks a great deal better than Turkey-cocks at other Tables, where I must chew my Meat leisurely, drink but little, wipe my Hands often, must not sneeze nor cough, tho' I have a Desire, or be like to choke, nor do other Things that Solitude and Liberty bring with them : So that (good Sir) I would have you convert these Honours that you would bestow upon me, in respect that I am an Adherent to Chivalry, as I am being your Squire, into Things more essential and profitable for me than these : And tho' I remain as thankful for them as if they were receiv'd, yet do I here renounce, from this time until the World's end. For all that, thou shalt sit, for *the Humble shall be exalted* ; and so taking him by the Arm, he forced him to sit down near himself.

The Goat-herds did not understand this Gibberish of *Squires* and *Knights-Errant*, and therefore did nothing else but eat, hold their peace, and look on their Guests, that toss'd in with their Fists whole Slices, with good Grace and Stomachs. The Course of Flesh being ended, they serv'd in on the Rugs a great quantity of shell'd Acorns, and half a Cheese, harder than if 'twere made of rough-cading. The Horn stood not the while idle, for it went round about so often, now full, now empty, much like a Conduit of ‡ *Noria*, and in a trice it emptied one of the two Wine-bags that lay there in the publick View.

‡ *Arcaduzed Noria*, p. 76.

After that Don *Quixote* had satisfied his Appetite well, he took up a handful of Acorns, and beholding them earnestly, he began to discourse in this manner :

“ Happy Time, and fortunate Ages were those, where-
“ on our Ancestors bestow’d the Title of *Golden*, not be-
“ cause Gold (so much priz’d in this our Iron Age) was
“ gotten in that happy Time without any Labours, but
“ because those which liv’d in that Time knew not these
“ two Words *Thine* and *Mine*. In that holy Age all
“ Things were in common ; no Man needed for his or-
“ dinary Sustenance to do aught else than lift up his
“ Hand and take it from the strong Oak, which did li-
“ berally invite them to gather his sweet and savoury
“ Fruit. The clear Fountains and running Rivers did
“ offer them their savoury and transparent Waters in
“ magnificent abundance. In the Cliffs of Rocks, and
“ hollow Trees, did the careful and discreet Bees erect
“ their Commonwealth, offering to every Hand, with-
“ out interest, the fertile Crop of their sweetest Tra-
“ vels. The lofty Cork-trees did dismiss (of themselves,
“ without any other Art than that of their native Libera-
“ lity) their broad and light Rhinds, wherewithal Horses
“ were at first cover’d, being sustain’d by rustical Stakes,
“ to no other end, but to keep back the Inclemencies of the
“ Air. All then was Peace, all Amity, and all Concord ; as
“ yet the Plow-share presumed not with rude Encounter to
“ open and search the compassionate Bowels of our first Mo-
“ ther ; for she, without Compulsion, offer’d up thro’ all
“ the Parts of her fertile and spacious Bosom, all that which
“ might satisfy, sustain, and delight those Children which
“ it then had ; yea, ’twas then that the simple and beau-
“ tiful young Shepherdesses went from Valley to Valley,
“ and Hill to Hill, with their Hair sometimes plaited,
“ sometimes dishevel’d, without other Apparel, than that
“ which was requisite to cover comely that which Mo-
“ desty wills and ever would have conceal’d. Then were
“ of no request the Attires and Ornaments which are
“ now used, by those that esteem the Purple of *Tyre*, and
“ the so-many-ways martyriz’d Silk so much ; but only
“ certain green Leaves of Burdock and Ivy intertex’d and

"woven together, wherewithal perhaps they went as
 "gorgeously and comely deck'd, as now our Court-
 "Dames with all the rare and outlandish Inventions that
 "Idleness or Curiosity hath found out. Then were the
 "amorous Conceits of the Mind simply and sincerely
 "deliver'd and embellish'd in the very form and manner
 "she had conceiv'd 'em, without any artificial Contexture
 "of Words to endear 'em; Fraud, Deceit, or Malice
 "had not then meddled themselves with Plainness
 "and Truth; Justice was in her proper Terms, Favour
 "daring not to trouble or confound her, or the Respect
 "of Profit, which do now persecute, blemish, and
 "disturb her so much: The Saw of Corruption, or taking
 "Bribes, had not yet possess'd the Understanding of
 "the Judge; for then was neither Judge nor Person to
 "be judg'd: Maidens and Honesty wander'd then, I say,
 "where they list'd alone; signorising secure, that no
 "stranger Liberty or lascivious Intent could prejudice it,
 "or their own native Desire or Will any way endamage
 "it. But now, in these our detestable Times, no Dam-
 "sel is safe, altho' she be hid and shut up in another new
 "Labyrinth like that of *Crete*; for even there it self the
 "amorous Plague would enter, either by some Cranny,
 "or by the Air, or by the continual Urgings of cursed
 "Care to infect her; for whose Protection and Security,
 "by success of Time, the Order of Knighthood, to defend
 "Damsels, protect Widows, and assist Orphans and
 "distressed Wights. Of this Order am I, Friends Goat-
 "herds, whom I heartily thank for the good Entertainment
 "which you give unto me and my Squire: for altho' that
 "every one living is oblig'd by the Law of Nature to
 "favour Knights-Errant, yet notwithstanding, knowing
 "that you knew not this Obligation, and yet did receive
 "and make much of me, it stands with all Reason
 "that I do render you Thanks with all my heart."

Our Knight made this long Oration (which might
 have been well excus'd) because the Acorns that were
 given unto him call'd to his mind the Golden World;
 and therefore the Humour took him to make the Goat-
 herds that unprofitable Discourse, who heard him all
 amaz'd

amaz'd and suspended with very great Attention ; all the while *Sancho* likewise held his peace, eating Acorns, and in the mean while visited very often the second Wine-bag, which, because it might be fresh, was hang'd upon a Cork-tree.

Don Quixote had spent more Time in his Speech than in his Supper, at the end whereof one of the Goat-herds said, To the end that you may more assuredly know, Sir Knight-Errant, that we do entertain you with prompt and ready Will, we will likewise make you some Pastime, by hearing one of our Companions sing, who is a Herd of good understanding, and very amorous withal, and can besides read and write, and plays so well on a Rebeck, that there is nothing to be desir'd. Scarce had the Goat-herd ended his Speech, when the sound of the Rebeck touch'd his Ear, and within a while after he arriv'd that play'd on it, being a Youth of some Twenty Years old, and one of a very good Grace and Countenance. His Fellows demanded if he had supp'd, and answering, That he had, he that did offer the Courtesy said, Then, *Anthony*, thou may'st do us a pleasure by singing a little, that this Gentleman our Guest may see, that we enjoy amidst these Groves and Woods, those that know what Musick is : We have told him already thy good Qualities, and therefore we desire that thou shew them, to verify our Words. And therefore I desire thee, by thy Life, that thou wilt sit and sing the Ditty which thy Uncle the Prebendary made of thy Love, and was so well liked of in our Village. I am content, quoth the Youth ; and without farther Entreaty, sitting down on the Trunk of a lopp'd Oak, he tuned his Rebeck, and after a while began with a singular good Grace to sing in this manner :

I Know, *Olivia ! thou dost me adore,*
Tho' yet to me the same thou hast not said,
Nor shewn it once by one poor Glance, or more,
Since Love is soonest by such Tongues bewray'd.

Yet 'cause I ever bold thee to be wise,

It me assures thou bearest me Good-will ;

And he is not unfortunate that sees

How his Affections are not taken ill,

Yet for all this, Olalia ! 'tis true,

I by Observance gather to my Woe ;

Thy Mind is fram'd of Brass, by Art undue,

And Flint thy Bosom is, tho' it seems Snow.

And yet amidst thy Rigour's Winter Face,

And other Shifts thou us'st to delay me,

Sometime Hope peeping out, does promise Grace,

But, woe is me ! I fear 'tis to betray me.

Sweetest ! once in the Balance of thy Mind

Poize with just Weights my Faith, which never yet

Diminish'd, tho' Disfavour it did find ;

Nor can encrease more, tho' thou favour'dst it.

If Love be courteous, as some Men say,

By thy Humanity, I must collect,

My Hopes, how's'ever thou dost use Delay,

Shall reap at last the Good I do expect.

If many Services be of Esteem,

Or Power to render a hard Heart benign,

Such Things I did for thee, or make me deem

I have the Match gain'd, and thou shalt be mine.

For if, at any time, thou hast ta'en heed,

Thou more than once might'st view how I was clad ;

To honour thee on Mondays with the Weed,

Which worn on Sundays, got me Credit had.

For Love and Bravery still themselves consort,

Because they both shoot ever at one End ;

Which made me, when I did to thee resort,

Still to be neat and fine I glid content.

Here I omit the Dances I have done,
 And Musicks at thy Window I have given ;
 And when thou didst at Cock-crow listen alone,
 Thou seem'dst, hearing my Voice, to be in Heaven.

I do not eke the Praises here recount,
 Which of thy Beauty I so oft have said ;
 Which tho' they all were true, were likewise wont
 To make thee envious, me for Spight upbraid.

When to Teresa, she of Berrocal,
 I of thy Worth's Discourse did somet'ime shape :
 Good God ! quoth she, you seem an Angel's Talk,
 And yet for Idol you adore an Ape.

She, to her Bugles, Thanks may give, and Chains,
 False Hair, and other Shifts that she doth use
 To mend her Beauty, with a thousand Pains
 And Guiles ; which might Love's very self abuse.

Wrath at her Words, I gave her straight the lye,
 Which did her and her Cousin so offend,
 At me to fight he challeng'd presently,
 And well thou know'st of our Debate the end.

I mean not thee to purchase at a clap,
 Nor to that End do I thy Favour sue,
 Thereby thine Honour either to entrap,
 Or thee persuade to take Courses undue.

The Church hath Bands, which do so surely hold,
 As no silk String for Strength comes to them near :
 To thrust thy Neck once in the Yoke be bold,
 And see if I to follow thee wilt fear.

If thou wilt not, here solemnly I vow
 By holiest Saint, enwrapt in precious Shrine,
 Never to leave those Hills where I dwell now,
 If 't be not to become a Capuchine.

Here the Goat-herd ended his Ditty; and altho' Don *Quixote* er treated him to sing somewhat else, yet would not *Sancho Pancha* con'ent to it, who was at that time better dispos'd to sleep than to hear Musick; and therefore said to his Master, You had better provide yourself of a Place wherein to sleep this Night, than to hear Musick; for the Labour that these good Men endure all the Day long, doth not permit that they likewise spend the Night in singing.

I understand thee well enough, *Sancho*, answer'd Don *Quixote*; nor did I think less, but that thy manifold Visitations of the Wine-bottle would rather desire to be recompenc'd with Sleep than Musick. The Wine liked us all well, quoth *Sancho*. I do not deny it, reply'd Don *Quixote*; but go thou, and lay thee down where thou pleasest, for it becomes much more Men of my Profession to watch than to sleep: Yet notwithstanding it will not be amiss to lay somewhat again to mine Ear, for it grieves me very much. One of the Goat-herds beholding the Hurt, bade him be of good cheer, for he would apply a Remedy that should cure it easily: And taking some Rosemary-leaves of many that grew thereabouts, he hew'd them, and after mix'd a little Salt among them, and apply'd this Medicine to the Ear: He bound it up well with a Cloth, assuring him that he needed to use no other Medicine; as it prov'd after in effect.



C H A P. IV.

Of that which one of the Goat-berds recounted to those that were with Don Quixote.

A BOUT this time arriv'd another Youth, one of those that brought them Provision from the Village, who said, Companions, do not you know what passeth in the Village? How can we know it being absent, says another of them? Then wit, quoth the Youth, that the famous Shepherd and Student *Chrysoptom* died this Morning, and they murmur, that he died for love of that devilish Lass *Marcela*, *William the Rich* his Daughter, she that goes up and down these Plains and Hills among us, in the Habit of a *Shepherdess*. Dost thou mean *Marcela*, quoth one of them? Even her, I say, answer'd the other; and the Jest is, that he hath commanded in his Testament, that he be buried in the Fields, as if he were a *Moor*; and, that it be at the foot of the Rock where the Fountain stands of the Cork-tree; for that, according to Fame, and as they say he himself affirm'd, was the Place wherein he view'd her first. And he hath likewise commanded such other Things to be done as the ancients sort of the Village do not allow, nor think fit to be perform'd, for they seem to be Ceremonies of the *Gentiles*: To all which Objections his great Friend *Ambrosio* the Student, who likewise apparel'd himself like a Shepherd at once with him, answers, That all shall be accomplish'd, without omission of any thing, as *Chrysoptom* hath ordain'd; and all the Village is in an Uproar about this Affair; and yet it is said, that what *Ambrosio*, and all the other Shepherds his Friends, do pretend, shall in fine be done: At leastwise I will not omit to go and behold it, altho' I were sure that I could not return the same Day to the Village. We will all do the same, quoth the Goat-herds;

and will draw Lots who shall tarry here to keep all our Herds. Thou say'st well, *Peter*, quoth one of them, altho' that Labour may be excus'd, for I mean to stay behind for you all; which you must not attribute to any Virtue, or little Curiosity in me, but rather to the Fork that prick'd my Foot the other day, and makes me unable to travel from hence. We do thank thee notwithstanding, quoth *Peter*, for thy Good-will. And Don *Quixote*, who heard all their Discourse, entreated *Peter* to tell him who that dead Man was, and what the Shepherdes of whom they spoke.

Peter made answer, That what he knew of the Affair was, that the dead Person was a rich Gentleman, of a certain Village seated among those Mountains, who had studied many Years in *Salamanca*, and after return'd home to his House, with the Opinion to be a very wise and learned Man; but principally 'twas reported of him, that he was skilful in Astronomy, and all that which pass'd above in Heaven, in the Sun and the Moon; for he would tell us most punctually the Eclipse of the Sun and the Moon. Friend, quoth Don *Quixote*, the darkening of these two greater Luminaries is call'd an *Eclipse*, and not a *Clipse*: But *Peter* stopping not at those Trifles, did prosecute his History, saying, He did also prognosticate when the Year would be abundant or *estil*. Thou wouldst say *sterile*, quoth Don *Quixote*. *Sterile* or *estil*, said *Peter*, all is one for my Purpose; and I say, that by his Words his Father, and his other Friends that gave credit to him, became very rich; for they did all that he counsel'd them, who would say unto them, Sow Barley this Year, and no Wheat: In this you may sow Pease, and no Barley: The next Year will be good for Oil: The three ensuing you shall not gather a drop. That Science is call'd *Astrology*, quoth Don *Quixote*. I know not how 'tis call'd, reply'd *Peter*, but I know very well he knew all this, and much more.

Finally, a few Months after he came from *Salamanca*, he appear'd one day apparel'd like a Shepherd with his Flock, and Leather Coat, having laid aside the long Habits that he wore, being a Scholar, and jointly with him

him came also a great Friend of his, and Fellow-Student, call'd *Ambrosio*, apparel'd like a Shepherd. I did almost forget to tell how *Chrysoptom*, the dead Man, was a great Maker of Verses; insomuch that he made the Carrols of *Christmas-day* at Night, and the Plays for *Corpus-Christi-day*, which the Youths of our Village did represent, and all of 'em affirm'd, that they were most excellent. When those of the Village saw the two Scholars so suddenly clad like Shepherds, they were amaz'd, and could not guess the Cause that mov'd them to make so wonderful a Change. And about this time *Chrysoptom's* Father died, and he remain'd possess'd of a great deal of Goods, as well moveable as immoveable, and no little quantity of Cattle, great and small, and also a great Sum of Money; of all which the young Man remain'd a dissolute Lord. And truly, he deserv'd it all, for he was a good Fellow, and a charitable, and a Friend of good Folk, and he had a Face like a Blessing. It came at last to be understood, that the Cause of changing his Habit was none other than for to go up and down thro' these Desarts after the Shepherdess *Marcela*, whom our Herd named before, of whom the poor dead *Chrysoptom* was become enamour'd. And I will tell you now, because 'tis fit you should know it, what this wanton Lass is, perhaps, and I think, without *perhaps*, you have not heard the like thing in all the Days of your Life, altho' you had lived more Years than *Sarna*. Say *Sarra*, quoth *Don Quixote*, being not able to hear him any longer to change one Word for another.

The *Sarna* or Scab, quoth *Peter*, lives long enough too; and if you go thus, Sir, interrupting my Tale at every pace, we shall not be able to end it in a Year. Pardon me, Friend, quoth *Don Quixote*, for I speak to thee by reason there was such difference between *Sarna* and *Sarra*; but thou didst answer well, for the *Sarna* or Scab lives longer than *Sarra*; and therefore prosecute thy History, for I will not interrupt thee any more. I say then, dear Sir of my Soul, quoth the Goat-herd, that there was in our Village a Farmer that was yet richer than *Chrysoptom's* Father, who was call'd *William*, to

whom Fortune gave in the end of his great Riches a Daughter, call'd *Marcela*, of whose Birth her Mother died, who was the best Woman that dwelt in all this Circuit: Methinks I do now see her quick before me, with that Face which had on the one side the Sun, and on the other the Moon; and, above all, she was a thrifty Housewife, and a great Friend to the Poor, for which I believe that her Soul is this very Hour enjoying of the Gods in the other World. For grief of the loss of so good a Wife, her Husband *William* likewise died, leaving his Daughter *Marcela*, young and rich, in the Custody of his Uncle, who was a Priest, and Curate of our Village. The Child grew with such Beauty, as it made us remember that of her Mother, which was very great; and yet notwithstanding they judg'd that the Daughter's would surpass hers, as indeed it did; for when she arriv'd to the Age of Fourteen or Fifteen Years old, no Man beheld her, that did not bless God for making her so fair, and most Men remain'd enamour'd and cast away for her Love.

Her Uncle kept her with very great Care and Closeness, and yet nevertheless the Fame of her great Beauty did spread it self in such sort, that as well for it, as for her great Riches, her Uncle was not only requested by those of our Village, but also was pray'd, solicited, and importuned by all those who dwelt many Leagues about, and that by the very best of 'em, to give her to them in Marriage: But he (who is a good Christian every Inch of him) altho' he desir'd to marry her presently as soon as she was of Age, yet would he not do it without her Good-will, without ever respecting the Gain and Profit he might make by the possession of her Goods whilst he defer'd her Marriage.

And, in good sooth, this was spoken of to the good Priest's Commendation, in more than one meeting of the People of our Village: For I would have you to wit, Sir Errant, that in these little Villages they talk of all things, and make account, as I do, that the Priest must have been too good, who could oblige his Parishioners to speak so well of him, and especially in the Villages.

lages. Thou hast Reason, quoth *Don Quixote*, and therefore follow on, for the History is very pleasant, and thou good *Peter*, dost recount it with a very good Grace.

I pray God, said *Peter*, that I never want our Herds ; for 'tis that which makes to the Purpose. And in the rest you shall understand, that altho' her Uncle propounded and told to his Niece the Quality of every Wooer of the many that desired her for Wife, and entreated her to marry and chuse at her pleasure, yet would she never answer other, but that she would not marry as then ; and, that in respect of her over-green Years, she did not find her self able enough yet to bear the Burthen of Marriage. With these just Excuses which she seem'd to give, her Uncle left off importuning of her, and did expect until she were further enter'd into Years, and that she might know how to chuse one that might like her ; for he was wont to say, and that very well, that *Parents were not to place or bestow their Children where they bore no liking*. But see here, when we least imagin'd it, the coy *Marcela* appear'd one Morning to become a *Shepherdes*, and neither her Uncle, nor all those of the Village which dissuaded her from it, could work any Effect, but she would needs go to the Fields, and keep her own Sheep with the other young Lasses of the Town. And she coming thus in publick, when her Beauty was seen without hindrance, I cannot possibly tell unto you how many rich Youths, as well Gentlemen as Farmers, have taken on them the Habit of *Chrysothorn*, and follow wooing of her up and down those Fields ; one of which, as 'tis said already, was our dead Man, of whom 'tis said, that leaning to love her, he had at last made her his Idol. Nor is it to be thought, that because *Marcela* set herself in that Liberty, and so loose a Life, and of so little or no Keeping, that therefore she hath given the least Token or Shadow of Dishonesty or Negligence ; nay, rather such is the Watchfulness wherewithal she looks to her Honour, that among so many as serve and sollicite her, not one hath prais'd or can justly vaunt himself to have receiv'd at her hands the least

Hope that may be to obtain his Desires: For altho' she did not fly nor shun the Company and Conversation of Shepherds, and doth use them courteously and friendly, whensoever any one of them begin to discover their Intention, be it never so just and holy, as is that of *Matrimony*, she casts them away from her, as with a Sling. And with this manner of proceeding she does more Harm to the Country than if the Plague had enter'd into it by her means; for her Affability and Beauty did draw to it the Hearts of those which do serve and love her; but her Disdain and Resolution do conduct them to Terms of Desperation, and so they know not what to say to her, but to call her with a loud Voice *Cruel* and *Ungrateful*, with other Titles like unto this, which do clearly manifest the Nature of her Condition. And, Sir, if you stay'd here but a few Days, you shall hear these Mountains resound with the Lamentations of those Wretches that follow her.

There is a certain Place, not far off, wherein are about two Dozen of Beech-trees, and there's not any one of them in whose Rhind is not engraven *Marcela's* Name, and over some Names graven also a Crown in the same Tree, as if her Lover would plainly denote that *Marcela* bears it away, and deserves the Garland of all humane Beauty. Here sighs one Shepherd, there another complains; in another Place are heard amorous Ditties, here in another, doleful and despairing Laments.

Some one there is that passeth over all the whole Hours of the Night at the foot of an Oak, or a Rock, and, without folding once his weeping Eyes, swallow'd and transported by his Thoughts, the Sun finds him there in the Morning.

And some other there is, who, without giving Way or Truce to his Sighs, doth amidst the fervour of the most fastidious Heat of the Summer, stretch upon the burning Sand, breathe his pitiful Complaints to Heaven; and of this, and of him, and of those, and these, the beautiful *Marcela* doth indifferently and quietly triumph: All we that know her, do await to see wherein this her Lossiness will finish, or who shall be so happy as to gain
Domi-

Dominion over so terrible a Condition, and enjoy so peerless a Beauty. And because all that I have recounted is so notorious a Truth, it makes me more easily believe that our Comparion hath told, that is said of the Occasion of *Chrysoptom's* Death: And therefore I counsel you, Sir, that you do not omit to be present to-morrow at his Burial, which will be worthy the seeing, for *Chrysoptom* hath many Friends, and the Place wherein he commanded himself to be buried is not half a League from hence. I do mean to be there, said *Don Quixote*, and do render thee many Thanks for the Delight thou hast given me, by the relation of so pleasant a History. O, quoth the Goat-herd, I do not yet know the half of the Adventures succeeded to *Marcela's* Lovers, but peradventure we may meet some Shepherd on the Way to-morrow that will tell them unto us: And for the present you will do well to go take your rest under some Roof, for the Air might hurt your Wound, altho' the Medicine be such that I have apply'd to it, that any contrary Accidents need not much to be fear'd. *Sancho Pancha* being wholly out of patience with the Goat-herd's long Discourse, did sollicite for his part his Master so effectually, as he brought him at last into *Peter's* Cabin, to take his Rest for that Night; whereinto after he had enter'd, he bestow'd the remnant of the Night in remembrance of his Lady *Dulcinea*, in imitation of *Marcela's* Lovers. *Sancho Pancha* did lay himself down between *Rozinante* and his Ass, and slept it out, not like a disfavour'd Lover, but like a Man stamp'd and bruis'd with Trampings.





C H A P. V.

*Wherein is finish'd the History of the Shepherdes
Marcela, with other Accidents.*

BUT scarce had the Day began to discover it self by the *Oriental* Windows, when five of the six Goat-herds arising, went to awake Don *Quixote*, and demanded of him whether he yet intended to go to *Chryssom's* Burial, and that they would accompany him. Don *Quixote*, that desired nothing more, got up and commanded *Sancho* to saddle and empannel in a trice; which he did with great expedition, and with the like they all presently began their Journey: And they had not yet gone a quarter of a League, when at the crossing of a Path-way they saw six Shepherds coming towards them, apparel'd with black Skins, and crown'd with Garlands of Cypress and bitter *Enula Campana*: Every one of them carried in his Hand a thick Truncheon of Elm. There came likewise with them two Gentlemen a horse-back very well furnish'd for the Way, with other three Lackeys that attended them: And as soon as they encounter'd, they saluted one another courteously, and demanded whither they travel'd; and knowing that they all went towards the Place of the Burial, they began their Journey together. One of the Horse-men speaking to his Companion, said, I think (*M. Virvaldo*) we shall account the Time well employ'd that we shall stay to see this so famous an Entertainment; for it can't chuse but be famous, according to the wonderful things these Shepherds have recounted to us, as well of the dead Shepherd as also of the murdering Shepherdes. It seems so to me likewise, quoth *Virvaldo*; and I say, I would not only stay one Day, but a whole Week, rather than miss to behold it. Don *Quixote* demanded of them what they had heard

heard of *Marcela* and *Chrysestom*? The Traveller answer'd, That they had encounter'd that Mórning with those Shepherds, and that by reason they had seen them apparel'd in that mournful Attire, they demanded of them the Occasion thereof, and one of them rehears'd it, recounting the Strangeness and Beauty of a certain Shepherdess call'd *Marcela*, and the amorous Pursuits of her by many, with the Death of that *Chrysestom*, to whose Burial they rode. Finally, he told all that again to him that *Peter* had told the Night before.

This Discourse thus ended, another began, and was, that he who was call'd *Vivaldo* demanded of Don *Quixote* that Occasion that moved him to travel thus arm'd thro' so peaceable a Country: To whom Don *Quixote* answer'd, 'The profession of my Exercise doth not licence or permit me to do other: Good Days, Cockering and Ease were invented for soft Courtiers; but Travel, Unrest and Arms were only invented and made for those which the World terms Knights-Errant, of which number I my self (altho' unworthy) am one, and the least of them all. Scarce had they heard him say this, when they all held him to be wood: And to find out the Truth better, *Vivaldo* did ask him again, what meant the Word *Knights-Errant*? 'Have you not read then, quoth Don *Quixote*, the Histories and Annals of *England*, where in are treated the famous Acts of King *Arthur*, whom we continually call in our *Castilian Romance* King *Artus*? of whom 'tis an ancient and common Tradition in the Kingdom of *Great-Britain*, that he never died, but that he was turn'd by Art of Enchantment into a Crow; and, that in process of Time he shall return again to reign, and recover his Sceptre and Kingdom: For which Reason it cannot be prov'd that ever since that Time until this, any *Englishman* hath kill'd a Crow. In this good King's Time was first instituted the famous Order of Knighthood of the Knights of the Round Table; and the Love that is there recounted did in every respect pass as 'tis laid down, between Sir *Lancelot du Lake* and Queen *Guenever*, the honourable Lady *Quintaniona* being a Dealer, and privy there-

to,

to. Whence sprung that so famous a Dirty, and so
 celebrated here in Spain, of, *Never was Knight of La-*
dies so well served, as Lancelot, when he in Britain
arrived, &c. With that Progress, so sweet and delight-
 ful, of his amorous and valiant Acts, and from that time
 forward, the Order of Knight went from hand to hand,
 dilating and spreading itself thro' many and sundry
 Parts of the World: And in it were renowned for their
 Feats of Arms, the valiant *Amadis of Gaule*, with all his
 Progeny until the fifth Generation; and the valorous
Felixmarte of Hircania, and the never-duly prais'd *Ti-*
rante the White, together with Sir *Bevis of Hampton*,
 Sir *Guy of Warwick*, Sir *Eglemore*, and divers others
 of that Nation and Age. And almost in our Days we
 saw, and communed, and heard of the invincible and
 valiant Knight *Don Belianis of Greece*. This then,
 good Sir, is to be a Knight-Errant, and that which I
 have said is the Order of Chivalry, wherein, as I
 have already said, I (altho' a Sinner) have made
 Profession; and the same I do profess that those Knights
 profess'd whom I have above mention'd; and there-
 fore I travel thro' these Solitudes and Desarts, seek-
 ing Adventures, with full Resolution to offer mine
 own Arm and Person to the most dangerous that For-
 tune shall present, in the Aid of weak and needy Per-
 sons.

By these Reasons of *Don Quixote* the Traveller per-
 fectly perceiv'd that he was none of the wisest, and knew
 the kind of Folly wherewithal he was cross'd, whereto
 those remain'd wonderfully admir'd, that by the Rela-
 tion of the others came to understand it; and *Vivaldo*,
 who was very discreet, and likewise of a pleasant Dispo-
 sition, to the end they might pass over the rest of the way
 without heaviness unto the Rock of the Burial, which
 the Shepherds said was near at hand, he resolv'd to give
 him farther Occasion to pass onward with his Follies, and
 therefore said unto him, Methinks, Sir Knight-Errant, that
 you have profess'd one of the most austere Professions in
 the World; and I do constantly hold, that even that of
 the *Charter-house Monks* is not near so streight. 'It
 may

' may be as streight as our Profession, quoth *Don Quixote*,
' but that it should be so necessary to the World, I am
' within the breadth of two Fingers to call it in doubt ;
' for, if we would speak a Truth, the Soldier that puts
' in execution his Captain's Command, doth no less than
' the very Captain that commands him. Hence I infer,
' that Religious Men do with all Peace and Quietness
' seek of Heaven the Good of the Earth ; but Soldiers,
' and we Knights, do put in execution that which they
' demand, defending it with the Valour of our Arms, and
' Files of our Swords ; not under any Roofs, but under
' the wide Heavens, made as 'twere in Summer a Mark
' to the insupportable Sun-beams, and in Winter to the
' Rage of withering Frosts : So that we are the Ministers
' of God on Earth, and the Arms wherewith he execu-
' teth here his Justice. And as the Affairs of War, and
' Things thereto pertaining, cannot be put in execution
' without Sweat, Labour, and Travel, it follows that
' those which profess Warfare take, questionless, greater
' Pains than those that in quiet Peace and Rest do pray
' unto God, that he will favour and assist those that need
' it. I mean not therefore to affirm, nor doth it once
' pass thro' my Thought, that the State of a Knight-
' Errant is as perfect as that of a retir'd religious Man,
' but only would infer from that which I my self suffer,
' that it is doubtless more laborious, more batter'd, hun-
' gry, thirsty, miserable, torn, and louzy : For the
' Knights-Errant of Times past did, without doubt, suffer
' much Woe and Misery in the discourse of their Lives.
' And if some of 'em at last ascended to Empires, won
' by the Force of their Arms, in faith it cost 'em a great
' part of their Sweat and Blood : And if those which
' mounted to so high a Degree had wanted those En-
' chanters and Wise-men that assisted them, they would
' have remain'd much defrauded of their Desires, and
' greatly deceiv'd of their Hopes.' I am of the same
Opinion, reply'd the Traveller ; but one 'Thing among
many others hath seem'd to me very ill in Knights-Errant,
which is, when they perceive themselves in any Occasion
to begin any great and dangerous Adventure, in which
appears

appears manifest Peril of losing their Lives, they never in the instant of attempting it, remember to commend themselves to God, as every Christian is bound to do in like Dangers, but rather do it to their Ladies, with so great Desire and Devotion as if they were their God; a Thing which, in my Opinion, smells of *Gentilism*.

'Sir, quoth Don Quixote, they can do no less in any wise, and the Knight-Errant that did any other would digress much from his Duty; for now 'tis a receiv'd Use and Custom of Errant Chivalry, that the Knight adventurous who attempting of any great Feat of Arms shall have his Lady in Place, do mildly and amorously turn his Eyes towards her, as 'twere by them demanding, that she do favour and protect him in that ambiguous Trance which he undertakes. And moreover, if none do hear him, he's bound to say certain Words between his Teeth, by which he shall with all his Heart commend himself to her: And of this we have innumerable Examples in Histories. Nor is it therefore to be understood that they do omit to commend themselves to God, for they have Time and Leisure enough to do it in the progress of the Work.'

For all that, reply'd the Traveller, there remains in me yet one Scruple; which is that oftentimes I have read, some Speech begins between two Knights-Errant, and from one Word to another their Choler begins to be enflamed, and they turn their Horses, and to take up a good piece of the Field, and without any more ado to run as fast as ever they can drive to encounter again, and in the midst of their race do commend themselves to their Dames: And that which commonly ensues of this encountring is, that one of 'em falls down thrown over the Crupper of his Horse, pass'd through and through by his Enemy's Lance; and it befalls the other, that if he had not caught fast of his Horse's Main, he had likewise fallen.

And here I cannot perceive, how he that is slain had any Leisure to commend himself unto God, in the Discourse of this so accelerate and hasty a Work: Methinks 'twere better that those Words, which he spent in his race

race on his Lady, were bestow'd as they ought, and as every Christian is bound to bestow them : And the rather, because I conjecture that all Knights-Errant have not Ladies, to whom they may commend themselves, for all of them are not amorous.

' That cannot be, answer'd Don *Quixote*, I say it cannot be, that there is any Knight-Errant without a Lady ; for it is as proper and essential to such to be enamour'd, as to Heaven to have Stars : And I dare warrant, that no History hath yet been seen, wherein is found a Knight-Errant without Love ; for, by the very Reason that he were found without them, he would be convinc'd to be no legitimate Knight, but a Bastard, and that he enter'd into the Fortrefs of Chivalry, not by the Gate, but by leaping over the *Stacado*, like a Robber and a Thief.'

Yet notwithstanding, reply'd the other, I have read (if I do not forget my self) that Don *Galaor*, Brother to the valorous *Amadis de Gaule*, had never any certain Mistress to whom he might commend himself ; and yet, for all that, he was nothing less accounted of, and was a most valiant and famous Knight. To that Objection our Don *Quixote* answer'd, *One Swallow makes not a Summer* : How much more that I know, that the Knight whom you alledge was secretly very much enamour'd ; besides that, that his Inclination, of loving all Ladies well which he thought were fair, was a natural Inclination, which he could not govern so well : But it is in conclusion sufficiently verified, that yet he had one Lady whom he crown'd Queen of his Will, to whom he did also commend himself very often and secretly, for he did not a little glory to be so secret in his Loves.

Then, Sir, if it be the Essence of all Knights-Errant to be in love, quoth the Traveller, then may it likewise be presumed that you are also enamour'd, seeing that is annex'd to the Profession : And if you do not prize your self to be as secret as Don *Galaor*, I do entreat you as earnestly as I may, in all this Company's Name and mine own, that it will please you to tell us
the

the Name, Country, Quality, and Beauty of your Lady, for I am sure she would account herself happy, to think that all the World doth know she is belov'd and serv'd by so worthy a Knight as your self.

Here Don Quixote breathing forth a deep Sigh, said, 'I cannot affirm whether my sweet Enemy delights, or no, that the World know how much she is belov'd; or that I serve her; only I dare avouch (answering to that which you so courteously demanded) that her Name is *Dulcinea*, her Country *Toboso*, a Village of *Mancha*: her Calling must be at least of a Princess, seeing she is my Queen and Lady; her Beauty sovereign, for in her are verified, and give glorious Lustre to all those impossible and chimerical Attributes of Beauty that Poets give to their Mistresses; That her Hairs are Gold, her Forehead the *Elysian* Fields, her Brows the Arks of Heaven, her Eyes Suns, her Cheeks Roses, her Lips Coral, her Teeth Pearls, her Neck Alabaster, her Bosom Marble, Ivory her Hands, and her Whiteness Snow; and the Parts which Modesty conceals from human Sight, such as, I think and understand, that the discreet Consideration may prize, but never be able to equalize them.' Her Lineage, Progeny, and Pedigree we desire to know likewise, quoth *Vivaldo*. To which Don Quixote answer'd, 'She is not of the ancient Roman *Curtio's*, *Caius's*, or *Scipio's*, nor of the modern *Columna's* or *Ursinus's*, nor of the *Moncada's* or *Requesens's* of *Cataluna*, and much less of the *Rebelia's* and *Villanova's* of *Valencia*, *Palafoxe's*, *Nuca's*, *Rocaberti's*, *Corelia's*, *Alagone's*, *Urrea's*, *Foxe's*, and *Gurrea's* of *Aragon*, *Cerdas*, *Manziques*, *Nendoca's* and *Guzmans* of *Castille*, *Lancasters*, *Palia's* and *Menese's* of *Portugal*, but she is of those of *Toboso* of the *Mancha*; a Lineage which, tho' it be modern, is such as may give a generous Beginning to the most noble Families of ensuing Ages. And let none contradict me in this, if it be not with those Conditions that *Cerbino* put at the foot of *Orlando's* Armour, to wit,

Let

*Let none from hence presume these Arms at all to move,
But he that with Orlando dares his Force to prove.*

Altho' my Lineage be of the *Cucopine's* of *Laredo*, reply'd the Traveller, yet dare I not to compare it with that of *Toboso* in the *Mancha*; altho', to speak sincerely, I never heard any mention of that Lineage you say, until now. What! quoth Don *Quixote*, is it possible that you have never heard of it till now?

All the Company travel'd, giving marvellous Attention to the Reasons of those two; and even the very Goat-herds and Shepherds began to perceive the great want of Judgment that was in Don *Quixote*; only *Sancha Pancha* did verily believe that all his Master's Words were most true, as one that knew what he was from the very Time of his Birth: But that wherein his Belief stagger'd somewhat, was of the beautiful *Dulcinea* of *Toboso*; for he had never heard speak in his Life before of such a Name or Princess, altho' he had dwelt so many Years hard by *Toboso*.

And as they travel'd in these Discourses, they beheld descending betwixt the Clift of two lofty Mountains, to the number of twenty Shepherds, all apparel'd in Skins of black Wool, and crown'd with Garlands, which, as they perceiv'd afterward, were all of Yew and Cypress: Six of 'em carried a Bier cover'd with many sorts of Flowers and Boughs; which one of the Goat-herds espying, he said, Those that come there are they which bring *Chrysestom's* Body, and the Foot of that Mountain is the Place where he hath commanded them to bury him. These Words were Occasion to make them haste to arrive in Time, which they did about the Instant that the others had laid down the Corps on the Ground; and four of them with sharp Pickaxes did dig the Grave at the side of a hard Rock. The one and the others saluted themselves very courteously; and then Don *Quixote*, and such as came with him, began to behold the Bier, wherein they saw laid a dead Body all cover'd with Flowers, and apparel'd like a Shepherd, of some
Thirty

Thirty Years old; and his dead Countenance shew'd that he was very beautiful, and an able-body'd Man.

He had placed round about him in the Bier certain Books, and many Papers, some open and some shut, and all together, as well those as beheld this, as they which made the Grave, and all the others that were present, kept a marvellous Silence, until one of them which had carried the dead Man said to another;

See well, *Ambrosio*, whether this be the Place that *Chrysofom* meant, seeing that thou would'st have all so punctually observ'd which he commanded in his Testament. That is it, answer'd *Ambrosio*; for many times my unfortunate Friend recounted to me in it the History of his Mishaps: Even there he told me, that he had seen that cruel Enemy of Mankind first; and there it was where he first broke his Affections too, as honest as they were amorous; and there was the last time wherein *Marcela* did end to resolve, and began to disdain him, in such sort, as she set end to the Tragedy of his miserable Life: And here, in memory of so many Misfortunes, he commanded himself to be committed to the Bowels of eternal Oblivion. And turning himself to Don *Quixote*, and to the other Travellers, he said, This Body, Sirs, which you do now behold with pitiful Eyes, was the Treasury of a Soul, wherein Heaven had hoarded up an infinite part of its Treasures.

This is the Body of *Chrysofom*, who was peerless in Wit, without Fellow for Courtesy, rare for Comeliness, a Phoenix for Friendship, magnificent without Measure, grave without Presumption, pleasant without Offence, and, finally, the first in all that which is good, and second to none in all unfortunate Mischances: He loved well, and was hated; he ador'd, and was disdain'd; he pray'd to one no less savage than a Beast; he importuned a Heart as hard as Marble; he pursu'd the Wind, he cry'd to desarts, he serv'd Ingratitude, and he obtain'd for Reward the Spoils of Death in the midst of the Career of his Life, to which a Shepherdess hath give end, whom he labour'd to eternize, to the end he might

ever live in the Memories of Men; as those Papers which you see there might very well prove, had he not commanded me to sacrifice 'em to the Fire as soon as his Body was render'd to the Earth.

If you did so, quoth *Vivaldo*, you would use greater Rigour and Cruelty towards 'em than their very Lord; nor is it discreet, or justly done, that his Will be accomplish'd who commands any thing repugnant to Reason. Nor should *Augustus Caesar* himself have gain'd the Reputation of Wisdom, if he had permitted that to be put in execution which the divine *Martian* had by his Will ordain'd. So that, Seignior *Ambrosio*, now that you commit your Friend's Body to the Earth, do not therefore commit his Labour to Oblivion; for tho' he ordain'd it as one injur'd, yet are you not to accomplish it as one void of Discretion; but rather cause, by giving Life to these Papers, that the Cruelty of *Marcela* may live eternally, that it may serve as a Document to those that will breathe in ensuing Ages, how they may avoid and shun the like Downfalls; for both my self and all those that come here in my company, do already know the History of your enamour'd and despairing Friend, the Occasion of his Death, and what he commanded ere he deceas'd; out of which lamentable Relation may be collected how great hath been the Cruelty of *Marcela*, the Love of *Chrysoptom*, the Faith of your Affection, and the Conclusion which those make which do rashly run thro' that Way which indiscreet Love doth present to their view.

We understood yesternight of *Chrysoptom's* Death, and that he should be interr'd in this Place, and therefore we omitted our intended Journeys, both for Curiosity and Pity, and resolv'd to come and behold with our Eyes that, the relation thereof did so much grieve us in the hearing, and therefore we desire thee (discreet *Ambrosio*) both in reward of this our Compassion, and also of the desire which springs in our Breasts, to remedy this Disaster, if 'twere possible; but chiefly I for my part request thee, that omitting to burn these Papers, thou wilt license me to take away some of them.

And

And saying so, without expecting the Shepherd's Answer, he stretch'd out his Hand, and took some of them that were next to him; which *Ambrosio* perceiving, said, I will content, Sir, for Courtesy's sake, that you remain Lord of those which you have seiz'd upon; but to imagine that I would omit to burn these that rest, were a very vain Thought.

Vivaldo, who did long to see what the Papers contain'd which he had gotten, did unfold presently one of them, which had this Title, *A Ditty of Despair*. *Ambrosio* overheard him, and said, 'This is the last Paper which this unfortunate Shepherd wrote; and because, Sir, that you may see the Terms to which his Mishaps conducted him, I pray you to read it, but in such manner as you may be heard, for you shall have Leisure enough to do it whilst the Grave is a digging. I will do it with all my heart, reply'd *Vivaldo*. And all those that were present having the like Desire to hear it, they gather'd about him, and he reading it with a clear Voice, pronounc'd it thus:



C H A P. VI.

*Wherein are rehears'd the despairing Verses of
the dead Shepherd, with other unexpected Ac-
cidents.*

The Canzone of C H R Y S O S T O M.

I.

SINCE cruel thou (I publish) dost desire,
From Tongue to Tongue, and th'one to th'other Pale,
The Efficacy of thy Rigour sharp,
I'll Hell constrain t'assist my Soul's Desire,
And in my Breast infuse a Tune of Dole,

Whereon

*Whereon my Voice, as it were wont, may harp,
And labour, as I wish, at once to carp,
And tell my Sorrows, and thy murdering Deeds :
The dreadful Voice and Accent shall agree,
And with them, meet for greater Torture be,
Lumps of my wretched Bowels, which still bleeds.
Then listen, and lend once attentive Ear,
Not well-consorted Tunes, but howling t'hear,
That from my bitter Bosom's depth takes flight,
And by constrained Raving born away,
Issues forth for mine Ease and thy Despite.*

II.

*The Lion's Roaring, and the dreadful Howls
Of ravening Wolf, and Hissing terrible
Of squamy Serpent ; and the fearful Bleat
Of some sad Monster ; of foretelling Fowls ;
The Pye's crackling, and Rumour horrible
Of the contending Wind, as it doth beat
The Sea ; and implacable Bellowing, yet
Of vanquish'd Bull ; and of the Turtle sole
The feeling Mourning, and the doleful Song
Of th' envious Owl, with the dire Plaints among,
Of all th' infernal Squadron full of Dale :
Sallie with my lamenting Soul around,
All mixed with so strange unusual Sound,
As all the Senses may confounded be :
For my fierce Torments a new Way exact,
Wherein I may account my Misery.*

III.

*The doleful Ecchoes of so great Confusion
Shall not resound o'er Father Tagus' Sands,*

*Nor touch the Olive-wat'ring Betis Ears ;
 Of my dire Pangs I'll only make Effusion
 *Mongst these steep Rocks and hollow-bottom Lands.
 With mortify'd Tongue, but living Tears,
 Sometimes in hid'den Dales where nought appears,
 Or in unhaunted Plains free from Access,
 Or where the Sun could ne'er intrude a Beam,
 Amidst the venomous Crew of Beasts unclean,
 Whose Wants with Bounty the free Plains redress.
 For tho' among those vast and desert Downs
 The hollow Eccho indistinctly sounds
 Thy matchless Rigour and my cruel Pain ;
 Yet by the Privilege of my niggard Fates
 I will their Force throughout the World proclaim.*

IV.

*A Disdain kills, and Patience runs aground,
 By a Suspicion either false or true ;
 But Jealousie with greater Rigour stays ;
 A prolix Absence doth our Life confound.
 Against Fear of Oblivion to ensue,
 Firm Hope of best Success gives little Ease :
 Inevitable Death lurks in all these,
 But I (O unseen Miracle !) do still live,
 Jealous, absent, disdain'd, and certain too
 Of the Suspicious that my Life undo,
 Drown'd in Oblivion which my Fire revives,
 And amongst all those Pains I never Scope
 Got, to behold the Shadow once of Hope :
 Nor, thus despaired, would I it allow,
 But, 'cause I may more aggravate my Means
 To live ever without it here I vow.*

V.

*Can Hope and Fear at once in one consist ?
 Or is it Reason that it should be so,
 Seeing the Cause more certain is of Fear ?
 If before me dire Jealousie exist,
 Shall I deflect mine Eyes, since it will shew
 It self by a thousand Wounds in my Soul there ?
 Or who will not the Gates unto Despair
 Wide open set, after that he hath 'spy'd
 Murdering Disdain, and noted each Suspicion
 To seeming Truths transform'd ? O sower Conversion,
 Whilst Verity by Falshood is bely'd !
 O Tyrant of Love's State, fierce Jealousie !
 With cruel Chains these Hands together tye,
 With stubborn Cords couple them, rough Disdain :
 But, woe is me ! with bloody Victory
 Your Memory is by my Sufferance slain.*

VI.

*I die, in fine ; and 'cause I'll not expect
 In Life or Death for the least good Success,
 I obstinate will rest in Fantasy,
 And say he doth well that does affect
 And eke the Soul most Liberty possess,
 That is most thrall to Love's old Tyranny.
 And will affirm mine ever Enemy
 In her fair Shrine a fairer Soul contains :
 And her Oblivion from my Fault to spring,
 And to excuse her Wrongs will Witness bring,
 That Love by her in Peace his State maintains,
 And with a hard Knot, and this strange Opinion,
 I will accelerate the wretched Summon.
 To which guided I am by her Scorn's rise,*

*And offer to the Air Body and Soul,
Without Hope, or Reward of future Life.*

VII.

*Thou that by multiplying Wrongs dost show
The Reason forcing me to use Violence
Unto this loathsome Life, grown to me hateful;
Since now by Signs notorious thou may'st know
From my Heart's deepest Wound, how willingly Sense
Doth sacrifice me to thy Scorns ungrateful:
If my Desires have seem'd to thee so bootful,
As thy fair Eyes, clear Heaven should be o'ercast
And clouded at my Death, yet do not so,
For I'll no Recompence take for the Woe,
By which, of my Soul's Spoils possess'd thou wast;
But rather laughing at my Funeral sad,
Shew how mine End begins to make thee glad.
But 'tis a Folly to advise thee this,
For I know in my Death's Acceleration.
Consists thy Glory, and thy chiefest Bliss.*

VIII.

*Let Tantalus, from the profoundest Deeps,
Come, for it is high time now, with his Thirst;
And Sisyphus with his oppressing Stone.
Let Ticius bring his Raven that never sleeps,
And Ixion make no stay with Wheel accurst,
Nor the Three Sisters, ever labouring on;
And let them all at once their mortal Moan
Translate into my Breast, and lovely Sound
(If it may be a Debt due to Despair)
And chant sad Obsequies with doleful Air*

*Over a Corse unworthy of the Ground ;
 And the three-fac'd infernal Porter grim,
 With thousand Monsters, and Chimera's dim,
 Relish the dolorous Descant out amain ;
 For greater Pomp than this I think not fit
 That any dying Lover should obtain.*

IX.

*Despairing Canzone, do not thou complain
 When thou my sad Society shalt refrain ;
 But rather, since the Cause whence thou didst spring
 By my Misfortune grows more fortunate,
 Even in the Grave thou must shun sorrowing.*

Chrysoptom's Canzone liked wonderfully all the Hearers, altho' the Reader thereof affirm'd, that it was not conformable to the Relation that he had receiv'd of *Marcela's* Virtue, and Care of her self; for in it *Chrysoptom* did complain of Jealousies, Suspensions, and Absence, being all of 'em Things that did prejudice *Marcela's* good Fame. To this Objection *Ambrosio* answer'd (as one that knew very well the most hidden Secrets of his Friend) You must understand, Sir, to the end you may better satisfy your own Doubt, that when the unfortunate Shepherd wrote that Canzone, he was absent from *Marcela*; from whose Presence he had wittingly withdrawn himself, to see if he could deface some part of his excessive Passions, procur'd by Absence: And as every thing doth vex an absent Lover, and every Fear afflict him, so was *Chrysoptom* likewise tormented by imagin'd Jealousies and feared Suspensions; as much as if they were real and true. And with this remains the Truth in her perfection and point of *Marcela's* Virtue, who, excepting that she is cruel, and somewhat arrogant, and very disdainful, very Envy itself neither ought, nor can, attain her of the least Defect. You have Reason (quoth *Vivaldo*); and so desiring to read another Paper, he was interrupted by a marvellous Vision (for such it seem'd) that unexpectedly offered

red it self to their view ; which was, that on the top of the Rock wherein they made the Grave, appear'd the Shepherdess *Marcela*, so fair, that her Beauty surpass'd far the Fame that was spread thereof ; such as had not beheld her before, did look on her then with Admiration and Silence ; and those which were wont to view her, remain'd no less suspended than the others which never had seen her. But scarce had *Ambrosio* ey'd her, when with an ireful and disdainful Mind he spake these Words : Camest thou by chance, O fierce Basilisk of these Mountains ! to see whether the Wounds of this Wretch will yet bleed at thy Presence ? Or, dost thou come to insult and vaunt in the tragical Feats of thy stern Nature ? Or, to behold from that Height, like another merciless *Nero*, the Fire of enflamed *Rome* ? Or, arrogantly to trample this unfortunate Carcase, as the ungrateful Daughter did her Father *Tarquin's* ? Tell us quickly why thou comest, or what thou dost most desire : For, seeing I know that *Chrysothom's* Thoughts never disobey'd thee in Life, I will likewise cause that all those his Friends shall serve and reverence thee.

‘ I come not here, good *Ambrosio*, to any of those ends
 ‘ thou say'st (quoth *Marcela*) but only to turn for mine
 ‘ Honour, and give the World to understand how little
 ‘ Reason have all those which make me the Author ei-
 ‘ ther of their own Pains, or of *Chrysothom's* Death ;
 ‘ and therefore I desire all you that be here present, to
 ‘ lend Attention unto me, for I mean not to spend much
 ‘ Time or Words, to perswade to the Discreet so manifest
 ‘ a Truth. Heaven, as you say, hath made me beautiful,
 ‘ and that so much, that my Features move you to Love,
 ‘ almost whether you will or no : And for the Affection
 ‘ you shew unto me, you say, I and you affirm, that I
 ‘ ought to love you again. I know, by the natural
 ‘ Instinct that *Jove* hath bestow'd on me, that each fair
 ‘ Thing is amiable ; but I cannot conceive why for the
 ‘ reason of being belov'd, the Party that is so belov'd
 ‘ for her Beauty, should be bound to love her Lover,
 ‘ altho' he be foul : And seeing that foul Things are
 ‘ worthy of Hate, 'tis a bad Argument to say I love thee
 ‘ be-

because fair ; therefore thou must affect me, altho' uncomely. But set the Case that the Beauties occur equal on both sides, it follows not therefore that their Desires should run one way ; for all Beauties do not enamour, for some do only delight the Sight, and subject the Will ; for if all Beauties did enamour and subject together, Mens Wills would ever run confused and straying, without being able to make any Election ; for the beautiful Subjects being infinite, the Desires must also perforce be infinite ; and, as I have heard, True Love brooks no Division, and must needs be voluntary, and not enforced. Which being so, as I presume it is, why would you have me subject my Will forcibly, without any other Obligation than that, that you say you love me ? If not, tell me, if Heaven had made me foul, as it hath made me beautiful, could I justly complain of you because you affected me not ? How much more, seeing you ought to consider that I did not chuse the Beauty I have ; for, such as it is, Heaven bestow'd it gratis, without my demanding or electing it. And even as the Viper deserves no Blame for the Poison she carries, altho' therewithal she kill, seeing 'twas bestow'd on her by Nature, so do I as little merit to be reprehended because beautiful ; for Beauty in an honest Woman is like Fire afar off, or a sharp-edged Sword ; for neither that burns, nor this cuts any, but such as come near them. Honour and Virtues are the Ornaments of the Soul, without which the fairest Body is not to be esteem'd such : And if that Honesty be one of the Virtues that adorneth and beautifies most the Body and Soul, why should she that is belov'd because fair, adventure the Loss thereof, to answer his Intention, which only for his Pleasure's sake labours that she may lose it with all his Force and Industry ? I was born free, and because I might live freely, I made election of the Solitude of the Fields. The Trees of these Mountains are my Companions, the clear Water of these Streams my Mirrour. With the Trees and Waters I communicate my Thoughts and Beauty : I am a parted Fire, and a Sword laid aloof. Those whom I have

enamour'd with my Sight, I have undeceiv'd with my Words: And if Desires be sustain'd by Hopes, I never having given any to *Chrysestom*, or to any other, it may well be said, that he was rather slain by his own Obstinacy, than by my Cruelty. And if I be charged that his Thoughts were honest, and that I was therefore oblig'd to answer unto them; I say, that when in that very Place where you make his Sepulchre, he first broke his Mind unto me, I told him, that mine Intention was to live in perpetual Solitude; and, that only the Earth should gather the Fruits of my Solitariness, and the Spoils of my Beauty; and if he would after this my Resolution, persist obstinately without all Hope, and sail against the Wind, no Wonder is it that he should be drowned in the midst of the Gulph of his Rashness. If I had entertain'd him, then were I false; if I had pleas'd him, then should I do against my better Purposes and Projects. He strived, being perswaded to the contrary: He despair'd ere he was hated. See then if it be Reason that I bear the blame of his Torment: Let him complain who hath been deceiv'd; let him despair to whom his promised Hopes have fail'd; let him confess it whom I shall ever call; let him vaunt whom I shall admit; but let him not call me cruel, or an Homicide, whom I never promis'd, deceiv'd, call'd, or admitted. Heaven hath not yet ordain'd me to love by Destiny, and to think that I would do it by Election, may be excus'd. And let this general Caveat serve every one of those which sollicite me for his particular Benefit; and let it be known, that if any shall die for my Love, that he dies not jealous or unfortunate; for whosoever loves not any, breeds not in reason Jealousie in any, nor should any Resolutions to any be accounted Disdainings. He that calls me a Savage, and a Basilisk, let him shun me as a hurtful and prejudicial Thing: He that calls me Ungrateful, let him not serve me; he that is strange, let him not know me; he that is cruel, let him not follow me: for this Savage, this Basilisk, this Ingrate, this Cruel, and Strange one, will neither seek, serve, know, or pursue

‘ pursue any of ‘em : For if *Chrysofom’s* Impatience and
‘ headlong Desire slew him, why should mine honest
‘ Proceeding and Care be inculp’d therewithal ? If I pre-
‘ serve mine Integrity in the Society of these Trees, why
‘ would any desire me to lose it, seeing every one covets
‘ to have the like himself, to converse the better among
‘ Men ? I have, as you all know, Riches enough of mine
‘ own, and therefore do not covet other Men’s. I have
‘ a free Condition, and I do not please to subject me ;
‘ neither do I love or hate any. I do not deceive this
‘ Man, nor sollicite that other ; nor do I jest with one,
‘ and pass the time with another ? the honest Conversa-
‘ tion of the *Pastors* of these Villages, and the Care of
‘ my Goats do entertain me. My Desires are limited by
‘ these Mountains, and if they do issue from hence, it is
‘ to contemplate the Beauty of Heaven, Steps where-
‘ withal the Soul travels towards her first Dwelling.’

And ending here, without desiring to hear any Answer, she turn’d her Back, and enter’d into the thickest part of the Wood that was there at hand, leaving all those that were present marvellously admir’d at her Beauty and Discretion.

Some of the Shepherds present, that were wounded by the powerful Beams of her beautiful Eyes, made proffer to pursue her, without reaping any Profit out of her manifest Resolution made there in their hearing ; which *Don Quixote* noting, and thinking that the Use of this Chivalry did jump fitly on that Occasion, by succouring distressed Damsels, laying hold on the Pummel of his Sword, he said in loud and intelligible Words, “ Let
“ no Person, of whatsoever State or Condition he be,
“ presume to follow the fair *Marcela*, under pain of fall-
“ ling into my furious Indignation. She hath shewn
“ by clear and sufficient Reasons, that little or no Fault
“ she had in *Chrysofom’s* Death ; and how far she lives
“ from meaning to condescend to the Desires of any of
“ her Lovers ; for which respect it is just, that in-
“ stead of being pursued and persecuted, she be ho-
“ nour’d and esteem’d by all the good Men of the
“ World ; for she shews in this, that it is only she alone

“ that lives therein with honest Intention.” Now, whether it was thro’ Don *Quixote*’s Menaces, or whether because *Ambrosio* requested them to conclude with the Obligation they ow’d to their good Friend, none of the Shepherds mov’d, or departed from thence, until the Grave being made, and *Chrysothorn*’s Papers burnt, they laid the Body into it, with many Tears of the Beholders. They shut the Sepulchre with a great Stone, until a Monument was wrought, which *Ambrosio* said he went to have made, with an Epitaph to this sense :

HERE of a loving Swain
 The frozen Carcase lies ;
 Who was a Herd likewise,
 And died through Disdain.
 Stern Rigour hath him slain
 Of a coy, fair Ingrate ;
 By whom Love doth dilate
 Her Tyranny amain.

They presently strow’d on the Grave many Flowers and Boughs, and every one condoling a while with his Friend *Ambrosio*, did afterward bid him farewell, and departed. The like did *Vivaldo* and his Companion : And Don *Quixote* bidding his Host and the Travellers adieu, they requested him to come with them to *Seville*, because it was a Place so fit for the finding of Adventures, as in every Street and Corner of it are offer’d more than in any other Place whatsoever. Don *Quixote* render’d them Thanks for their Advice, and the Good-will they seem’d to have to gratifie him, and said, He neither ought, nor would go to *Seville*, till, he had freed all those Mountains of Thieves and Robbers, whereof, as Fame ran, they were full. The Travellers perceiving his good Intention, would not importune him more, but bidding him again farewell, they departed and follow’d on their Journey ; in which they wanted not Matter
of

of Discourse, as well of the History of *Marcela* and *Chrysoptom*, as of the Follies of *Don Quixote*, who determin'd to go in the Search of the Shepherdess *Marcela*, and offer unto her all that he was able to do in her Service. But it befel him not as he thought; as shall be rehears'd in the Discourse of this true History, giving end here to the Second Part.

The End of the Second Part.





The Delightful
HISTORY
 Of the most Witty KNIGHT
Don QUIXOTE
 Of the MANCHA.

B O O K III.

C H A P. I.

*Wherein is rehears'd the unfortunate Adventure
 happen'd to Don Quixote, by encountering
 with certain Yanguesian Carriers.*



HE wife Cyd Hamete Benengeli recounteth,
 that as soon as Don Quixote had taken leave
 of the Goat-herds. his Hosts the Night be-
 fore, and of all those that were present at
 the Burial of the Shepherd Chryssom, he
 and his Squire did presently enter into the same Wood
 into which they had seen the beautiful Shepherd's Mar-
 celia

cels enter before. And having travel'd in it about the space of two Hours, without finding of her, they arriv'd to a pleasant Meadow, enrich'd with abundance of flourishing Grass, near unto which runs a delightful and refreshing Stream, which did invite, yea constrain them thereby to pass over the Heat of the Day, which did then begin to enter with great Fervour and Vehemency.

Don *Quixote* and *Sancho* alighted, and leaving the *Ass* and *Rozinante* to the spaciousness of these Plains to feed on the plenty of Grass that was there, they ransack'd their Wallet, where, without any Ceremony, the Master and Man did eat, with good accord and fellowship, what they found therein. *Sancho* had neglected to tie *Rozinante* sure, that he knew him to be so sober and little wanton, as all the Mares of the Pasture of *Cordova* could not make him to think the least sinister Thought: But Fortune did ordain, or rather the Devil, who sleeps not at all Hours, that a Troop of *Galician* Mares, belonging to certain *Tanguesian* Carriers, did feed up and down in the same Valley, which Carriers are wont with their Beasts to pass over the Heats and Places situated near unto Grass and Water.

And that wherein Don *Quixote* happen'd to be, was very fit for their Purpose. It therefore befel, that *Rozinante* took a certain Desire to solace himself with the Lady-Mares; and therefore, as he had smelt them, abandoning his natural Pace and Custom, without taking leave of his Master, he began a little swift Trot, and went to communicate his Necessities to them; but they, who, as it seem'd, had more Desire to feed than to solace them, entertained him with their Heels and Teeth, in such a sort as they broke all his Girts, and left him in his naked Hair, having overthrown the Saddle. But that which sorely grieved him most was, that the Carriers perceived the Violence that was offer'd by him to their Mares, repaired presently to their Succour with Clubs and Truncheons, and did so belabour him, as they fairly laid him along. Now in this Season Don *Quixote* and *Sancho* (which beheld the bombasting of
Razi-

Rozinante) approach'd breathless, and Don *Quixote* said to *Sancho*, Forasmuch as I can perceive, Friend *Sancho*, these Men are no Knights, but base rascally People of vile quality: I say it, because thou mayest help me to take due Revenge for the Outrage which they have done before our faces to *Rozinante*. What a Devil, quoth *Sancho*, what Revenge should we take, if these be more than twenty, and we but two, and peradventure but one and a half? I am worth a hundred, reply'd Don *Quixote*: And without making any longer Discourse he set Hand to his Sword and flew upon the *Tanguesians*, and *Sancho Pancha*, moved by his Lord's Example, did the like, when with the first Blow Don *Quixote* piercing a Buff Coat that one of them wore, wounded him grievously in the Shoulder. The *Tanguesians* seeing themselves so rudely handled by two Men only, they being so many, ran to the Stakes and Truncheons of their Carriage, and hemming in their Adversaries in the midst of them, they laid on them with admirable speed and vehemency. True it is, that at the second Peal they struck *Sancho* down to the Ground, and the like happen'd to Don *Quixote*, his Dexterity and Courage being nothing available in that Trance; and his Fate so ordaining, he fell just at his Courser's Feet, who had not yet gotten up: By which we may ponder the Fury wherewithal Truncheons batter, being placed in wrathful and rustical Fifts.

The Carriers perceiving the Evil they had committed, trussing up their Loading with all possible speed, follow'd on their Way, leaving both the Adventurers in a bad Fashion, and a worse Talent. The first that came to himself was *Sancho Pancha*, who seeing his Lord near unto him, said with a pitiful Voice, Sir Don *Quixote*! O Sir Don *Quixote*! What wouldst thou have, Brother *Sancho*, reply'd the Knight with the like effeminate and doleful Tone? I would, quoth *Sancho*, have of your Worship a Draught or two of the Liquor of *Feoblas*, if you have any of it at hand; perhaps it is good for broken Bones as well as it helps Wounds. What would we want, unhappy that I am, reply'd Don *Quixote*, if I had
had

had it here? But I swear unto thee, *Sancho Pancha*, by the Faith of a Knight-Errant, that before two days pass (if Fortune dispose not otherwise) I will have it in my power, or it shall hardly escape my hands. I pray you, quoth *Sancho*, within how many Days, think you, shall we be able to stir our Feet? I can say of my self, quoth the crush'd Knight, that I cannot set a certain Term to the Days of our Recovery, but I am in the Fault of all, for I should not have drawn my Sword against Men that are not Knights as well as I am; and therefore I believe that the God of Battels hath permitted that this Punishment should be given unto me, in pain of transgressing the Laws of Knighthood.

Wherefore, Brother *Sancho*, it is requisite that thou be'st advertis'd of that which I shall say unto thee now, for it importeth both our Goods very much, and is, that when thou behold'st that the like rascally Rabble do us any Wrong, do not wait till I set Hand to my Sword against them, for I will not do it in any sort, but draw thou thine, and chastise them at thy pleasure; and if any Knights shall come to their assistance and succour, I shall know then how to defend thee, and offend them with all my Force; for thou hast by this perceiv'd by a thousand Signs and Experiences, how far the Valour of this my invincible Arm extendeth it self (so arrogant remain'd the poor Knight, thro' the Victory he had gotten of the hardy *Biscaine*). But this Advice of his Lord seem'd not so good to *Sancho Pancha*, as that he would omit to answer unto him, saying, Sir, I am a peaceable, quiet, and sober Man, and can dissemble any Injury, for I have Wife and Children to maintain and bring up; wherefore let this likewise be an Advice to you (seeing it cannot be a Commandment) that I will not set Hand to my Sword in any wise, be it against Clown or Knight, and, that from this time forward I do pardon before God all the Wrongs that they have done, or shall do unto me, whether they were, be, or shall be done by high or low Person, rich or poor, Gentleman or Churl, without excepting any State or Condition.

Which

Which being heard by his Lord, he said, I could wish to have Breath enough, that I might answer thee with a little more Ease, or that the Grief which I feel in this Rib were asswaged ever so little, that I might, *Pancha*, make thee understand the Error wherein thou art.

Come here, poor Fool, if the Gale of Fortune, hitherto so contrary, do turn in our favour, swelling the Sails of our Desire, in such sort as we may securely, and without any hindrance, arrive at the Haven of any of those Islands which I have promis'd unto thee, what would become of thee, if I, conquering it, did make thee Lord thereof, seeing thou would'st disable thy self in respect thou art not a Knight, nor desirest to be one, nor would'st have Valour or Will to revenge thine Injuries, or to defend thy Lordships? For thou must understand, that in the Kingdoms and Provinces newly conquer'd, the Minds of the Inhabitants are never so thoroughly appeas'd or wedded to the Affection of their new Lord, that it is not to be fear'd that they will work some Novelty to alter things again, and turn, as Men say, afresh to try Fortune: And it is therefore requisite that the new Possessor have Understanding to govern, and Valour to offend and defend himself in any Adventure whatsoever. In this last that hath befall'n us, quoth *Sancho*, I would I had had that Understanding and Valour, of which you speak; but I vow unto you by the Faith of a poor Man, that I am now fitter for Plaisters than Discourses. I pray you try whether you can arise, and we will help *Rozinante*, although he deserves it not, for he was the principal Cause of all these Troubles; I would never have believed the like before of *Rozinante*, whom I ever held to be as chaste and peaceable a Person as my self. In fine, they say well, that one must have a long Time to come to the Knowledge of Bodies; and, that there's nothing in this Life secure. Who durst affirm, that after those mighty Blows which you gave to that unfortunate Knight-Errant, would succeed so in post, and as it were in your pursuit, this so furious a Tempest of Staves, that hath discharged it self on our Shoulders? Thine, *Sancho*,
replied

replied Don *Quixote*, are perhaps accustomed to bear the like Showers, but mine nursed between † Cottons and Hollands, it is most evident that they must feel the Grief of this Disgrace: And were it not that I imagine (but why do I say I imagine?) I know certainly that all these Incommodities are annex'd to the Exercise of Arms, I would here die for very Wrath and Displeasure. To this the Squire answer'd, Sir, seeing these Disgraces are of the ‡ Essence of Knighthood, I pray you whether they succeed very often, or whether they have certain Times limited wherein they befall: For methinks that within two Adventures more, we shall wholly remain disabled for the third, if the Gods in mercy do not succour us.

Know, Friend *Sancho*, reply'd Don *Quixote*, that the Life of Knights-Errant is subject to a thousand Dangers and Misfortunes; and it is also as well in the next Degree and Power to make them Kings and Emperors, as Experience hath shewn in sundry Knights, of whose Histories I have entire Notice. And I could recount unto thee now (did the Pain I suffer permit me) of some of them which have mounted to such high Degrees which I have said, only by the Valour of their Arm; and the very same Men found them, both before and after, in divers Miseries and Calamities; for the valourous *Amadis de Gaule* saw himself in the power of his mortal Enemy *Arcaus* the Enchanter, of whom the Opinion runs infallible, that he gave unto him, being his Prisoner, more than two hundred Stripes with his Horse-bridle, after he had ty'd him to a Pillar in his base Court. And there is moreover a secret Author of no little Credit, who says, that the Chevalier *del Febo*, being taken in a Gin like unto a Snatch that slept under his Feet, in a certain Castle, after the Fall, found himself in a deep Dungeon under the Earth bound Hands and Feet; and there they gave unto him a Glyster of Snow-water and Sand, which brought him almost to the end

† Sinabafas.

‡ Cofecha.

of his Life; and were it not that he was succour'd in that great Distress by a wise Man his very great Friend, it had gone ill with the poor Knight. So that I may very well pass among so many worthy Persons; for the Dangers and Disgraces they suffer'd were greater than those which we now endure. For, *Sancho*, I would have thee to understand, that these Wounds which are given to one, with those Instruments that are in one's Hand by chance, do not disgrace a Man; and it is written in the Laws of single Combat in express Terms, That if the Shoe-maker strike another with the Last which he hath in his Hand, altho' it be certainly of Wood, yet cannot it be said that he who was stricken had the Bastinado. I say this to the end that thou may'st not think, altho' we remain bruised in this last Conflict, that therefore we be disgraced; for the Arms which those Men bore, and wherewithal they belabour'd us, were none other than their Pack-staves; and, as far as I can remember, never a one of 'em had a Tuck, Sword, or Dagger. They gave me no Leisure, answer'd *Sancho*, to look to them so nearly; for scarce had I laid Hand on my Truncheon, when they bless'd my Shoulders with their Pines, in such sort, as they wholly depriv'd me of my Sight, and the Force of my Feet together striking me down on the Place where I yet lie streight, and where the Pain of the Disgrace receiv'd by our Cudgelling doth not so much pinch me as the Grief of the Blows, which shall remain as deeply imprinted in my Memory as they do in my Back.

For all this thou shalt understand, Brother *Pancho*, reply'd Don *Quixote*, that there is no Remembrance which Time will not end, nor Grief which Death will not consume. What greater Misfortune, quoth *Sancho*, can there be, than that which only expecteth Time and Death to end and consume it? If this our Disgrace were of that kind, which might be cured by a pair or two of Plaisters, it would not be so evil; but I begin to perceive that all the Salves of an Hospital will not suffice to bring them to any good Terms. Leave off, *Sancho*, and gather Strength out of Weakness, said Don *Quixote*, for
so

so will I likewise do, and let us see how doth *Rozinante*; for methinks that the least part of this Mishap hath not fallen to his Lot. You ought not to marvel at that, quoth *Sancho*, seeing he is likewise a Knight-Errant; that whereat I wonder is, that mine Ass remains there without Payment, where we are come away without Ribs. Fortune leaves always one Door open in Disasters, quoth *Don Quixote*, whereby to remedy them. I say it, because that little Beast may supply *Rozinante's* want, by carrying me from hence unto some Castle, wherein I may be cured of my Wounds. Nor do I hold this kind of riding dishonourable, for I remember to have read, that the good old *Silenus*, Tutor of the merry God of Laughter, when he enter'd into the City of the hundred Gates, rode very fairly mounted on a goodly Ass. It is like, quoth *Sancho*, that he rode as you say, upon an Ass, but there is great difference betwixt riding and being cast athwart upon one like a Sack of Rubbish. To this, *Don Quixote* answer'd, The Wounds that are received in Battle do rather give Honour, than deprive Men of it; wherefore, Friend *Pancho*, do not reply any more unto me, but as I have said, arise as well as thou canst, and lay me as thou pleasest upon thy Beast, and let us depart from hence before the Night overtake us in these Desarts. Yet I have heard you say, quoth *Pancho*, that it was an ordinary Custom of Knights-Errant to sleep in Downs and Desarts the most of the Year, and that so to do they hold for very good Hap.

That is, said *Don Quixote*, when they have none other Shift, or when they are in Love; and this is so true, as there hath been a Knight that hath dwelt on a Rock expos'd to the Sun, and the Shadow, and other Annoyances of Heaven, for the space of two Years, without his Lady's knowledge, and *Amadis* was one of that kind, when calling himself *Beltinebros*, he dwelt in the *Poor Rock*: Nor do I know punctually eight Years, or eight Months, for I do not remember the History well; let it suffice that there he dwelt doing of Penance for some Disgust, which I know not; that his Lady *Oriana* did him: But leaving that apart, *Sancho*, dispatch, and away, before

before some other Disgrace happen, like that of *Rozinante*, to the As.

Even there lurks the Devil, quoth *Sancho*; and so breathing thirty Sobs, and threescore Sighs, and a hundred and twenty Discontents and Execrations against him, that had brought him there, he arose, remaining bended in the midst of the way, like unto a *Turkish* Bow, without being able to address himself; and notwithstanding all this Difficulty, he harness'd his As (who had been also somewhat distracted, by the overmuch Liberty of that Day) and after he hoisted up *Rozinante*, who, were he endued with a Tongue to complain, would certainly have born his Lord and *Sancho* company. In the end, *Sancho* laid Don *Quixote* on the As, and ty'd *Rozinante* unto him, and leading the As by the Halter, travel'd that way which he deem'd might conduct him soonest towards the Highway; and Fortune, which guided his Affairs from good to better, after he had travel'd a little League, discover'd it unto him, near unto which he saw an Inn, which in despite of him, and for Don *Quixote*'s Pleasure, must needs be a Castle. *Sancho* contended, that it was an Inn; and his Lord, that it was not; and their Controversy endur'd so long, as they had Leisure, before they could decide it, to arrive at their Lodging, into which *Sancho*, without farther verifying of the Dispute, enter'd with all his Loading.



CH A P. H.

Of that which happen'd unto the ingenious Knight within the Inn, which he suppos'd to be a Castle.

THE Inn-keeper seeing Don *Quixote* laid overthwart upon the As, demanded of *Sancho* what Disease he had: *Sancho* answer'd, That it was nothing but a Fall down from a Rock, and that his Ribs were thereby somewhat bruised. This Inn-keeper had a Wife,

Wife, not of the Condition that those of that Trade are wont to be, for she was of a charitable Nature, and would grieve at the Calamities of her Neighbours, and did therefore presently occur to cure Don *Quixote*, causing her Daughter, a very comely young Maiden, to assist her to cure her Guest. There likewise serv'd. in the Inn an *Asturian* Wench, who was broad-faced, flat-pated, saddle-nosed, blind of one Eye, and the other almost out; true it is, that the Comeliness of her Body supply'd all the other Defects. She was not seven Palms long from her Feet unto her Head, and her Shoulders, which did somewhat burden her, made her look oftener to the Ground than she would willingly. This beautiful Piece did assist the young Maiden, and both of them made a very bad Bed for Don *Quixote*, in an old wide Chamber, which gave manifest Tokens of it self, that it had sometimes serv'd many Years only to keep chopp'd Straw for Horses; in which was also lodg'd a Carrier, whose Bed was made a little way off from Don *Quixote's*, which, tho' it was made of Canvass and Coverings of his Mules, was much better than the Knight's, that only contain'd four Boards roughly planed, placed on two unequal Tresses; a Flock Bed, which for the thinness seem'd rather a Quilt, full of Pellets, and had not they shewn that they were Wool, through certain Breaches made by Antiquity on the Tick, a Man would by the hardness rather take them to be Stones; a pair of Sheets made of the Skins of Targets; and a Coverlet, whose Threads, if a Man would number, he should not lose one only of the account. In this ungracious Bed did Don *Quixote* lie; and presently the Hostess and her Daughter anoint him all over, and *Maritornes* (for so the *Asturian* Wench was called) did hold the Candle. The Hostess at the plaistering of him, perceiving him to be so bruised in sundry places, she said unto him, that those Signs rather seem'd to proceed of Blows than of a Fall. They were not Blows, replied *Sancho*, but the Rock had many sharp Ends and Knobs on it, whereof every one left behind it a Token; and I desire you, good Mistress, quoth he, to leave some Flax behind, and there

there shall not want one that needeth the Use of it; for I assure you, my Back doth likewise ake. If that be so, quoth the Hostess, 'tis likely that thou didst also fall. I did not fall, quoth *Sancho Pancha*, but with the sudden Affright that I took at my Master's Fall, my Body doth so grieve me, as methinks I have been handsomely be-labour'd. It may well happen as thou say'st, quoth the Hostess's Daughter, for it hath befallen me sundry times to dream that I fell down from some high Tower, and could never come to the Ground; and when I awaked, I did find my self so troubled and broken, as if I had verily fallen.

There is the Point, Masters, quoth *Sancho Pancha*, that I, without dreaming at all, but being more awake than I am at this Hour, found my self to have very few less Tokens and Marks than my Lord Don *Quixote* hath. How is this Gentleman call'd, quoth *Maritornes* the *Asturion*? Don *Quixote* of the *Mancha*, reply'd *Sancho Pancha*, and he is a Knight-Errant, and one of the best and strongest that have been seen in the World these many Ages. What is that, a Knight-Errant, quoth the Wench? Art thou so young in the World that thou know'st it not, answer'd *Sancho Pancha*? Know then, Sister mine, that a Knight-Errant is a Thing which, in two Words, you see well cudgel'd, and after becomes an Emperor: To-day he's the most unfortunate Creature of the World, and the most needy; and to-morrow he'll have two or three Crowns of Kingdoms to bestow upon his Squire. If it be so, quoth the Hostess, why then hast not thou gotten at least an Earldom, seeing thou art this good Knight's Squire? 'Tis yet too soon, reply'd *Sancho*, for 'tis but a Month since we began first to seek Adventures, and we have not yet encounter'd any worthy of the Name: And sometimes it befalls, that searching for one Thing we encounter another. True it is, that if my Lord Don *Quixote* recover of this Wound or Fall, and that I be not changed by it, I would not make an exchange of my Hopes for the best Title of *Spain*.

Don

Don *Quixote* did very attentively listen unto all these Discourses, and sitting up in his Bed as well as he could, taking his Hostess by the Hand, he said unto her, " Believe me, beautiful Lady, that you may count your self
" fortunate, for having harbour'd my Person in this
" your Castle, which is such, that if I do not praise it,
" it is because Men say, that *proper praise stinks*; but
" my Squire will inform you what I am: On / this I'll
" say my self, that I will keep eternally written in my
" Memory the Service that you have done unto me, to be
" grateful unto you for it whilst I live. And I would it
" might please the highest Heavens, that Love held me
" not so enthrall'd and subject to his Laws as he doth,
" and to the Eyes of that ingrateful Fair whose Name I
" secretly mutter; then should those of this beautiful
" Damsel presently signiorize my Liberty."

The Hostess, her Daughter, and the good *Maritornes*, remain'd confounded, hearing the Speech of our Knight-Errant, which they understood as well as if he had spoken *Greek* unto them; but yet they conceiv'd that they were Words of Compliments and Love, and, as People unused to hear the like Language, they beheld and admir'd him, and he seem'd unto them a Man of another World; and so returning him Thanks with Tavernly Phrase for his large Offers, they departed. And the *Asturian Maritornes* cured *Sancho*, who needed her Help no less than his Master.

The Carrier and she had agreed to pass the Night together; and she had given unto him her Word, that when the Guests were quiet, and her Master sleeping, she would come unto him, and satisfy his Desire, as much as he pleas'd. And it is said of this good Wench, that she never pass'd the like Promise but she perform'd it, altho' it were given in the midst of a Wood, and without any Witness; for she presum'd to be of gentle Blood, and yet she held it to be no Disgrace to serve in an Inn; for she was wont to affirm, that Disgraces and Misfortunes brought her to that State. The hard, narrow, niggard and counterfeit Bed, whereon Don *Quixote* lay, was the first of the four, and next unto it was his Squire's,
that

that only contain'd a Mat and a Coverlet, and rather seem'd to be of shorn Canvas than Wool: After these two Beds follow'd that of the Carrier, made, as we have said, of the Pannels and Furniture of two of his best Mules, altho' they were twelve all in number, fair, fat, and goodly Beasts; for he was one of the richest Carriers of *Arevale*, as the Author of this History affirm'd, who maketh particular mention of him, because he knew him very well; ‡ and besides, some Men say, that he was somewhat a-kin unto him; omitting that *Cyd Mahamet Benengeli* was a very exact Historiographer, and most curious in all things, as may be gather'd very well, seeing that those which are related, being so minute and trivial, he would not overslip them in Silence.

By which those grave Historiographers may take example, which recount unto us Matters so short and succinctly, as they do scarce arrive to our Knowledge, leaving the most substantial part of the Works drowned in the Ink-horn, either thro' Negligence, Malice, or Ignorance.

Many good Fortunes fall the Author of *Tablante de Ricamente*, and him that wrote the Book, wherein are rehearsed the Acts of the Count *Tomillas*! Lord, with what preciseness do they describe every Circumstance! To conclude, I say, that after the Carrier had visited his Mules, and given unto them their second Refreshing, he stretch'd himself in his Coverlets, and expected the coming of the most exquisite *Maritornes*. *Sancho* was also by this plaister'd, and laid down in his Bed, and tho' he desir'd to sleep, yet would not the Grief of his Ribs permit him. And Don *Quixote* with the Pain of his Sides, lay with both his Eyes open, like a Hare.

All the Inn was drowned in Silence, and there was no other Light in it than that of a Lamp, which hung lighting in the midst of the Entry. This marvellous

‡ Here the Author taxeth some one-cunningly, to be descended of a Moorish Race.

Quietness, and the thoughts which always represented to our Knight the memory of the Successes, which at every pace are recounted in Books of Knighthood (the principal Authors of his Mishap) call'd to his Imagination one of the strangest Follies that easily may be conjectured; which was, he imagin'd that he arriv'd to a famous Castle, (for, as we have said, all the Inns wherein he lodg'd seem'd unto him to be such) and that the Inn-keeper's Daughter was the Lady's Daughter of the Castle, who, overcome by his Comeliness and Valour, was enamour'd of him, and had promis'd that she would come to solace with him for a good space, after her Father and Mother had gone to bed. And holding all this Chimæra and Fiction, which he himself had built in his Brain, for most firm and certain, he began to be vex'd in Mind, and to think on the dangerous Trance wherein his Honesty was like to fall, and did firmly purpose in Heart not to commit any Disloyalty against his Lady *Dulcinea* of *Toboso*, altho' very Queen *Guenever*, with her Lady *Quintanonia*, should come to sollicit him. Whilst thus he lay thinking of these * Follies, the Hour approach'd (that was unlucky for him) wherein the *Asturian* Wench should come, who enter'd into the Chamber in search of her Carrier, in her Smock, bare-footed, and her Hair truss'd up in a Coif of Fustian, with soft and wary Steps; but she was scarce come to the Door, when Don *Quixote* felt her, and arising and sitting up in his Bed in despite of his † Plaisters, and with great grief of his Ribs, he stretch'd forth his Arms to receive his beautiful Damsel the *Asturian*, who crouching and silently went groping with her Hands, to find out her Sweetheart, and encounter'd with Don *Quixote's* Arms, who presently seiz'd very strongly upon one of her Wrists, and drawing her towards him, (she daring not to speak a Word) he caus'd her to sit upon his Bed's side, and presently groped her Smock; and altho' it was of ‡ the strongest Canvas, he thought

* Desperates.

† Bismas.

‡ Harpiller.

it was most subtle and fine Holland. She wore on her Wrists certain Bracelets of Glais, which he esteem'd to be precious Oriental Pearls. Her Hair, which was almost as rough as a Horse-tail, he held to be Wires of the most glistering Gold of *Arabia*, whose Brightness did obscure that of the Sun: And her Breath, which certainly smelt like to stale Salt-fish reserv'd from over Night, seem'd unto him a most redolent, aromatical, and sweet Smell: And finally, he painted her in his Phantasy of the same very Form and Manner, as he had read in his Books of Knighthood, of a certain Princess which came to visit a Knight who was grievously wounded, being overcome by his Love, embellish'd with all the Ornaments that here we have recounted; and the Blindness of this poor Gallant was such, as neither the Touching, Savour, or other Things that accompanied the good Damsel, could undeceive him, being such as were able to make any other, save a Carrier, vomit up his Bowels, but rather he made full account that he held the Goddess of Love between his Arms; and holding her still very fast, he began to court her with a low and amorous Voice, in this manner:

' I could wish to find my self in Terms, most high
' and beautiful Lady, to be able to recompense so great
' a Favour, as that which with the presence of your
' matchless Feature you have shewn unto me; but For-
' tune (who is never weary of persecuting the Good)
' hath pleased to lay me in this Bed, wherein I lie so
' broken and bruised, that altho' I were desirous to sa-
' tisfy your Will, yet is it impossible, especially seeing
' to my Impossibility may be added a greater, to wit,
' the promised Faith which I have given to the un-
' matchable *Dulcinea* of *Toboso*, the only Lady of my most
' hidden Thoughts; for, did not this let me, do not hold
' me to be so senseless and mad a Knight, as to overslip
' so fortunate an Occasion as this, which your Bounty
' hath offer'd to me.'

Maritornes remain'd sweating thro' Anxiety, to see her self held so fast by Don *Quixote*, and without either understanding or giving Attention to his Words, she labour'd

bour'd all that she could to free her self from him without speaking a Word. The Carrier, whose bad Intention kept him still waking, did hear his Lady from the time that she first enter'd into the Room, and did attentively give ear to all Don *Quixote's* Discourses; and jealous that *Asturian* should break Promise with him for any other, he drew nearer unto Don *Quixote's* Bed, and stood quiet, to see whereunto those Words which he could not understand, tended.

But viewing that the Wench striv'd to depart, and Don *Quixote* labour'd to with-hold her, the Jest seeming evil unto him, he up with his Arm, and discharg'd so terrible a Blow on the enamour'd Knights Jaws, as he bathed all his Mouth in Blood; and, not content herewithal, he mounted upon the Knight, and did tread on his Ribs, and pass'd them all over with more than a Trot. The Bed, which was somewhat ‡ weak, and not very firm of Foundation, being unable to suffer the addition of the Carrier, fell down to the Ground with so great a Noise as it waked the Inn-keeper; who presently suspecting that it was one of *Maritornes's* Conflicts, because she answer'd him not, having call'd her loudly, he forthwith arose, and lighting of a Lamp, he went towards the Place where he heard the Noise. The Wench perceiving that her Master came, and that he was extream cholerick, did all aſham'd and troubled run into *Sancho Pancha's* Bed, who slept all this while very soundly, and there crouch'd, and made her self as little as an Egg. Her Master enter'd, crying, *Whore, where art thou? I dare warrant that these are some of thy Doings.* By this *Sancho* awaked, and feeling that Bulk lying almost wholly upon him, he thought it was the Night-mare, and began to lay with his Fists here and there about him very swiftly, and among others wrought *Maritornes* (I know not how) many Blows, who griev'd for the Pain she endured there, casting all Honesty aside, gave *Sancho* the exchange of his Blows so trimly,

as she made him to awake in despite of his Sluggishness: And finding himself to be so abused of an uncouth Person, whom he could not behold, he arose and caught hold of *Maritornes* as well as he could, and they both began the best Fight and pleasantest Skirmish of the World.

The Carrier perceiving, by the Light which the Inn-keeper brought in with him, the lamentable state of his Mistress, abandoning *Don Quixote*, he instantly repair'd to give her the Succour that was requisite; which likewise the Inn-keeper did, but with another Meaning, for he approach'd with Intention to punish the Wench, believing that she was infallibly the Cause of that Harmony: And so, as Men say, *the Cat to the Rat, the Rat to the Cord, the Cord to the Post*: So the Carrier struck *Sancho*, *Sancho* the Wench, she return'd him again his Liberality with Interest, and the Inn-keeper laid load upon his Maid also: And all of 'em did mince it with such expedition, as there was no Leisure at all allow'd to any of 'em for breathing. And the best of all was, that the Inn-keeper's Lamp went out, and then finding themselves in Darkness, they belabour'd one another so without Compassion, and at once, as wheresoever the Blow fell, it bruised the Place pitifully.

There lodged by chance that Night in the Inn one of the Squadron of those which are called of the old † *Holy Brotherhood of Toledo*: He likewise hearing the wonderful Noise of the Fight, he laid his Hand on his Rod of Office, and the Tin-box of his Titles, and enter'd into the Chamber without Light, saying, Stand still to the Officer of Justice, and to the holy Brotherhood. And saying so, the first whom he met was the poor batter'd *Don Quixote*, who lay overthrown in his Bed, stretched with his Face upward, without any Feeling; and taking hold of his Beard, he cried out incessantly,

† The holy Brotherhood, or the *Sancta Hermandad*, are a certain Number of Men, whose chief Office is to free the Highway from Robbers.

Help the Justice. But seeing that he whom he held fast bowed neither Hand or Foot, he presently thought that he was dead, and that those Battellants that fought so eagerly in the Room had slain him; wherefore he lifted up his Voice, and cried out loudly, saying, *Shut the Inn-door, and see that none escape, for here they have killed a Man.* This Word astonish'd all the Combatants so much, as every one left the Battel in the very Terms wherein this Voice had overtaken them. The Inn-keeper retired himself to his Chamber, the Carrier to his Coverlets, the Wench to her Couch, and only the unfortunate Don *Quixote* and *Sancho* were not able to move themselves from the Place wherein they lay. The Officer of the *Holy Brotherhood*, in this space letting slip poor Don *Quixote's* Beard, went out for Light to search and apprehend the Delinquents, but he could not find any, for the Inn-keeper had purposely quenched the Lamp, as he retired to his Bed; wherefore the Officer was constrained to repair to the Chimney, where, with great difficulty, after he had spent a long while doing of it, he at last lighted his Candle.



C H A P. III.

Wherein are rehearsed the innumerable Misfortunes which Don Quixote and his good Squire Sancho suffer'd in the Inn, which he to his harm thought to be a Castle.

BY this time Don *Quixote* was come to himself again out of his Trance, and with the like lamentable Note as that wherewith he had called his Squire the Day before, when he was overthrown in the Vale of the Pack-staves, he called to him, saying, Friend *Sancho*, art thou asleep? Sleepest thou, Friend *Sancho*?

What, I asleep! I renounce my self, quoth *Sancho* full of Grief and Despair, if I think not all the Devils in Hell have been visiting me here this Night.

Thou may'st certainly believe it, reply'd Don *Quixote*, for either I know very little, or else this Castle is enchanted: For I let thee to wit, but thou must first swear to keep secret that which I mean to tell thee now, until after my Death. So I swear, quoth *Sancho*. I say it, quoth Don *Quixote*, because I cannot abide to take away any-body's Honour. Why, quoth *Sancho* again, I swear that I will conceal it until after your Worship's Days, and I pray God that I may discover it to-morrow.

Have I wrought thee such Harm, *Sancho*, reply'd the Knight, as thou wouldst desire to see me end so soon? It is not for that, Sir, quoth *Sancho*, but because I cannot abide to keep Things long, lest they should rot in my Custody. "Let it be for what thou pleasest, said Don *Quixote*, for I do trust greater Matters than that to thy Love and Courtesy: And, that I may rehearse it briefly, know that a little while since the Lord of this Castle's Daughter came unto me, who is the most fair and beautiful Damsel that can be found in a great part of the Earth: What could I say unto thee of the Ornaments of her Person! what of her excellent Wit! what of other secret Things, which that I may preserve the Faith due unto my Lady *Dulcinea* of *Tuboso*, I pass over in Silence! I will only tell thee, that Heaven, envious of the inestimable Good that Fortune had put in my hands, or perhaps (and that is most probable) this Castle, as I have said, is enchanted, just at the time when we were in most sweet and amorous Speech, I being not able to see or know whence it came, there arriv'd a Hand join'd to the Arm of some mighty Giant, and gave me such a Blow on the Jaws, as they remain all bathed in Blood, and did after so thump and bruise me, as I feel my self worse now than yesterday when the Carriers, thro' *Roxinante's* Madness, did use us as thou know'st. By which I conjecture, that the Treasure of this Damsel's Beauty

" is kept by some enchanted Moor, is not reserv'd for me."

Nor for me, quoth *Sancho*, for I have been bumbled by more than four hundred Moors, which have hammer'd me in such sort, as the bruising of the Pack-staves was gilded Bread and spice Cakes in comparison of it: But, Sir, I pray you tell me, how can you call this a good and rare Adventure, seeing we remain so pitifully used after it? And yet your Harms may be accounted less, in respect that you have held, as you said, that incomparable Beauty between your Arms: But I, what have I had other than the greatest Blows that I shall ever have in my Life? Unfortunate that I am, and the Mother which bare me, that neither am an Errant-Knight, nor ever means to be any, and yet the greatest part of our Mihaps still fall to my Lot. It seems that thou wast likewise beaten, replied *Don Quixote*. Evil befall my Lineage, quoth *Sancho*, have I not told you I was? Be not griev'd, Friend, replied the Knight, for I will now compound the precious *Balsamum*, which will cure us in the twinkling of an Eye.

The Officer having by this time lighted his Lamp, enter'd into the Room to see him, whom he accounted to be dead; and as soon as *Sancho* saw him, seeing him to come in his Shirt, his Head lap'd up in a Handkerchief, the Lamp in his Hand, having withal a very ill-favour'd Countenance, he demanded of his Lord, Sir, is this by chance the enchanted Moor, that turns a-new to torment us, for somewhat that is yet unpunish'd? He cannot be the Moor, answer'd *Don Quixote*, for Necromancers suffer not themselves to be seen by any.

If they suffer not themselves to be seen, quoth *Sancho*, they suffer themselves at least to be felt; if not, let my Shoulders bear witness. So might mine also, said *Don Quixote*; but notwithstanding this is no sufficient Argument to prove him whom we see to be the enchanted Moor. As thus they discours'd the Officer arriv'd, and finding them to commune in so peaceable and quiet a manner, he rested admired. Yet *Don Quixote* lay with his Face upward, as he had left him, and was not able

to stir himself, he was so beaten and beplaster'd. The Officer approaching, demanded of him, Well, how dost thou, good Fellow? I would speak more mannerly, quoth Don *Quixote*, if I were but such a one as thou art: Is it the Custom of this Country, you Bottle-head, to talk after so rude a manner to Knights-Errant? The other, impatient to see one of so vile a Presence use him with that bad Language, could not endure it, but lifting up the Lamp, Oil and all, gave Don *Quixote* such a Blow on the Pate with it, as he broke his Head in one or two places, and leaving all in Darknes behind him, departed presently out of the Chamber. Without doubt (quoth *Sancho*, seeing this Accident) Sir, that was the enchanted *Moor*, and I think he keepeth the Treasure for others, and reserveth only for us Fists and Lamp-blows. 'Tis as thou say'st, quoth Don *Quixote*, and therefore we are not to make account of these Enchantments, or be wrath and angry at 'em; for in respect that they are invisible and fantastical, we shall not find him on whom we may take Revenge, tho' we labour ever so much to do it: Arise therefore, *Sancho*, if thou be'st able, and call to the Constable of this Fortre's, and procure me some Oil, Wine, Salt and Vinegar, that I make the wholesome *Balsamum*, for verily I believe that I do need it very much at this time, the Blood runneth so fast out of the Wound which the Spirit gave me even now. *Sancho* then got up, with Grief enough of his Bones, and went without Light towards the Inn-keeper's, and encounter'd on the way the Officer of the *Holy Brotherhood*, who stood hearkening what did become of his Enemy; to whom he said, Sir, who-soever thou be'st, I desire thee to do us the Favour and Benefit to give me a little Rosemary, Oil, Wine, and Salt, to cure one of the best Knights-Errant that is in the Earth, who lieth now in that Bed sorely wounded by the Hands of an enchanted *Moor* that is in this Inn. When the Officer heard him speak in that manner, he held him to be out of his wits; and because the Dawning began, he open'd the Inn-door, and told unto the Host that which *Sancho* demanded. The Inn-keeper presently provided all that he wanted, and *Sancho* carried it to his Master,

Master, who held his Head between both his Hands, and complain'd much of the Grief that the Blow of his Head caused, which did him no other hurt than to raise up two Blisters somewhat great; and that which he suppos'd to be Blood, was only the Humour which the Anxiety and Labour of Mind he pass'd in this last dark Adventure had made him to sweat.

In Resolution Don *Quixote* took his Simples, of which he made a Compound, mixing them all together, and then boiling of 'em a good while, until they came (as he thought) to their perfection, he ask'd for a Vial wherein he might lay this precious Liquor; but the Inn being unable to afford him any such, he resolv'd at last, to put it into † a Tin Oil-pot, which the Host did freely give him; and forthwith he said over the Pot eighty *Pater-nosters*, and as many *Aves*, *Salves*, and *Creeds*, and accompanied every Word with a Cross, in form of Benediction; at all which Ceremonies *Sancho*, the Inn-keeper, and the Officer of the *Holy Brotherhood*, were present, for the Carrier went very soberly to dress and make ready his Mules.

The Liquor being made, he himself would presently make experience of the Virtue of that precious *Balsamum*, as he did imagine it to be, and so did drink a good Draught of the overplus that could not enter into his Pot, being a Quart, or thereabouts; and scarce had he done it, when he began to vomit so extremely, as he left nothing uncast up in his Stomach, and thro' the Pain and Agitation caused by his Vomits he fell into a very abundant and great Sweat, and therefore commanded himself to be well cover'd, and left alone to take his Ease: Which was done forthwith, and he slept three Hours; and then awaking, found himself so wonderfully eas'd, and free from all Bruising and Pain, as he doubted not but that he was thoroughly whole; and therefore did verily persuade himself that he had happen'd on the right manner of compounding the *Balsamum* of *Fiebreas*; and,

that having that Medicine, he might boldly from thenceforth undertake any Ruins, Battles, Conflicts, or Adventures; how dangerous soever. *Sancho Pancha*, who likewise attributed the sudden Cure of his Master to Miracle, requested, that it would please him to give him Leave to sip up the remainder of the *Balsamum*, which rested in the Kettle, and was no small Quantity; which Don *Quixote* granted; and he lifting it up between both Hands, did with a good Faith, and better Talent, quaff it all off, being little less than his Master had drunk. The Success then of the History is, that poor *Sancho's* Stomach was not so delicate as his Lord's; wherefore, before he could cast, he was tormented with so many cruel Pangs, Loathings, Sweats, and Dismays, as he did verily persuade himself that his last Hour was come; and perceiving himself to be so afflicted and troubled, he curs'd the *Balsamum*, and the Thief which had given it to him. Don *Quixote* seeing of him in that piteous Taking, said, I believe, *Sancho*, all this Evil befalleth thee because thou art not dubb'd Knight; for I persuade my self that this Liquor cannot help any one that is not. If your Worship knew that, quoth *Sancho* (Evil befall me and all my Lineage) why did you therefore consent that I should taste it?

In this time the Drench had made his Operation, and the poor Squire did so swiftly and vehemently discharge himself by both Channels, as neither his Mat or Canvas Covering could serve after to any Use: He sweat, and sweat again, with such excessive Swoonings, as not only himself, but likewise all the Beholders did verily deem that his Life was ending. This Storm and Mischance endured about some two Hours, after which he remain'd not cured as his Master, but so weary and indispos'd as he was not able to stand.

But Don *Quixote*, who, as we have said, felt himself eased and cured, would presently depart to seek Adventures, it seeming unto him, that all the time which he abode there, was no other than a depriving, both of the World and needful People, of his Favour and Assistance, and more thro' the Security and Confidence that he had in his *Balsamum*. And, carried thus away by his Desire,

Desire, he himself saddled his Horse *Rozinante*, and did empannel his Squire's Beast, whom he likewise help'd to apparel himself, and to mount upon his Ass. And presently getting a horseback he rode over to a Corner of the Inn, and laid hand on a Javelin that was there, to make it serve him instead of a Lance. All the People that were in the Inn stood beholding him, which were about twenty in number.

The Inn-keeper's Daughter did also look upon him, and he never withdrew his Eye from her, and would ever and anon breathe forth so doleful a Sigh, as if he had pluck'd it out from the bottom of his Heart, which all the Beholders took to proceed from the Grief of his Ribs, but specially such as had seen him plaister'd the Night before. And being both mounted thus a horseback, he call'd the Inn-keeper, and said unto him with a grave and stay'd Voice, 'Many and great are the Favours, Sir Constable, which I have receiv'd in this your Castle, and do remain most obliged to gratify you for 'em all the Days of my Life : And if I may pay or recompense them by revenging of you upon any proud Miscreant that hath done you any Wrong, know, that it is mine Office to help the Weak, to revenge the Wrong'd, and to chastise Traytors. Call therefore to Memory, and if you find any thing of this kind to commend to my Correction, you need not but once to say it, for I do promise unto you, by the Order of Knighthood, which I have receiv'd, to satisfy and appay you according unto your own Desire.'

The Inn-keeper answer'd him again, with the like gravity and stay'dness, saying, Sir Knight, I shall not need your Assistance when any Wrong is done to me, for I know very well my self how to take the Revenge that I shall think good when the Injury is offer'd : That only which I require, is, that you defray the Charges whereat you have been here in the Inn this Night, as well for the Straw and Barley given to your two Horses, as also for both your Beds. This then is an Inn, quoth Don *Quixote*. That it is, and an honourable one too, replied the Inn-keeper. Then have I hitherto liv'd in an Error, quoth

quoth Don *Quixote*, for in very good sooth I took it till now to be a Castle, and that no mean one neither. But since that is no Castle, but an Inn, that which you may do for the present time is, to forgive me those Expences, for I cannot do aught against the Customs of Knights-Errant; of all which I most certainly know (without ever having read, until this present, any thing to the contrary) that they never paid for their Lodging, or other Thing in any Inn wheresoever they lay; for by all Law and Right, any good Entertainment that is given unto them is their Due, in recompence of the insupportable Travels they endure, seeking Adventures both Day and Night, in Summer and Winter, a-foot and a-horseback, with Thirst and Hunger, in Heat and Cold, being subject to all the Distemperatures of Heaven, and all the Discommodities of the Earth. All this concerns me nothing, replied the Inn-keeper; pay unto me my Due, and leave these Tales and Knighthoods apart, for I care for nothing else, but how I may come by mine own. Thou art a mad and a bad Host, quoth Don *Quixote*: And saying so, he spurr'd *Rozinante*, and flourishing with his Javelin, he issued out of the Inn in despite of them all, and without looking behind him to see once whether his Squire follow'd, he rode a good way off from it.

The Inn-keeper, seeing he departed without satisfying him, came to *Sancho Pança*, to get his Money of him; who answer'd, That since his Lord would not pay, he would likewise give nothing; for, being as he was Squire to a Knight-Errant, the very same Rule and Reason that exempted his Master from Payments in Inns and Taverns, ought also to serve and be understood as well of him. The Inn-keeper grew wroth at these Words, and threaten'd him, that if he did not pay him speedily, he would recover it in a manner that would grieve him. *Sancho* replied, swearing by the Order of Knighthood, which his Lord had receiv'd, that he would not pay one *Denier*, tho' it cost him his Life, for the good and ancient Customs of Knights-Errant should never thro his Default be infringing'd, nor should their Squires, which were yet to come into the World, ever complain on him, or upbraid him
for

for transgressing or breaking so just a Duty. But his bad Fortune ordain'd, that there were at the very time in the same Inn four Clothiers of *Segovia*, and three Point-makers of the Stews of *Cordova*, and two Neighqours of the Market of *Seville*, all pleasant Folk, well-minded, malicious, and playfome, all which prick'd and in a manner mov'd all at one time, and by the very same Spirit came near to *Sancho*, and pulling him down off his Ass, one of them ran in for the Inn-keeper's Coverlet, and casting him into it, they look'd up, and seeing the House was somewhat too low for their intended Business, they determin'd to go into the base Court, which was overhead only limited by Heaven; and then *Sancho* being laid in the midst of the Blanket, they began to toss him aloft, and sport themselves with him in the manner they were wont to use Dogs at *Shrovetide*. The Out-cries of the miserably-betoss'd Squire were so many, and so loud, as they arriv'd at last to his Lord's hearing, who standing a while to listen attentively what it was, believ'd that some new Adventure did approach, until he perceiv'd at last that he which cry'd was his Squire, wherefore turning the Reins, he made towards the Inn with a loathsome Gallop, and finding it shut, he rode all about it, to see where he might enter into it.

But scarce was he arriv'd at the Walls of the base Court, which were not very high, when he perceiv'd the foul Play that was used towards his Squire; for he saw him descend and ascend into the Air again with such Grace and Agility, that, did his Choler permit, I certainly persuade my self he would have burst for Laughter. He essay'd to mount the Wall from his Horse, but he was so bruised and broken, as he could not do as much as alight from his Back; wherefore from his Back he used such reproachful and vile Language to those which toss'd *Sancho*, as 'tis impossible to lay 'em down in Writing. And notwithstanding his scornful Speech, yet did not they cease from their Laughter and Labour, nor the flying *Sancho* from his Complaints, now and then mingled with Threats, now and then with Entreaties, but avail'd very little, nor could prevail, until they were constrain'd
by

by Weariness to give him over. Then did they bring him his Ass again, and helping him up upon it, they lip'd him in his † Mantle. And the compassionate *Mari-
tornes* beholding him so afflicted and o'erlabour'd, thought it needful to help him to a Draught of Water, and so brought it him from the Well, because the Water thereof was coolest. *Sancho* took the Pot, and laying it to his Lips, he abstain'd from drinking by his Lord's Persuasion, who cried to him aloud, saying, Son *Sancho*, drink not Water, drink it not, for 'twill kill thee; behold, I have here with me the most holy *Balsamum* (and shew'd him the Oil-pot of the Drenches he had compounded) for, with only two Drops that thou drinkest, thou shalt without all doubt be made whole and sound. At those Words *Sancho* looking behind him, answer'd his Master with a loud Voice, Have you forgotten perhaps so soon, how that I am no Knight? or, Do you desire, that I vomit the remnant of the poor Bowels that remain in me since yesternight? Keep your Liquor for your self in the Devil's Name, and permit me to live in peace: And the Conclusion of this Speech, and his Beginning to drink, was done all in one instant. But finding at the first Draught that it was Water, he would not taste it any more, but requested *Mari-
tornes* that she would give him some Wine, which she did strait with a very good Will, and likewise pay'd for it out of her own Purse; for in effect 'tis written of her, that tho' she follow'd that Trade, yet had she some Shadows or Lineaments in her of Christianity. As soon as *Sancho* had drunken, he visited his Ass's Ribs with his Heels twice or thrice, and the Inn being open'd, he issu'd out of it, very glad that he had paid nothing and gotten his Desire, altho' it were to the Cost of his ordinary Surgeties, to wit, his Shoulders. Yet did the Inn-keeper remain possess'd of his Wallets, as a Payment for that he owed him; but *Sancho* was so distracted when he departed, as he never missed them. After he departed, the Inn-keeper thought to

have shut up the Inn-door again, but the Gentlemen-toffers would not permit, being such Folk, that if Don *Quixote* were verily one of the Knights of the *Round Table*, yet would not they esteem him two Chips.



C H A P. IV.

Wherein are rehearsed the Discourses pass'd between Sancho Pancha and his Lord Don Quixote, with other Adventures worthy the Recital.

SANCHO arriv'd to his Master all wan and dismay'd, infomuch as he was scarce able to spur on his Beast.

When Don *Quixote* beheld him in that Case, he said to him, Now do I wholly persuade my self, Friend *Sancho*, that that Castle or Inn is doubtlesly enchanted; for those which made Pastime with thee in so cruel a manner, what else could they be but Spirits, or People of another World? which I do the rather believe, because I saw, that whilst I stood at the Barrier of the Yard, beholding the Acts of thy sad Tragedy, I was not in any wise able either to mount or alight from *Rozinante*; for, as I say, I think they held me enchanted: For I vow to thee by mine Honour, that if I could have either mounted or alighted, I would have taken such Vengeance on those lewd and treacherous Cairifs, as they should remember the Jest for ever, tho' I had therefore adventur'd to transgress the Laws of Knighthood; which, as I have oft-times said to thee, permitted not any Knight to lay hands on one that is not knighted, if it be not in defence of his proper Life and Person, and that in case of great and urgent Necessity. So would I also have reveng'd my self, quoth *Sancho*, if I might, were they Knights or no Knights, but I could not; and yet I do infallibly believe that those which took their pleasure with me were neither Ghosts

nor

nor enchanted Men, as you say, but Men of Flesh and Bones, as we are; and all of 'em, as I have heard 'em call'd whilst they tossed me, had proper Names; for one was term'd *Peter Martinez*, and another *Tenorio Harriander*; and I heard also the Inn-keeper call'd *Jahn Palmeque the deaf*: So that for your Inability of not leaping over the Barriers of the Yard, or alighting off your Horse, was only Enchantments in you: Whereby I do clearly collect this much, that these Adventures which we go in search of; will bring us at last to so many Disventures, as we shall not be able to know which is our right Foot: And that which we might do best, according to my little Understanding, were to return us again to our Village, now that it is Reaping-time, and look to our Goods, omitting to leap thus, as they say, *out of the Frying-pan into the Fire*.

How little dost thou know, *Sancho*, reply'd *Don Quixote*, what appertaineth to Chivalry! Peace, and have Patience, for a Day will come wherein thou shalt see with thine own Eyes how honourable 'tis to follow this Exercise: If not, tell me; What greater Content may there be in this World, or what Pleasure can equal that of winning a Battel, and of triumphing over one's Enemy? None, without doubt. I think it be so, quoth *Sancho*, altho' I do not know it; only this I know, that since we became Knights-Errant, or that you are one (for there's no Reason why I should count my self in so honourable a number) we never overcame any Battel, if it was not that of the *Biscaine*; and you came even out of the very same with half your Ear, and Beaverless; and ever after that time we have had nothing but Cudgels and more Cudgels, Blows and more Blows; I carrying with me besides, of Overplus, the tossing in the Blanket; and that, by reason 'twas done to me by enchanted Persons, I cannot be reveng'd, and by consequence shall not know that true Gust and Delight that is taken by vanquishing mine Enemies, whereof you speak even now. That is it which grieves me, as it should thee also, *Sancho*, quoth *Don Quixote*; but I will procure hereafter to get a Sword made, with such Art, that
who-

whoſoever ſhall wear it, no kind of Enchantment ſhall hurt him. And perhaps Fortune will preſent me the very ſame which belonged to *Amadis*, when he called himſelf *The Knight of the burning Sword*, which was one of the beſt, that ever Knight had in this World; for beſides the Vertue that I told, it did alſo cut like a Razor, and no Armour, were it ever ſo ſtrong or enchanted, could ſtand before it. I am ſo fortunate, quoth *Sancho*, that when this beſel, and that you found ſuch a Sword, it would only ſerve and be beneficial, and ſtand in ſtead ſuch as are dubb'd Knights, as doth your *Balsamum*, whilſt the poor Squires are cramm'd full with Sorrows. Fear not that, *Sancho*, quoth *Don Quixote*, for Fortune will deal with thee more liberally than ſo.

In theſe Diſcourſes *Don Quixote* and his Squire rode, when *Don Quixote*, perceiving a great and thick Duſt to ariſe in the way, wherein he travelled, turning to *Sancho* ſaid, This is (*Sancho*) the Day, wherein ſhall be manifeſt the good which Fortune hath reſerved for me. This is the Day, wherein the Force of mine Arm muſt be ſhewn as much as in any other whatſoever, and in it will I do ſuch Feats, as ſhall for ever remain recorded in the Books of Fame: Doſt thou ſee, *Sancho*, the Duſt which ariſeth there? Know that it is cauſed by a mighty Army, and ſundry and innumerable Nations, which come marching there. If that be ſo, quoth *Sancho*, then muſt there be two Armies, for on this other ſide is raiſed as great a Duſt. *Don Quixote* turned back to behold it, and ſeeing it was ſo indeed, he was marvellous glad, thinking that they were doubtleſſy two Armies, which came to fight one with another, in the miſt of that ſpacious Plain. For he had his Fantasy ever explediſhed with theſe Battels, Enchantments, Succeſſes, Ravings, Loves, and Challenges, which are rehearſed in Books of Knighthood; and all that ever he ſpoke, thought, or did, was addreſſed and applied to the like Things; and the Duſt which he had ſeen, was raiſed by two great Flocks of Sheep, that came thorough the ſame Field by two different ways, and could not be diſcerned by reaſon of the Duſt, until they were very near. *Don Quixote* did
affirm,

affirm that they were two Armies, with so very good Earnest as *Sancho* believed it, and demanded of him, Sir, what then shall we two do? What shall we do, (quoth *Don Quixote*) but assist the needful and weaker side? For thou shalt know, *Sancho*, that he who comes towards us, is the great Emperor *Alifanfaron*, Lord of the great Island of *Trapobana*. The other who marcheth at our back, is his Enemy the King of the *Garamantes*, *Pentapolin* of the naked Arm, so called, because he still entered into Battle, with his right Arm naked. I pray you good Sir, quoth *Sancho*, to tell me why these two Princes hate one another so much? They are Enemies, replied *Don Quixote*, because that this *Alifanfaron* is a furious Pagan, and is enamour'd of *Pentapolin's* Daughter, who is a very beautiful and gracious Princess, and moreover a Christian. And her Father refuseth to give her to the Pagan King, until first he abandon *Mahomet's* false Sect, and become one of his Religion. By my Beard, quoth *Sancho*, *Pentapolin* hath Reason, and I will help him all that I may. By doing so, quoth *Don Quixote*, thou performest thy Duty; for it is not requisite, that one be a Knight, to the end he may enter in such Battels. I do apprehend that my self, quoth *Sancho*, very well; but where shall we leave this *Asi* in the mean time, that we may be sure to find him again after the Conflict, for I think it is not the Custom to enter into Battel, mounted on such a Beast.

It is true, quoth *Don Quixote*, that which thou may'st do, is to leave him to his Adventures; and care not whether he be lost or found, for we shall have so many Horses, after coming out of this Battel Victors, that very *Roxinante* himself is in danger to be changed for another. But be attentive, for I mean to describe unto thee the principal Knights of both the Armies. And to the end thou may'st the better see and note all Things, let us retire ourselves there to that little Hillock, from whence both the Armies may easily be descry'd.

They did so, and standing on the top of a Hill, from whence they might have seen both the Flocks (which

Don

Don *Quixote* called an Army) very well, if the Clouds of Dust had not hindered it and blinded their Sight; yet notwithstanding our Knight seeing in conceit that which really he did not see at all, began to say with a loud Voice:

“That Knight which thou seest there with the yellow Armour, who bears in his Shield a Lion crown’d, crouching at a Damsel’s feet, is the valourous *Laurelio*, Lord of the *Silver-bridge*; the other, whose Arms are powder’d with Flowers of Gold, and bears in an Azure Field three Crowns of Silver, is the dreaded *Micoblembo*, great Duke of *Quirocia*; the other limbed like a Giant, that standeth at his right-hand, is the undaunted *Brandabarbaray*, of *Boliche*, Lord of the Three *Arabia’s*, and comes armed with a Serpent’s Skin, bearing for his Shield (as is reported) one of the Gates of the Temple, which *Sampson* at his Death overthrew, to be revenged of his Enemies. But turn thine Eyes to this other side, and thou shalt see first of all, and in the front of this other Army, the ever Victor and never vanquished *Timonel* of *Carcaiona*, Prince of *New Biscay*, who comes armed, with Arms parted into Blue, Green, White, and Yellow Quarters, and bears in his Shield in a Field of Tawney, a * Cat of Gold, with a Letter that says *Miau*, which is the beginning of his Lady’s Name, which is, as the Report runs, the peerless *Miaulina*, Daughter to the Duke *Alfeniquen* of *Algarve*. The other that burdens and oppresseth the back of that mighty † Courser, whose Armour is as white as Snow, and also his Shield without any Device, is a Knight novel of *France*, called *Pierres Papin*, Lord of the Barony of *Utrique*. The other that beats his Horse’s Sides with his armed Heels, and bears the Arms of pure Azure, is the mighty Duke of *Nerbia Espartafilardo* of the Wood; who bears for his device, a ‡ Harrow, with a Motto that says, *So trails my Fortune*.” And thus he proceeded forward, naming many Knights of the one and the

* *Catto.*† *Alfana.*‡ *Esparraguera.*

other.

other Squadron, even as he had imagined them, and attributed to each one, his Arms, his Colours, Impress, and Motto's suddenly born away by the Imagination of his wonderful Distraction: And without stammering he proceeded, saying, 'This first Squadron containeth Folk of many Nations, in it are those which taste the sweet Waters of famous *Xante*. The mountainous Men that tread the *Mafilical Fields*. Those that do sift the most pure and rare Gold of *Arabia Felix*. Those that possess the famous and delightful Banks of clear *Term-donte*. Those that let Blood many and sundry ways the golden *Paetolus*. The *Numidæes*, unstedfast in their Promise. The *Persians* famous for Archers, The *Parthes* and *Medes* that fight flying. The *Arabs* inconstant in their Dwellings. The *Scithes* as cruel as white. The *Æthiops* of boared Lips; and other infinite Nations, whose Faces I know and behold, although I have forgotten their Denominations. In that other Army come those that taste the crystalline Streams of the *Olive-bearing Betis*. Those that dip and polish their Faces with the Liquor of the ever-rich and golden *Tagus*. Those that possess the profitable Flavour of divine *Gentle*. Those that trample the *Tarsessian Fields*, so abundant in Pasture. Those that recreate themselves in the *Elyssian Fields* of *Xerez*. The rich *Manchegans* crowned with ruddy Ears of Corn. Those apparelled with Iron, the ancient Relicks of the *Gothish* Blood. Those that bathe themselves in *Pisuerga*, renowned for the Smoothness of his Current. Those that feed their Flocks in the vast Fields of the wreathing *Guadiana*, so celebrated for his hidden Course. Those that tremble through the Cold of the bushy *Pireus*, and the *lofty *Apenines*. Finally, all those that *Europe* in it self containeth.'

Good God! how many Provinces repeated he at that time, and how many Nations did he name, giving to every one of them, with marvellous celerity and briefness, their proper Attributes, being swallowed up

* Or white crested.

and ingulphed in those Things which he read in his lying Books! *Sancho-Pancho* stood suspended at his Speech, and spoke not a word, but only would now and then turn his head to see, whether he could mark those Knights and Giants, which his Lord had named; and by reason he could not discover any, he said, Sir, I give to the Devil any Man, Giant, or Knight, of all those you said that appeareth, at least I cannot discern them. Perhaps all is but Enchantment, like that of the Ghosts of yesternight. How? say'st thou so, quoth *Don Quixote*: Dost thou not hear the Horses neigh, the Trumpets sound, and the Noise of the Drums? I hear nothing else, said *Sancho*, but the great Bleating of many Sheep.

And so it was indeed, for by this time the two Flocks did approach them very near. The Fear that thou conceivest, *Sancho*, quoth *Don Quixote*, maketh thee that thou canst neither hear nor see aright; for one of the Effects of Fear is to trouble the Senses, and make Things appear otherwise than they are; and seeing thou fearest so much, retire thy self out of the way; for I alone am sufficient to give the Victory to that part which I shall assist: And having ended his Speech, he set Spurs to *Rozinante*, and setting his Lance in the Rest, he flung down from the Hillock like a Thunderbolt.

Sancho cried to him as loud as he could, saying, return good Sir *Don Quixote*, for I vow unto God, that all those which you go to charge, are but Sheep and Muttons.

Return, I say, alas that ever I was born, what Madness is this? Look, for there is neither Giant nor Knight, nor Cats, nor Arms, nor Shields, parted nor whole, nor pure Azures nor devilish. What is it you do, Wretch that I am! For all this *Don Quixote* did not return, but rather rode faster, saying with a loud Voice, On, on, Knights, all you that serve and march under the Banners of the valorous Emperor *Pentapolin of the naked Arm*, follow me, all of you, and you shall see how easily I will revenge him on his Enemy *Alisamfaron of Trapobana*. And saying so, he entered into

into the midst of the Flock of Sheep, and began to lance them with such Courage and Fury, as if he did in good earnest encounter his mortal Enemies.

The Shepherds that came with the Flock, cried to him to leave off, but seeing their Words took no effect, they unloosed their Slings and began to salute his Pate with Stones, as great as one's Fist. But Don *Quixote* made no account of their Stones, and did fling up and down among the Sheep, saying, Where art thou, proud *Alisamfaron*, where art thou? come to me, for I am but one Knight alone, who desire to prove my Forces with thee Man to Man, and deprive thee of thy Life, in pain of the Wrong thou dost to the valiant *Pentapolin*, the *Garamiante*. At that instant a Stone gave him such a Blow on one of his Sides, as did bury two of his Ribs in his Body. He beholding himself so ill dight, did presently believe that he was either slain, or sorely wounded; and remembring himself of his Liquor, he took out his Oil-pot, and set it to his Mouth to drink; but ere he could take as much as he thought was requisite to cure his Hurts, there cometh another Almond, which struck him so full upon the Hand and Oil-pot, as broke it into pieces, and carried away with it besides three or four of his Cheek-teeth, and did moreover bruise very sorely two of his Fingers. Such was the first and the second Blow, as the poor Knight was constrained to lie down off his Horse. And the Shepherds arriving did verily believe they had slain him; and therefore gathering their Flock together with all speed, and carrying away their dead Muttons, which were more than seven, they went away without verifying the Matter any further.

Sancho remained all this while on the height, beholding his Master's Follies, pulling the Hairs off his Beard for very despite, and cursing the Hour and Moment wherein he first knew him; but seeing him overthrown to the Earth, and the Shepherds fled away, he came down to him, and found him in very bad Taking, yet had he not quite lost the Use of his Senses,

ses, to whom he said, Did not I bid you, Sir Knight, return, and told you, that you went not to invade an Army of Men, but a Flock of Sheep?

That Thief the Wiseman, who is mine Adversary, quoth Don *Quixote*, can counterfeit, and make Men to seem such, or vanish away, as he pleaseth; for, *Sancho*, thou ought'st to know, that it is a very easy thing for those kind of Men to make us seem what they please; and this *Maligne* that persecuteth me, envying the Glory which he saw I was like to acquire in this Battel, hath converted the Enemy's Squadrons into Sheep; and if thou wilt not believe me, *Sancho*, yet do one thing for my Sake, that thou may'st remove thine Error, and perceive the Truth which I affirm. Get upon thy Ass, and follow them fair and softly aloof, and thou shalt see, that as soon as thou art parted any distance from hence, they will turn to shew their first Form, and, leaving to be Sheep, will become Men, as right and streight as I painted 'em to thee at the first: but go not now, for I have need of thy Help and Assistance; draw nearer to me, and see how many Cheek-teeth and others I want, for methinks there is not one left in my Mouth. With that *Sancho* approach'd so near, that he almost laid his Eyes in his Master's Mouth; and 'twas just at the time that the *Balsamum* had wrought its effect in Don *Quixote's* Stomach, and at the very Season that *Sancho* went to look into his Mouth, he disgorg'd all that he had in his Stomach with as great Violence as if it had been shot out of a Musquet, just in his compassionate Squire's Beard.

O holy Mother *Mary*! quoth *Sancho*, what is this that hath befallen me? the poor Man is mortally wounded, without doubt, for he vomiteth up Blood at his Mouth. But looking a little nearer to it, he perceiv'd by the Colour and Smell, that it was not Blood, but the *Balsamum* of his Master's Oil-bottle, whereat he instantly took such a Loathing, that his Stomach likewise turn'd, and he vomited out his very Bowels almost all in his Master's Face: And so they both remain'd like Pearls.

Soon

Soon after *Sancho* ran to his Ass to take somewhat to clear himself, and to cure his Lord, out of his Wallet, which when he found ‡ wanting, he was ready to run out of his Wits: There he began anew to curse himself, and made a firm Resolution in Mind, that he would leave his Master, and turn to his Country again, altho' he were sure both to lose his Wages and the Hope of the Government of the promis'd Island.

By this Don *Quixote* arose, and setting his left Hand to his Mouth, that the rest of his Teeth might not fall out, he caught hold on the Reins of *Roxinante's* Bridle with the other, who had never stirr'd from his Master (such was his Loyalty and Good-nature) he went towards his Squire, that lean'd upon his Ass with his Hand under his Cheek, like one pensive and malecontent. And Don *Quixote* seeing him in that guise, with such Signs of Sadness, said unto him, Know, *Sancho*, that one Man is not more than another, if he do not more than another: All those Storms that fall on us, are Arguments that the Time will wax calm very soon, and that Things will have better Success hereafter; for 'tis not possible that either Good or Ill be durable. And hence we may collect, that our Misfortunes having lasted so long, our Fortune and Wealth must be likewise near; and therefore thou ought'st not thus to afflict thy self for thy Disgraces that befall me, seeing no part of them fall to thy Lot.

How! Not, quoth *Sancho*? Was he whom they to's'd yesterday in the Coverlet, by Fortune, any other Man's Son than my Father's? And the Wallet that I want to-day, with all my Provision, was it any other's than my own? What! dost thou want thy Wallet, *Sancho*, quoth Don *Quixote*? Ay, that I do, quoth he. In that manner, reply'd Don *Quixote*, we have nothing left us to eat to-day. That would be so, quoth *Sancho*, if we could not find among these Fields the Herbs which I

‡ Having left it behind him in the Inn, when he ran away, and pay'd nothing for his Lodging.

have heard you say, you know, wherewithal such unlucky Knights-Errant as you are wont to supply like Needs.

For all that, quoth Don *Quixote*, I would rather have now a quarter of a Loaf, or a Cake and two Pilchards Heads, than all the Herbs that *Dioscorides* describeth, altho' they came gloss'd by Dr. *Laguna* himself: But yet, for all that, get upon the Beast, *Sancho* the good, and follow me, for God, who is the Provider for all Creatures, will not fail us; and principally seeing we do a Work so greatly to his Service as we do, seeing he doth not abandon the little Flies of the Air, nor the Wormlings of the Earth, nor the Spawnlings of the Water: And he is so merciful, that he maketh his Sun shine on the Good and the Evil, and rains on Sinners and Just Men. You were much fitter, quoth *Sancho*, to be a Preacher, than for a Knight-Errant. Knights-Errant know, and ought to know, somewhat of all Things, quoth Don *Quixote*; for there hath been a Knight-Errant in Times past, who would make a Sermon or Discourse in the midst of a Camp-royal, with as good Grace as if he were graduated in the University of *Paris*; by which we may gather that the Lance never dull'd the Pen, nor the Pen the Lance.

Well then, quoth *Sancho*, let it be as you have said, and let us depart hence and procure to find a Lodging for this Night, where, I pray God, may be no Coverlets and Tossers, nor Spirits, nor enchanted *Moors*; for if there be, I'll bestow the Flock and the Hook on the Devil.

Demand that of God, Son *Sancho*, quoth Don *Quixote* and lead me where thou pleasest, for I will leave the election of our Lodging to thy choice for this time; yet, I pray thee, give me thy Hand; and feel how many Cheek-teeth, or others, I want in this right side of the upper Jaw, for there I feel most Pain. *Sancho* put in his Fingers, and, whilst he felt him, demanded, How many Cheek-teeth were you accustom'd to have on this side? Four, quoth he, besides the hindermost, all of 'em very whole and sound. See well what you say.

Sir, quoth *Sancho*. I say, four, quoth Don *Quixote*, if they were not five; for I never in my Life drew or lost any Tooth, nor hath any fall'n, or been worm-eaten, or marr'd by any Rheum. Well then, quoth *Sancho*, you have in this nether part but two Cheek-teeth and a half, and in the upper neither half nor any, for all there is as plain as the Palm of my Hand. Unfortunate I (quoth Don *Quixote*, hearing the sorrowful News that his Squire told unto him) for I had rather lose one of mine Arms, so it were not that of my Sword; for, *Sancho*, thou must wit, that *a Mouth without Cheek-teeth, is like a Mill without a Mill-stone*; and a Tooth is much more to be esteem'd than a Diamond.

But we, which profess the rigorous Laws of Arms, are subject to all these Disasters; wherefore mount, gentle Friend, and give the Way, for I will follow thee what Pace thou pleasest. *Sancho* obey'd, and rode the Way where he thought he might find Lodging, without leaving the Highway, which was there very much beaten: And going thus by little and little (for Don *Quixote's* Pain of his Jaws did not suffer him Rest, or make over-much Haste) *Sancho*, to entertain him, and divert his Thought by saying some Things, began to abord him in the form we mean to rehearse in the Chapter ensuing.



C H A P. V.

Of the discreet Discourses passed between Sancho and his Lord; with the Adventure succeeding of a dead Body, and other notable Occurrences.

MEthinks, good Sir, that all the Mishaps that be-fel us these Days past are, without any doubt, in punishment of the Sin you committed against the Order of Knighthood, by not performing the Oath you swore, not to eat Bread on Table-cloths, nor to sport
with

with the *Queen*, with all the rest which ensueh, and you vow'd to accomplish, until you had won the Helmet of *Malandrino*, or I know not how the *Moor* is call'd, for I have forgotten his Name. Thou say'st right, *Sancho*, quoth *Don Quixote*; but, to tell the Truth indeed, I did wholly forget it: And thou may'st likewise think certainly, that because thou didst not remember it to me in time, that of the Coverlet was inflicted as a Punishment on thee; but I will make amends, for we have also Manners of Reconciliation for all Things in the Order of Knighthood. Why, did I by chance swear any thing, quoth *Sancho*? It little imports, quoth *Don Quixote*, that thou hast not sworn; let it suffice that I know thou art not very clear from the Fault of an Accessary; and therefore, at all adventures, 'twill not be ill to provide a Remedy. If it be so, quoth *Sancho*, beware you do not forget this again, as you did that of the Oath, for if you should, perhaps those Spirits will take again a Fancy to solace themselves with me, and peradventure with you your self, if they see you obstinate.

Being in these and other such Discourses, the Night overtook them in the Way, before they could discover any Lodging; and that which was worst of all, they were almost famish'd with Hunger; for, by the loss of their Wallets, they lost at once both their Provision and Warder-house. And to accomplish wholly this Disgrace, there succeeded a certain Adventure, which certainly happen'd as we lay it down, without any Addition in the World, and was this: The Night did shut up with some Darkness, yet notwithstanding they travel'd on still, *Sancho* believing that since that was the Highway, there must be within a League or two in all reason some Inn. Travelling therefore, as I have said, in a dark Night, the Squire being hungry, and the Master having a good Stomach, they saw coming towards them, in the very Way they travel'd, a great multitude of Lights, resembling nothing so well as wandering Stars. *Sancho* beholding them, was struck into a wonderful Amazement, and his Lord was not much better: The one drew his As-

halter, the other held his Horse, and both of 'em stood still, beholding attentively what that might be, and they perceiv'd that the Lights drew still nearer unto them, and the more they approach'd they appear'd the greater. At the Sight *Sancho* did tremble, like one infected by the savour of Quicksilver; and *Don Quixote's* Hair did stand up like Bristles; who animating himself a little, said, *Sancho*, this must be questionless a great and most dangerous Adventure, wherein 'tis requisite that I shew all my Valour and Strength.

Unfortunate I, quoth *Sancho*! if by chance this Adventure were of Ghosts, as it seemeth to me that it is, where will there be Ribs to suffer it? Be they never so great Ghosts, said *Don Quixote*, I will not consent that they touch one Hair of thy Garment; for if they jested with thee the other time, 'twas because I could not leap over the Walls of the Yard; but now we are in plain Field where I may brandish my Sword as I please.

And if they enchant and benumb you, as they did the other time, quoth *Sancho*, what will it then avail us to be in open Field or no? For all that, reply'd *Don Quixote*, I pray thee, *Sancho*, be of good Courage, for Experience shall shew thee how great my Valour is. I will, an't please God, quoth *Sancho*. And so departing somewhat out of the Way, they began again to view earnestly what that of the travelling Lights might be; and after a very little space they espy'd many white Things, whose dreadful Visions did in that very instant abate *Sancho Pancha's* Courage, who now began to chatter with his Teeth, like one that had the Cold of a *Quartane*; and when they did distinctly perceive what it was, then did his beating and chattering of Teeth encrease, for they discover'd about some Twenty all cover'd with White a horseback, with Tapers lighted in their Hands, after which follow'd a Litter cover'd over with Black, and then ensued other six a horseback attired in Mourning, and likewise their Mules, even to the very Ground; for they perceiv'd they were not Horses, by the quietness of their Pace. The white Folk rode murmuring some-
wha

what among themselves with a low and compassionate Voice.

Which strange Vision, at such an Hour, and in Places not inhabited, was very sufficient to strike Fear into *Sancho's* Heart, and even into his Master's, if it had been any other than *Don Quixote*; but *Sancho* tumbled here and there, being quite overthrown with Terror. The contrary happen'd to his Lord, to-whom, in that same Hour, his Imagination represented unto him most lively the Adventure wherein he was, to be such a one as he oft-times had read in his Books of Chivalry; for it figur'd unto him, that the Litter was a Bier, wherein was carried some grievously wounded or dead Knight, whose Revenge was only reserv'd for him: And without making any other Discourse, he set his Lance in the Rest, seated himself surely in his Saddle, and put himself in the midst of the Way by which the white Folk must forcibly pass, with great Spirit and Courage; and when he saw them draw near, he said with a loud Voice, Stand, Sir Knight, who-soever you be, and render me an Account what you are, from whence you come, where you go, and what that is which you carry in that Bier; for, according as you shew, either you have done to others, or others to you, some Injury; and 'tis convenient and needful that I know it, either to chastise you for the Ill you have committed, or else to revenge you of the Wrong which you have suffer'd. - We are in haste, quoth one of the white Men, and the Inn is far off, and therefore cannot expect to give so full Relation as you request: And with that, spurring his Mule, he rode forward.

Don Quixote highly disdain'd at that Answer, took by the Bridle and held him, saying, Stay, proud Knight, and be better manner'd another time, and give me Account of that which I demanded; if not, I defy you all to mortal Battel.

The Mule whereon the white Man rode was somewhat fearful and skittish, and being taken thus rudely by the Bridle, she took such a Fright, that rising up on her hinder Legs, she unhors'd her Rider. One of the Lackeys that came with them, seeing him fallen, began to re-

vile Don *Quixote*, who being by this thoroughly enrag'd, without any more ado, putting his Lance in the Rest, run upon one of the Mourners, and threw him to the Ground very sore wounded; and turning upon the rest, 'twas a thing worthy the noting with what Dexterity he did assault, break upon them, and put them all to flight; for it seem'd none other but that *Roxinante* had gotten then Wings, he bestirr'd himself so nimbly and courageously.

All those white Men were fearful People, and unarm'd, and therefore fled away from the Skirmish in a trice, and began to traverse that Field with their Tapers burning, that they seem'd to be Maskers, that use to run up and down in Nights of *Joie* and Recreation. The Mourners likewise were so lapped up and muffled by their mourning Weeds, as they could scarce stir them; so that Don *Quixote* did, without any danger of his Person, give 'em all the *Bastinado*, and caused them to forsake their Rooms whether they would or no; for all of 'em did verily think that he was no Man, but a Devil of Hell, that met them to take away the dead Body which they carried in the Litter. All this did *Sancho* behold, marvellously admir'd at his Master's Boldness, which made him say to himself, *My Master is infallibly as strong and valiant as he said.*

There lay on the Ground, by him whom his Mule had first overthrown, a wax Taper still burning, by whose light Don *Quixote* perceiv'd him, and coming over to him he laid the Point of his Lance upon his Face, saying, That he should render himself, or else he would slay him: To which the other answer'd, I am already render'd more than enough, seeing I cannot stir me out of the Place, for one of my Legs is broken; and if you be a Christian, I desire you not to kill me, for therein you would commit a great Sacrilege, I being a *Licentiate*, and have receiv'd the first Orders.

Well then, quoth Don *Quixote*, what Devil brought thee hither, being a Churchman? Who, Sir, reply'd the Overthrown, but my Misfortune? Yet doth a greater threaten thee, said Don *Quixote*, if thou dost not satisfie
me

me in all that which I first demanded of thee. You shall easily be satisfied, quoth the Licenciante; and therefore you shall wit, that altho' first of all I said I was a Licenciante, I am none, but a Batchelor, and am call'd *Alonso Lopez*, born at *Alcovendas*, and I came from the City of *Bacca* with eleven other Priests, which are those that fled away with the Tapers; we travel towards *Segovia*, accompanying the dead Body that lies in that Litter, of a certain Gentleman who died in *Bacca*, and was there deposited for a while; and now, as I say, we carry his Bones to the Place of Burial, which is in *Segovia*, the Place of his Birth.

And who kill'd him, quoth Don *Quixote*? God, quoth the Batchelor, with certain pestilential Fevers that he took. In that manner, quoth Don *Quixote*, our Lord hath deliver'd me from the Pains I would have taken to revenge his Death, if any other had slain him: But having kill'd him, he that did it, there is no other Remedy but Silence, and to lift up the Shoulders; for the same I must my self have done, if he were likewise pleased to slay me: And I would have your Reverence to understand, that I am a Knight of the *Mancha*, call'd Don *Quixote*, and mine Office and Exercise is, to go throughout the World, righting of Wrongs, and undoing of Injuries.

I cannot understand how that can be of righting Wrongs, quoth the Batchelor, seeing you have made me, who was right before, now very crooked, by breaking of my Leg, which can never be righted again as long as I live; and the Injury which you have undone in me, is none other but to leave me so injured, as I shall remain injured for ever: And 'twas a very great Disventure to have encounter'd with you, that go about to seek Adventures. All things, quoth Don *Quixote*, succeed not of one fashion; the Hurt was, Master Batchelor *Alonso Lopez*, that you travel'd thus by Night cover'd with those Surplices, with burning Tapers, and cover'd with Weeds of Dole, so that you appear'd most properly some bad Thing, and of the other World, and so I could not omit to fulfil my Duty by assaulting you, which I would have

done, altho' I verily knew you to be the Satans themselves of Hell, for such I judg'd and accounted you ever till now.

Then since my bad Fortune hath so dispos'd it, quoth the Batchelor, I desire you, good Sir Knight-Errant (who hath given me so evil an Errand) that you will help me to get up from under this Mule, who holds still my Leg betwixt the Stirrup and Saddle. I would have staid talking until to-morrow Morning, quoth Don *Quixote*, and why did you expect so long to declare your Grief to me? He presently call'd to *Sancho Pancha*, to come over, but he had little mind to do so, for he was other ways employ'd, ransacking of a Sumpter-Mule which those good Folk brought with 'em, well furnish'd with Belly-ware. *Sancho* made a Bag of his Cassock, and catching all that he might or could contain, he laid it on his Beast, and then presently after repair'd to his Master, and help'd to deliver the good Batchelor from the Oppression of his Mule: And mounting him again on it, he gave him his Taper, and Don *Quixote* bade him to follow his Fellows, of whom he should desire Pardon, in his Name, for the Wrong he had done them, for it lay not in his hands to have done the contrary. *Sancho* said to him also, If those Gentlemen would by chance know who the valorous Knight is that hath used them thus, you may say unto them, that he is the famous Don *Quixote* of *Mancha*, otherwise call'd *The Knight of the Ill-favour'd Face*.

With this the Batchelor departed, and Don *Quixote* demanded of *Sancho*, what had mov'd him to call him *The Knight of the Ill-favour'd Face*, more at that Time than at any other. I will tell you that, quoth *Sancho*; I stood beholding of you a pretty while by the Taper-light, which that unlucky Man carrieth, and truly you have one of the evil-favour'dst Countenances of late that ever I saw; which either proceedeth of your being tired after this Battel, or else thro' the loss of your Teeth. This is not the Reason, said Don *Quixote*; but rather it hath seem'd fit to the Wise-man, to whose Charge is left the writing of my History, that I take some appellative Name, as all other Knights of yore have done;
for

for one call'd himself *The Knight of the burning Sword*; another, that of *the Unicorn*; this, him of *the Phoenix*; the other, that of *the Damsels*; another, *The Knight of the Griffin*; and some other, *The Knight of Death*: and by these Names and Devices they were known throughout the Compass of the Earth. And so I say, that the Wise-man, whom I mention'd, set in thy Mind and Tongue the Thought to call me *The Knight of the Ill-favour'd Face*, as I mean to call my self from henceforth: And, that the Name may become me better, I will upon the first Occasion cause to be painted in my Shield a most ill-favour'd Countenance.

You need not, quoth *Sancho*, spend so much Time and Money in having the like Countenance painted, but that which you may more easily do, is, to discover your own, and look directly on those that behold you, and I will warrant you, that without any more ado, or new painting, in your Shield, they will call you, Him of the *Ill-favour'd Face*: And let this be said in jest, That Hunger and the want of your Teeth have given you, as I have said, so *evil-favour'd a Face*, as you may well excuse all other heavy Portraitures. *Don Quixote* laugh'd at his Squire's Conceit, and yet nevertheless he purpos'd to call himself by that Name, as soon as ever he could have commodity to paint his Shield or Buckler. And after he had paus'd a while, he said to *Sancho*, I believe, *Sancho*, that I am excommunicated, for having laid violent Hands upon a consecrated thing, † *juxta illud, si quis suadente diabolo, &c.* altho' I am certain I laid not my Hands upon him, but only this Javelin; and besides, I did not any way suspect that I offended Priests or Church-men, which I do respect and honour as a Catholick and faithful Christian, but rather, that they were Shadows and Spirits of the other World.

And if the worst happen'd, I remember well that which befel the *Cyd Roy Dias*, when he broke that other King's Ambassador's Chair before the Pope's Holi-

† Canon, 72. Distinct. 134.

ness, for which he excommunicated him; and yet for all that, the good *Roderick Vivar* behav'd himself that Day like an honourable and valiant Knight.

About this time the Batchelor departed, as is said, without speaking a Word, and Don *Quixote* would fain have seen whether the Corps that came in the Litter were Bones, or no; but *Sancho* would not permit him, saying, Sir, you have finished this perilous Adventure most with your Safety of any one of those that I have seen. This People, altho' overcome and scatter'd, might perhaps fall in the Consideration, that he who hath overcome them is but one Person alone, and growing ashamed thereof, would perhaps join and unite themselves, and turn upon us and give us enough Business to do: The Ass is in good plight, according to my Desire, and the Mountain at hand, and Hunger oppresseth us, therefore we have nothing else to do at this time but retire ourselves with a good Pace, and, as 'tis said, *To the Grave with the Dead, and let them that live to the Bread.* And pricking on his Ass, he requested his Master to follow him; who seeing that *Sancho* spoke not without Reason, he spur'd after him without replying. And having travel'd a little way, between two small Mountains, they found a large and hidden Valley, where they alighted, and *Sancho* lightning his Beast, and lying both along upon the green Grass, holpen by the Sauce of Hunger, they broke their Fasts, dined, eat their Bever and Supper all at one time, satisfying their Appetites with more than one Dish of cold Meat, which the dead Gentleman's Chaplains (which knew how to make much of themselves) had brought for their Provision. But here succeeded another Discommodity, which *Sancho* accounted not as the least, which was, that they had no Wine to drink, no, nor as much as a Drop of Water to rince their Mouths; and being scorch'd with Drought, *Sancho* perceiving the Fields where they were full of thick and green Grass, said that which shall ensue in the Chapter following.



C H A P. VI.

Of a wonderful Adventure, atchiev'd with less Hazard than ever any other Knight did any, by the valorous Don Quixote of the Mancha.

IT is not possible, my Lord, but that these green Herbs do argue, that near unto this Place must be some Fountain or Stream that watereth them; and therefore, I pray you, let us go a little farther, and we shall meet that which may mitigate the terrible Thirst that afflicts us; which sets us questionless in more Pain than did our Hunger. This Counsel was allow'd by Don *Quixote*; and therefore leading *Rozinante* by the Bridle, and *Sancho's* Ass by the Halter, after laying up the Reversion of their Supper, they set on thro' the Plain, only guided by their Guests, for the Night was so dark as they could not see a jot. And scarce had they travel'd two hundred Paces when they heard a great Noise of Water, as if it fell headlong from some great and steep Rock. The Noise did cheer them very much, and standing to hear from whence it sounded, they heard unawares another Noise, which water'd all the Continent. They conceiv'd before, especially in *Sancho*, who, as I have noted, was naturally very fearful, and of little Spirit; they heard (I say) certain Blows strucken with Proportion, with a kind of rattling of Irons and Chains, which accompanied by the furious Sound of the Water, might strike Terror into any other Heart but Don *Quixote's*.

The Night, as we said, was dark, and they happen'd to enter in among certain tall and lofty Trees, whose Leaves, mov'd by a soft gale of Wind, made a fearful and still Noise; so that the Solitude, Situation, Darkness, and the Noise of the Water, and trembling of the Leaves, con-

curring, did breed Horror and Affright; but especially seeing that the Blows never ceased, the Wind slept not, nor the Morning approach'd; whereunto may be added, that they knew not the Place where they were: But Don *Quixote*, accompanied with his valiant Heart, leap'd on *Rozinante*, and embracing his Buckler, brandish'd his Lance, and said,

' Friend *Sancho*, I would have thee know, that I was
' born by the Disposition of Heaven, in this our Age of
' Iron, to resuscitate in it that of Gold, or the *Golden*
' *World*, as 'tis call'd. I am he, for whom are reserv'd
' all dangerous, great, and valorous Feats. I say again
' that I am he which shall set up again those of the
' *Round Table*, the *Twelve Peers* of France, and the
' *Nine Worthies*. I am he who shall cause the Acts to
' be forgotten of those *Platires*, *Tablantes*, *Olivantes*, and
' *Tirantes*; the *Phebus's*, *Belianis's*, with all the Crew
' of the famous Knights-Errant of Times past, doing
' in this wherein I live such great and wonderful Feats
' of Arms, as shall obscure the bravest that ever they
' achiev'd. Thou notest well, faithful and loyal Squire,
' the Darkness of this Night, the strange Silence, the
' deaf and confused Trembling of these Trees, the
' dreadful Noise of that Water, in whose search we
' come, which seems to throw it self headlong down
' from the steep Mountains of the Moon, the incessable
' Blows which do still wound our Ears; all which to-
' gether, and every one apart, are able to strike Terror,
' Fear, and Amazement into the very Mind of *Mars*,
' how much more into his that is not accusom'd to the
' like Chances and Adventures? Yet all this which I
' have depainted to thee are Inciters and Rouzers of my
' Mind, which now causeth my Heart almost to burst in
' my Breast, with the desire it hath to try this Adven-
' ture, how difficult soever it shews it self. Wherefore
' tie my Horse-girths a little streighter, and farewell; here
' in this Place thou may'st expect me three Days, and
' no more; And if I shall not return in that space, thou
' may'st go back to our Village, and from thence (for
' my sake) to *Toboso*, where thou shalt say to my incom-
' parable

‘parable Lady *Dulcinea*; that her captive Knight died
 ‘by attempting Things that might make him worthy
 ‘to be call’d *héro*.’

When *Sancha* heard his Lord speak these Words, he began to weep with the greatest Compassion of the World, and say unto him, Sir, I see no Reason why you should undertake this fearful Adventure; ’tis now Night, and no body can perceive us; we may very well cross the Way, and apart our selves from danger, altho’ we should therefore want Drink those three Days: And seeing none behold us; there will be much less any one to take notice of our Cowardise; the rather because I heard oft-times the Curate of our Village, whom you know very well, preach, that *He which seeks the Danger, perisbeth therein*; so that it is not good to tempt God, undertaking such a huge Affair, out of which you cannot escape, but by a Miracle; and let those which Heaven hath already wrought for you suffice, in delivering you from being toss’d in a Coverlet, as I was, and bringing you away Victor, free and safe from among so many Enemies as accompanied the dead Man.

And when all this shall not move or soften your hard Heart, let this move it, to think and certainly believe, that scarce shall you depart from this Place, when thro’ Fear I shall give up my Soul to him that pleaseth to take it. I left my Country, Wife, and Children to come and serve you, hoping thereby to be worth more, and not less; but as *Covetousness breaks the Sack*, so hath it also torn my Hopes, seeing when they were most pregnant and lively, to obtain that unlucky and accursed Island, which you promis’d me so often; I see that, in exchange thereof, you mean to forsake me here in a Desert out of all frequentation. For God’s sake do not me such a Wrong, my Lord; and if you will not wholly desist from your Purpose, yet defer it at least till the Morning; for as my little skill, that I learnt when I was a Shepherd, telleth me, the Dawning is not three Hours off, ‡ for the Mouth of the Fish is over the

‡ *Porque la boca de la Bazina esta lucina de la cabeza*, p. 168.
 Head.

Head, and maketh Midnight in the Line of the left Arm.

How canst thou, *Sancho*, quoth *Don Quixote*, see where is the Line, or that Mouth, or that Tail, of which thou speak'st, seeing the Night is so dark that one Star alone appeareth not? That's true, quoth *Sancho*, but Fear hath Eyes, which can see things under the Ground, and much more in the Skies. And besides, we may gather by good Discourse, that the Day is not far off. Let it be as little off as it lists, quoth *Don Quixote*, it shall never be recorded of me, that either Tears or Prayers could ever dissuade me from performing the Duty of a Knight; and therefore, good *Sancho*, hold thy peace, for God, who hath inspired me to attempt this unseen and fearful Adventure, will have an eye to my Weal, and also to comfort thy Sorrow. And that thou hast therefore to do, is, to make sleight my Girts, and remain here, for I will return shortly, either alive or dead.

Sancho perceiving his Lord's last Resolution, and how little his Tears, Counsels, or Prayers could avail, resolv'd to profit himself a little of his Wit, and make him, if he could, to expect until Day; and so when he did fasten the Girts, he softly, without being felt, ty'd his Ass's Halter to both *Rozinante's* Legs, so fast, that when *Don Quixote* thought to depart, he could not, for that his Horse could not go a step, but leaping.

Sancho seeing the good Success of his Guile, said, Behold, Sir, how Heaven, mov'd by my Tears and Prayers, hath ordain'd that *Rozinante* should not go a step; and if you will be still contending, and spurring, and striking him, you will do nothing but enrage Fortune, and, as the Proverb says, *But spurn against the Prick*. *Don Quixote* grew wood at this, and yet the more he spurred him he was the less able to go; wherefore, without perceiving the Cause of his Horse's stay, he resolv'd at last to be quiet, and expect either till the Morning or else till *Rozinante* would please to depart, believing verily that the Impediment came of some other Cause, and not from *Sancho*, and therefore said unto him,
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Since 'tis so, *Sancho*, that *Rozinante* cannot stir him I am content to tarry till the Dawning, altho' her Tardiness cost me some Tears. You shall have no cause to weep, replied *Sancho*, for I will entertain you, telling of Histories until it be Day, if you will not alight and take a Nap upon these green Herbs, as Knights-Errant are wont, that you may be the fresher, and better able to-morrow to attempt that monstrous Adventure which you expect.

What dost thou call alighting or sleeping, quoth *Don Quixote*? Am I peradventure one of those Knights that repose in time of Danger? Sleep thou, who wast born to sleep, or do what thou please, for I will do that which I shall see fittest for my Pretence. Good Sir, be not angry, quoth *Sancho*, for I did not speak with that Intention: And so drawing near unto him, he set one of his Hands on the Pommel of the Saddle, and the other hinder, in such sort that he rested imbracing his Lord's left Thigh, not daring to depart from thence the breadth of a Finger; such was the fear he had of those Blows, which all the while did sound without ceasing.

Then *Don Quixote* commanded him to tell some Tale to pass away the Time, as he had promised, and *Sancho* said he would, if the fear of that which he heard would suffer him: Yet, quoth he, for all this I will encourage my self to tell you one, whereon if I can hit aright, and that I be not interrupted, is the best History that ever you heard; and be you attentive, for now I begin. *It was that it was, the Good that shall befall be for us all, and the Harm for him that searches it.* And you must be advertised, good Sir, that the Beginning that ancient Men gave to their Tales, was not of ordinary Things; and it was a Sentence of *Cato*, the Roman Conrozin, which says, *And the Harm be for him that searches it*; which is as fit for this Place as a Ring for a Finger, to the end that you may be quiet, and not to go seek your own Harm to any Place, but that we turn us another Way, for no body compelleth us to follow this, where so many Fears do surprize us.

Prosecute this Tale, *Sancho*, (quoth Don *Quixote*) and leave the Charge of the Way we must go, to me.

I say then, quoth *Sancho*, that in a Village of *Estremadura* there was a Shepherd, I would say a Goat-herd; and, as I say of my Tale, this Goat-herd was call'd *Lope Ruyz*; and this *Lope Ruyz* was enamour'd of a Shepherdess, who was call'd *Torralva*; the which Shepherdess, call'd *Torralva*, was Daughter to a rich Herd-man, and this rich Herd-man——

If thou tellest thy Tale, *Sancho*, after that manner (quoth Don *Quixote*) repeating every thing twice that thou say'st, thou wilt not end it these two Days. Tell it succinctly, and like one of Judgment, or else say nothing.

Of the very same Fashion that I tell, are all Tales told in my Country; and I know not how to tell it any other; nor is it Reason that you should ask of me to make new Customs.

Tell it as thou pleasest, quoth Don *Quixote*, for since Fortune will not otherwise, but that I must hear thee, go forward.

So that, my dear Sir of my Soul, quoth *Sancho*, that, as I have said already, this Shepherd was in love with *Torralva* the Shepherdess, who was a round Wench, scornful, and drew somewhat near to a Man, for she had Mostachoes; for methinks I see her now before my Face. Belike then, quoth Don *Quixote*, thou know'st her. I did not know her, quoth *Sancho*; but he that told me the Tale said it was so certain and true that I might, when I told it to any other, very well swear and affirm that I had seen it all my self: So that Days passing, and Days coming, the Devil, who sleeps not, and † who troubles all, wrought in such sort, as the Love that the Shepherd bore to the Shepherdess turn'd into Manslaughter and Ill-will; and the Cause was according to bad Tongues, a certain quantity of little Jealousies that she gave him, such as they pass'd the

Line, and came to the forbidden†; and the Shepherd did hate her so much afterward, that he was content to leave all that Country, because he would not see her, and go where his Eyes should never look upon her. *Torralva*, that saw herself disdain'd by *Lope*, did presently love him better than ever she did before. That is a natural Condition of Women; quoth *Don Quixote*, to disdain those that love them, and to affect those which hate them. Pass forward, *Sancho*:

It happen'd, quoth *Sancho*, that the Shepherd set his Purpose in execution, and gathering up his Goats, he travel'd thro' the Fields of *Estremadura* to pass into the Kingdom of *Portugal*: *Torralva*, which knew it well, follow'd him a-foot and bare-legg'd, afar off, with a Pilgrim's Staff in her Hand, and a Wallet hanging at her Neck, where (they say) that she carried a piece of a Looking-glass, and another of a Comb, and I know not what little Bottle of Changes for her Face; but let her carry what she carries; for I will not put my self now to verifie that: Only I will say that they say, that the Shepherd arriv'd with his Goats to pass over the River *Guadiana*, which in that Season was swollen very much, and overflow'd the Banks, and at that Side where he came there was neither Boat, nor Bark, nor any to pass himself or his Goats over the River, for which he was very much griev'd, because he saw that *Torralva* came very near, and she would trouble him very much with her Prayers and Tears: But he went so long looking up and down, that he espy'd a Fisherman, who had so little a Boat as it could only hold one Man and a Goat at once; and, for all that, he spoke and agreed with him to pass himself and three hundred Goats that he had over the River. The Fisherman enter'd into the Boat, and carried over one Goat, he return'd and pass'd over another, and turn'd back again and pass'd over another. Keep you, Sir, good Account of the Goats that the Fisherman ferries over; for if one only

† *A Spanish Proverb, touching their Jealousie.*

be forgotten the Tale will end, and 'twill not be possible to tell one Word more of it. I follow on then, and I say, that the other Side was very dirty and slippery, which made the Fisherman spend much Time coming to and fro ; yet, for all that, he turn'd for another Goat, and another, and another.

Make account, quoth Don *Quixote*, that thou hast passed them all over, for otherwise thou wilt not make an end of passing them in a whole Year's space. How many, said *Sancho*, are already passed over ?

What a Devil know I, said Don *Quixote* ? See there, that which I said, quoth *Sancho*, that you should keep good Account : By *Jove* the Tale is ended therefore, for there is no passing forward.

How can that be, said Don *Quixote* ? Is it so greatly of the Essence of this History to know the Goats that are passed so exactly and distinctly, that if one of the number be missed thou canst not follow on with thy Tale ? No, Sir, in no sort, said *Sancho* ; for as soon as I demanded of you to tell me how many Goats passed over, and that you answer'd me, you knew not ; in that very Instant went from me, out of my Memory, all that was to be told, and i'faith it was of great Virtue and Content.

So then, quoth Don *Quixote*, the Tale is ended ? It is as certainly as is my Mother, quoth *Sancho*. Surely, reply'd Don *Quixote*, thou hast recounted one of the rarest Tales or Histories that any one of the World could think upon, and such a Manner of telling or finishing a Tale was never yet seen, or shall be seen again, altho' I never expected any other Thing from thy good Discourse : But I do not greatly marvel, for perhaps those senseless Strokes have troubled thine Understanding. All that may be, said *Sancho*, but I know, in the Discourse of my Tale there is no more to be said, but that there it ends where the Error of counting the Goats that were wafted over the River begins. Let it end in a good Hour where it lists, answer'd Don *Quixote*, and let us try whether *Rozinante* can yet stir himself. Then did he turn again to give him the Spurs, and he to leap as he

he did at the first, and rest anew, being unable to do either, he was so well shackled.

It happen'd about this time, that either thro' the Cold of the Morning, or that *Sancho* had eaten at Supper some lenitive Meat, or that it was a thing natural (and that is most credible) he had a Desire to do that which others could not do for him ; but such was the Fear that enter'd into his Heart, as he dared not depart from his Lord the breadth of a Straw ; and to think to leave that which he desired undone, was also impossible : Therefore his Resolution in that perplex'd Exigent (be it spoken with Pardon) was this ; he loos'd his right Hand, wherewithal he held fast the hinder part of the Saddle, and therewithal very softly, and without any Noise, he unty'd the Codpiece-point wherewithal his Breeches were only supported, which (that being let slip) did presently fall down about his Legs like a pair of Bolts : After this, lifting up his Shirt the best he could, he expos'd his Buttocks to the Air, which were not the least. This being done, which he thought was the chiefest Thing requisite to issue out that terrible Anguish and Plunge, he was suddenly troubled with a greater, to wit, that he knew not how to disburden himself without making a Noise ; which to avoid, first he shut his Teeth close, lifted up his Shoulders, and gather'd up his Breath as much as he might : Yet notwithstanding all these Diligences, he was so unfortunate that he made a little Noise at the end, much different from that which made him so fearful. *Don Quixote* heard it, and said, What Noise is that, *Sancho* ? I know not, Sir, quoth he, I think it be some new Thing, for Adventures, or rather Disventures, never begin with a little. Then turn'd he once again to try his Hap, and it succeeded so well, that without any Rumour or Noise, but that which he did at the first, he found himself free of this Loading that troubled him so much.

But *Don Quixote* having the Sense of Smelling as perfect as that of his Hearing, and *Sancho* stood so near, or rather join'd to him, as the Vapours did ascend upward, almost by a direct Line, he could not excuse himself

self, but that some of them must needs touch his Nose. And scarce had they arriv'd, but that he occur'd to the usual Remedy, and stopt it very well between his Fingers, and then said with a snaffling Voice, Methinks, *Sancho*, that thou art much afraid. I am indeed, reply'd *Sancho*, but wherein, I pray you, do you perceive it now more than ever? In that thou smell'st now more than ever, quoth Don *Quixote*, and that not of *Amber*.

It may be so, quoth *Sancho*, yet the Fault is not mine but yours, which brings me at such unreasonable Hours thro' so desolate and fearful Places. I pray thee, Friend, retire thyself two or three Steps back, quoth Don *Quixote*, holding his Fingers still upon his Nose, and from henceforth have more Care of thy Person, and of the Respect thou owest to mine; for, I see, the over-much Familiarity that I use with thee hath engender'd this Contempt. I dare wager, quoth *Sancho*, that you think I have done somewhat with my Person that I ought not. Friend *Sancho*, quoth Don *Quixote*, 'tis the worse to stir it thus. And thus in these and suchlike Conversations the Master and the Man passed over the Night: And *Sancho* seeing that the Morning approach'd, he loos'd *Rozinante* very warily, and ty'd up his Nose. *Rozinante* feeling himself (altho' he was not naturally very courageous) he seem'd to rejoice, and began to beat the Ground with his Hoofs, for by his Leave he could never yet curvet. Don *Quixote*, seeing that *Rozinante* could now stir, accounted it to be a good Sign, and an Encouragement of him to attempt that timorous Adventure.

By this *Aurora* did display her purple Mantle over the Face of Heaven, and every thing appear'd distinctly, which made Don *Quixote* perceive that he was among a number of tall Chestnut-trees, which commonly make a great Shadow. He heard likewise those incessable Strokes, but could not espy the Cause of 'em; wherefore giving *Rozinante* presently the Spur, and turning back again to *Sancho* to bid him farewell, he commanded him to stay for him there three Days at the longest, and that if he return'd not after the space, he should make

make full account that *Jove* was pleas'd he should end his Days in that dangerous Adventure. He repeated to him again the Embassage and Errand he should carry in this behalf to his Lady *Dulcinea*; and that, touching the Reward of his Services, he should not fear any thing, for he had left his Testament made before he departed from his Village, where he should find himself gratified, touching all that which pertain'd to his Hire, according to the Rate of the Time he had serv'd; but if God would bring him off from that Adventure safe and sound, and without Danger, he might fully account to receive the promised Island.

Here *Sancho* began anew to weep, hearing again the pitifull Discourses of his good Lord, and determin'd not to abandon him until the last Trance and End of that Affair: And out of these Tears and honourable Resolution of *Sancho* the Author of this History collects, that it is like he was well born, or at the very least an old *Christian*, whose Grief did move his Master a little, but not so much as he should shew the least Argument of Weakness, but rather dissemble it the best that he could; he follow'd on his Way towards the Way of the Water, and that where the Strokes were heard. *Sancho* follow'd him a-foot, leading as he was wont his Ass by the Halter, who was the inseparable Fellow of his prosperous or adverse Fortunes.

And having travelled a good space among those Chesnut and shady Trees, they came out into a little Plain that stood at the foot of certain steep Rocks, from whose tops did precipitate it self a great fall of Water. There were at the foot of those Rocks certain Houses, so ill made, as they rather seem'd Ruins of Buildings than Houses; from whence, as they perceived, did issue the fearful Rumour and Noise of the Strokes, which yet continued.

Roxinante at this dreadful Noise did start, and being made quiet by his Lord *Don Quixote*, did by little and little draw near to the Houses, recommending himself on the way most devoutly to his Lady *Dulcinea*, and also to *Jove*, desiring him that he would not forget him.

Sancho

Sancho never departed from his Lord's Side, and stretch'd out his Neck and Eyes as far as he might thro' *Roxinante's* Legs, to see if he could perceive that which held him so fearful and suspended. And after they had travel'd about a hundred Paces more, at the doubling of a point of a Mountain, they saw the very Cause, patent and open, (for there could be none other) of that so hideous and fearful a Noise that had kept them all the Night so doubtful and affrighted, and was (O Reader! if thou wilt not take it in bad part) six Iron Maces that felled Cloth, which, with their interchangeable Blows, did form that marvellous Noise.

When Don *Quixote* saw what it was, he waxed mute and all ashamed. *Sancho* beheld him, and saw that he hang'd his Head on his Breast, with Tokens that he was somewhat ashamed. Don *Quixote* look'd also on his Squire, and saw that his Cheeks were swoln with Laughter giving withal evident Signs that he was in danger to burst, if he did not permit that violent Passion to make a Sally; whereat, all Don *Quixote's* Melancholy little prevailing, he could not (beholding *Sancho*) but laugh also himself: And when *Sancho* saw that his Master had begun the Play, he let slip the Prisoner in such violent manner, to press his Sides hardly with both his Hands to save himself from bursting. Four times he ended, and other four he renew'd his Laughter with as great impulse and force as at the first; whereat Don *Quixote* was wonderfully enraged, but chiefly hearing him say in gibing manner, I would have thee know, Friend *Sancho*, that I was born by the Disposition of Heaven in this our Age of Iron, to renew it in that of Gold, or the Golden World. I am he for whom are reserv'd all dangerous, great and valorous Feats. And in this sort he went repeating all, or the greatest part, of the Words Don *Quixote* had said the first time that they heard the timorous Blows. Don *Quixote* perceiving that *Sancho* mock'd him, grew so ashamed, and angry withal, that lifting up the end of his Lance, he gave him two such Blows on the Back, as, if he had receiv'd them on his Pate, would have freed his Master from

from paying him any Wages, if it were not to his Heirs.

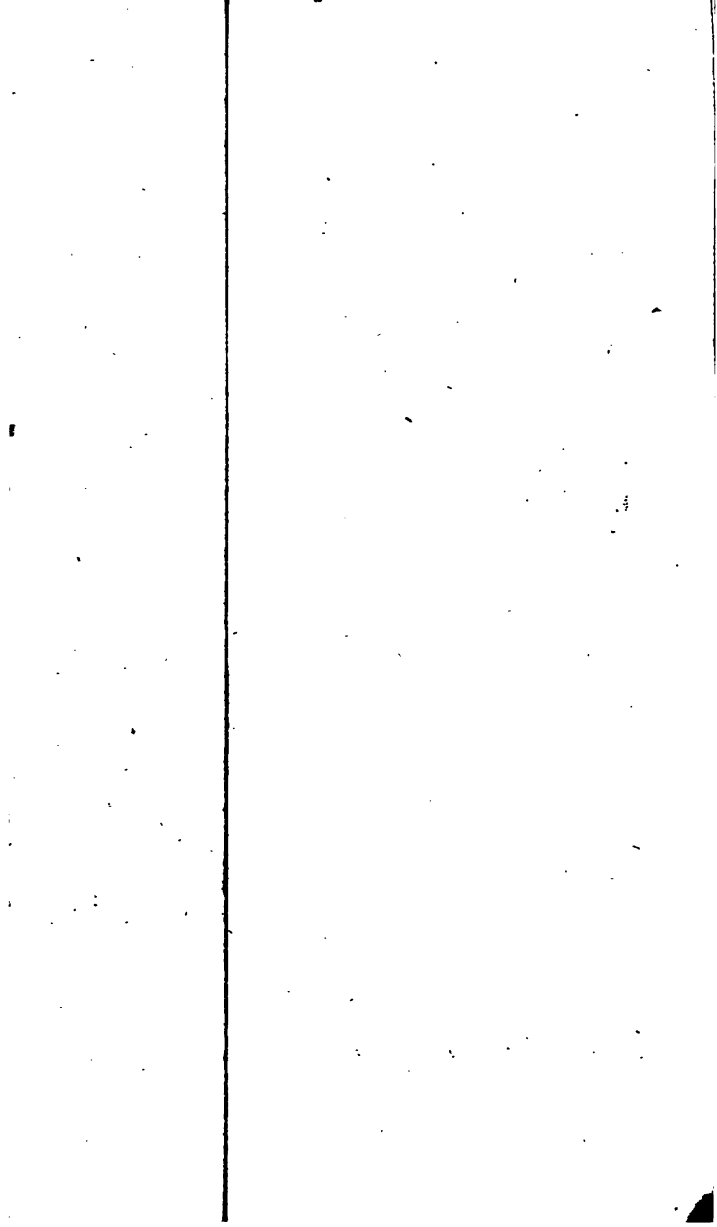
Sancho seeing that he gain'd so ill Earnest by his Jest, fearing that his Master should go onward with it, he said unto him with very great Submission, Pacifie your self, good Sir, for by *Jove* I did but jest. But why dost thou jest? I tell thee, I do not jest, quoth *Don Quixote*: Come here, Master Merryman, thinkest thou that as those are Iron Maces to full Cloth, they were some other dangerous Adventure that I have not shewn Resolution enough to undertake and finish it? Am I by chance obliged, being as I am a Knight, to know and distinguish Noises, and perceive which are of a Fulling-mill or no? And more it might (as 'tis true) that I never saw any before, as thou hast done, base Villain that thou art, born and brought up among the like; if not, make thou these six Maces be converted into six Giants, and cast them in my Beard one by one, or all together, and when I do not turn all their Heels up, then mock me as much as thou pleasest.

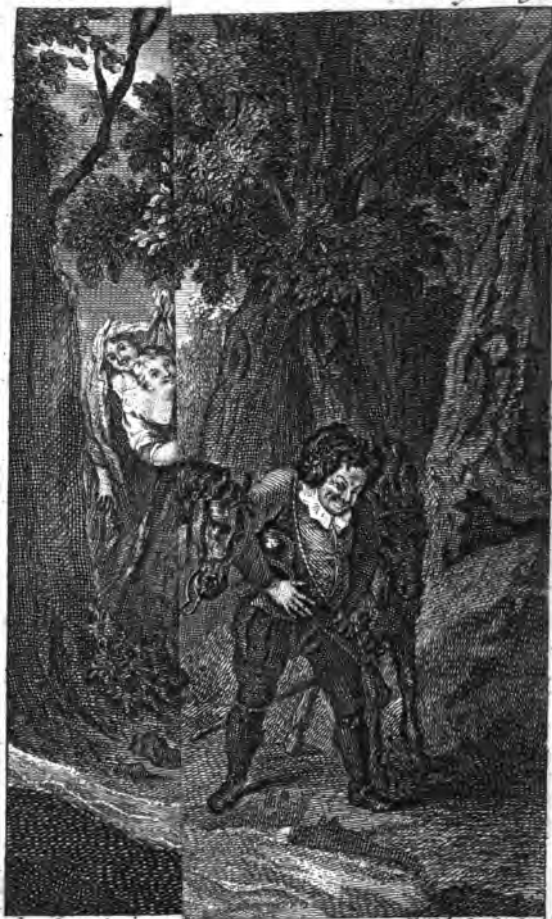
No more, good Sir, quoth *Sancho*; for I confess I have been somewhat too laughsome. But tell me, I pray you, now that we are in Peace, as God shall deliver you out of all Adventures that may befall you, as whole and sound as he hath done out of this; hath not the great Fear we were in been a good Subject of Laughter, and a Thing worthy the telling? At least I, for of you I am certain that you do not yet know what Fear or Terror is. I do not deny, quoth *Don Quixote*, but that which befel us is worthy of Laughter, yet ought it not to be recounted, forasmuch as all Persons are not so discreet as to know how to discern one thing from another, and set every thing in his right Point. You know at leastwise, quoth *Sancho*, how to set your Javelin in his Point, when pointing at my Pate, you hit me on the Shoulders, Thanks be to God, and to the Diligence I put in going aside; but farewell it, for all will away in the bucking; and I have heard old Folk say, That Man loves thee well, who makes thee to weep: And besides, great Lords are wont, after a bad Word which they say to one
ot

of their Serving-men, to bestow on him presently a pair of Hofs; but I know not yet what they are wont to give him after Blows, if it be not that Knights-Errant give, after the Bastinado, Islands, or Kingdoms on the Continent.

The Dye might run so favourably, quoth *Don Quixote*, as all thou hast said might come to pass; and therefore pardon what is done, since thou art discreet, and know'st that a Man's first Motions are not in his hand; and be advertis'd of one thing from henceforward (to the end to abstain, and carry thy self more respectfully in thy overmuch Liberty of Speech with me) that in as many Books of Chivalry as I have read, which are infinite, I never found that any Squire spoke so much with his Lord as thou dost with thine; which in good sooth I do attribute to thy great Indiscretion and mine; thine, in respecting me so little; mine, in not making my self to be more regarded. Was not *Gondalin*, *Amadis de Gaule's* Squire, Earl of the *Firm Island*? and yet it is read of him, that he spoke to his Lord with his Cap in his Hand, his Head bow'd, and his Body bended, (*more Turcesco*). What then shall we say of *Gafabel*, *Don Galaor's* Squire, who was so silent, as to declare us the Excellency thereof, his Name is but once repeated in all that so great and authentical a History? Of all which my Words, *Sancho*, thou must infer, that thou must make difference between the Master and the Man, the Lord and his Serving-man, the Knight and his Squire. So that from this Day forward we must proceed with more Respect, not letting the Clue run so much; for after what way soever I grow angry with thee, it will be bad for the Pitcher. The Rewards and Benefits that I have promised thee will come in their Time, and if they do not, thy Wages cannot be lost, (as I have already said to thee.)

You say very well, quoth *Sancho*; but fain would I learn (in case that the Time of Rewards came not, and that I must of necessity trust to my Wages) how much a Knight-Errant's Squire did gain in Times past:
Or





Car. Goyzel pinx.

J. P. de Guadañe sculp.

Don Quixote for Mambrino's Helmet

Or if they did agree for Months, or by Days, as Mason's Men.

I do not think, quoth Don *Quixote*, that they went by the Hire, but only trusted to their Lord's Courtesie: And if have assign'd Wages to thee in my seal'd Testament, which I left at home, 'twas to prevent the worst, because I know not yet what Success *Chivalry* may have in these our so miserable Times; and I would not have my Soul suffer in the other World for such a minuity as is thy Wages; for thou must understand, that in this World there is no State so dangerous as that of Knights-Errant. That is most true, replied *Sancho*, seeing the only Sound of the Maces of a Fulling-mill could trouble and disquiet the Heart of so valiant a Knight as you are. But you may be sure that I will not hereafter once unfold my Lips to jest at your Doings, but only to honour you as my Master and natural Lord. By doing so, reply'd Don *Quixote*, thou shalt live on the Face of the Earth; for, next to our Parents, we are bound to respect our Masters, as if they were our Fathers.



C H A P. VII.

*Of the high Adventure and rich Winning of the
Helmet of Mambrino, and other Successes be-
fallen the invincible Knight.*

IT began about this time to rain, and *Sancho* would fain have enter'd into the Fulling-mills, but Don *Quixote* had conceiv'd such a Hate against 'em for the Jest recounted, as he would in no wise come near them, but turning his Way on the right hand, he fell into a Highway, as much beaten as that wherein they rode the Day before. Within a while after Don *Quixote* espy'd one a horseback that bore on his Head somewhat that glister'd like Gold; and scarce had he seen him, when

he turn'd to *Sancho*, and said, Methinks, *Sancho*, that there's no Proverb that is not true, for they are all Sentences taken out of Experience it self, which is the universal Mother of Sciences; and especially that Proverb that says, *Where one Door is shut, another is opened*. I say this, because if Fortune did shut yesternight the Door that we search'd, deceiving us in the Adventure of the Iron Maces, it lays us now wide open the Door that may address us to a better and more certain Adventure, whereon if I cannot make a good Entry, the Fall shall be mine, without being able to attribute it to the little knowledge of the Fulling-maces, or the Darkeness of the Night; which I affirm, because if I be not deceiv'd, there comes one towards us that wears on his Head the Helmet of *Mambrino*, for which I made the Oath.

See well what you say, Sir, and better what you do, quoth *Sancho*, for I would not wish that this were new Maces, to batter us and our Understanding.

The Devil take thee for a Man, reply'd Don *Quixote*; What difference is there betwixt a Helmet and Fulling-maces? I know not, quoth *Sancho*, but if I could speak as much now as I was wont, perhaps I would give you such Reasons, as you your self should see how much you are deceiv'd in that you speak.

How may I be deceiv'd in that I say, scrupulous Traytor, quoth Don *Quixote*? Tell me; seest thou not that Knight which comes riding towards us on a dapple grey Horse, with a Helmet of Gold on his head? That which I see and find out to be so, answer'd *Sancho*, is none other than a Man on a grey Ass like mine own, and brings on his head somewhat that shines. Why, that is *Mambrino's* Helmet, quoth Don *Quixote*: Stand aside, and leave me alone with him, thou shalt see how, without Speech to cut off Delays, I will conclude this Adventure, and remain with the Helmet as mine own, which I have desired so much. I will have care to stand off, but I turn again to say, that I pray God it be a Purchase of Gold, and not Fulling mills. I have already said to thee, that thou do not make any
more

more mention, no, not in Thought, of those Maces; for if thou dost, said Don *Quixote*, I vow, I say no more, that I will batter thy Soul. Hereat *Sancho*, fearing lest his Master would accomplish the Vow which he had thrown as round as a Bowl, held his peace.

This therefore is the Truth of the History of the Helmet, Horse, and Knight, which Don *Quixote* saw: There was in that Commark two Villages, the one so little as it had neither Shop nor Barber; but the greater, that was near unto it, was furnish'd of one, and he therefore did serve the little Village when they had any Occasion, as now it befel, that therein lay one sick, and must be let blood, and another that desir'd to trim his Beard; for which purpose the Barber came, bringing with him a brazen Bason; and as he travel'd, it by chance began to rain, and therefore he clap'd his Bason on his Head, to save his Hat from staining, because it belike was a new one, and the Bason being clean scour'd, glister'd half a League off. He rode on a grey As, as *Sancho* said; and that was the reason why Don *Quixote* took him to be a dapple-grey Steed, a Knight, and a Helmet of Gold; for he did with all facility apply every thing which he saw to his raving Chivalry and ill-errant Thoughts: And when he saw that the poor Knight drew near, without settling himself to commune with him, he inrested his † Javelin low on the Thigh, and ran with all the force *Rozinante* might, thinking to strike him through and through; and drawing near unto him, without stopping his Horse, he cry'd, Defend thyself, Cairiff, or else render unto me willingly that which is my Due by all Reason.

The Barber, who so without fearing or surmising any such thing, saw that Fantastive and Spirit come upon him, had no other Remedy to avoid the Blow of the Lance, but to fall off of his As to the Ground; and scarce had he touch'd the Earth, when rising up again as light as a Deer, he run away so swiftly through the

† Sancon.

Plain, as the Wind could scarce overtake him, leaving behind him on the Ground his Bason, wherewithal Don *Quixote* rested content, and said, That *Pagan* which lost it was discreet, and did imitate the *Caster*, who seeing himself hotly pursued by the Hunters, which tears and cuts away that with his Teeth for which he knows by natural Instinct he is follow'd.

Then he commanded *Sancho* to take up the Helmet, who lifting it said, The Bason is a good one, and is as well worth a Rial of eight as a Marvedy; and giving it to his Lord, he presently set it on his Head, turning it about every way, to see whether he could get the Beaver; and seeing he could not find it, he said, The *Pagan* for whom this famous Helmet was first forg'd had doubtlesly a very great Head; and that which grieves me principally, is, that this Helmet wants the one half.

When *Sancho* heard him call the Bason a Helmet, he could not contain his Laughter, but presently remembering on his Master's Choler, he check'd it in the midst. Why dost thou laugh, *Sancho*, quoth Don *Quixote*? I laugh, said he, to think on the great Head the *Pagan* Owner of this Helmet had; for it is for all the world like a Barber's Bason.

Know, *Sancho*, that I imagine, quoth Don *Quixote*, that this famous Piece of this enchanted Helmet did fall by some strange Accident into some one's Hands that knew not the Worth thereof, and seeing 'twas of pure Gold, without knowing what he did, I think he hath molten the half to profit himself therewithal, and made of the other half this which seems a Barber's Bason, as thou say'st; but be what it list, to me, who knows well what it is, his Transmutation makes no matter; for I'll dress it so in the first Town where I shall find a Smith, as that which the God of Forges made for the God of War shall not surpass, no, nor come near it; and in the mean while I will wear it as I may, for something is better than nothing; and more, seeing it may very well defend me from the Blow of a Stone.

That's

That's true, quoth *Sancho*, if it be not thrown out of a Sling, such as that of the Battle of the two Armies, when they bless'd your Worship's Cheek-teeth, and broke the Bottle wherein you carried the most blessed Drench which made me vomit up my Guts.

I do not much care for the loss of it; *Sancho*, quoth Don *Quixote*, for, as thou know'st, I have the Receipt in Memory. So have I likewise, quoth *Sancho*; but if ever I make it or taste it again in my Life, I pray God, that here may be mine End; how much more, I never mean to thrust myself into any Occasion wherein I should have need of it; for I mean with all my five Senses to keep my self from hurting any, or being hurt. Of being once again toss'd in a Coverlet, I say nothing, for such Disgraces can hardly be prevented; and if they befall, there's no other Remedy but Patience, and to lift up the Shoulders, keep in the Breath, shut the Eyes, and suffer our selves to be born where Fortune and the Coverlet please.

Thou art a bad Christian, *Sancho*, quoth Don *Quixote*, hearing him say so; for thou never forget'st the Injuries that are once done to thee: Know, that it is the Duty of noble and generous Minds, not to make any account of Toys. What Leg hast thou brought away lame? what Leg broken, or what Head hurt, that thou canst not yet forget that Jest? for, the Thing being well examin'd, it was none other than a Jest or Pastime; for if I did not take it to be such, I had return'd by this to that Place, and done more harm in thy Revenge than that which the *Greeks* did for the Rape of *Helen*, who, if she were in these Times, or my *Dulcinea* in hers, she might be sure she should never have gain'd so much Fame for Beauty as she did. And saying so, he pierc'd the Sky with a Sign. Then, said *Sancho*, let it pass for a Jest, since the Revenge cannot pass in Earnest: But I know well the quality both of the Jest and Earnest, and also that they shall never fall out of my Memory, as they will never out of my Shoulders. But, leaving this apart, what shall we do with this dapple-grey Steed, that looks so like a grey Ass, which that *Martin* left behind, whom you overthrew, who according as he laid Feet on the Dust; and

made haste, he minds not to come back for him again, and, by my Beard, the grey Beast is a good one.

I am not accus'tom'd, quoth Don *Quixote*, to ransack and spoil those whom I overcome; nor is it the practice of Chivalry to take their Horses and let them go a-foot, unless it befall the Victor to lose in the Conflict his own; for in such a Case 'tis lawful to take that of the Vanquish'd as won in fair War: So that, *Sancho*, leave that Horse, or Ass, or what else thou pleasest to call it, for when his Owner seeth us departed, he will return again for it. God knows, quoth *Sancho*, whether 'twill be good or no for me to take him, or at least change for mine own, which methinks is not so good. Truly the Laws of Knighthood are streight, since they extend not themselves to license the Exchange of one Ass for another; and I would know whether they permit at least to change the one Harness for another. In that I am not very sure, quoth Don *Quixote*, and as a Case of Doubt (until I be better inform'd) I say that thou exchange them, if by chance thy Need be extream. So extream, quoth *Sancho*, that if they were for mine own very Person, I could not need 'em more: And presently, enabled by the Licence, he made *Mutatio Caparum*, and set forth his Beast like a hundred Holidays.

This being done, they broke their Fast with the Relicks of the Spoils they had made in the Camp of Sumpster-horse, and drunk of the Mill's Streams, without once turning to look on them (so much they abhor'd 'em for the marvellous Terror they had stricken them in) and having by their Repast cut away all cholerick and melancholick Humours, they follow'd on the Way which *Roxinante* pleas'd to lead 'em, (who was the Depository of his Master's Will, and also of the Ass's, who follow'd him always wheresoever he went, in good Amity and Company). For all this, they return'd to the Highway, wherein they travel'd at random, without any certain deliberation which Way to go: And as they thus travel'd, *Sancho* said to his Lord, Sir, will you give me leave to commune a little with you? for since you have impos'd that sharp Commandment of Silence more than

four things have rotted in my Stomach ; and one thing that I have now upon the tip of my Tongue, I would not wish for any thing that it should miscarry. Say it, quoth Don *Quixote*, and be brief in thy Reasons, for *None is delightful if it be prolix.*

I say then, quoth *Sancho*, that I have been these latter Days considering how little is gain'd by following these Adventures that you do, thro' these Desarts and crooked Ways, where tho' you overcome and finish the most dangerous, yet no Man sees or knows 'em, and so they shall remain in perpetual Silence, both to your Prejudice, and that of the Fame which they deserve: And therefore, methinks, 'twere better (still excepting your better Judgment herein) we went to serve some Emperor, or other great Prince; that maketh War, in whose Service you might shew the Valour of your Person, your marvellous Force, and wonderful Judgment, which being perceiv'd by the Lord whom we shall serve, he must perforce reward us, every one according to his Deserts, and in such a Place will not want one to record your noble Acts for a perpetual Memory. Of mine, I say nothing, seeing they must not transgress the Squire-like Limits; altho' I dare avouch, that if any Notice be taken in Chivalry of the Feats of Squires, mine shall not fall away betwixt the Lines.

Sancho, thou say'st not ill, quoth Don *Quixote*, but before such a Thing come to pass, 'tis requisite to spend some time up and down the World, as in Probation, seeking of Adventures, to the end that by achieving some, a Man may acquire such Fame and Renown, as when he goes to the Court of any great Monarch, he be there already known by his Works, and that he shall scarcely be perceiv'd to enter at the Gates, by the Boys of that City, when they all will follow and environ him, crying out aloud, This is the Knight of the *Sun*, or the *Serpent*, or of some other Device, under which he hath achiev'd strange Adventures. This is he, (will they say) who overcame in single Fight the huge Giant *Brocabruno*, of the invincible Strength. He that disenchant'd the great *Sophi* of

• *Persia*, of the large Enchantment wherein he had lain
• almost Nine hundred Years; so that they will thus go
• proclaiming his Acts from hand to hand, and presently
• the King of that Kingdom, mov'd by the great bruit
• of the Boys and other People, will stand at the Win-
• dows of his Palace to see what it is; and as soon as he
• shall eye the Knight, knowing him by his Arms, or by
• the *Impressa* of his Shield, he must necessarily say, Up-
• go all of you my Knights, as many of you as are in my
• Court, forth, to receive the Flower of Chivalry, which
• comes there: At whose Commandment they all will
• sailly, and he himself will come down to the midst of
• the Stairs, and will embrace him most straightly, and
• will give him the Peace, kissing him on the Cheek, and
• presently will carry him by the Hand to the Queen's
• Chamber, where the Knight shall find her accompanied
• by the Princess her Daughter, which must be one of
• the fairest and debonair Damsels that can be found
• throughout the vast Compass of the Earth. After this
• will presently and in a trice succeed, that she'll cast her
• Eye on the Knight, and he on her, and each of them
• shall seem to the other no human Creature, but an An-
• gel; and then, without knowing how, or how not,
• they shall remain captive and entangled in the inextric-
• cable amorous Net, and with great Care in their Minds,
• because they know not how they shall speak to discover
• their Anguish and Feeling. From thence the King will
• carry him (without doubt) to some Quarter of his Pa-
• lace richly hang'd, where, having taken off his Arms,
• they will bring him a rich Mantle of Scarlet, furred
• with Ermins, to wear; and if he seem'd well before,
• being arm'd, he shall now look as well, or better, out of
• them. The Night being come, he shall sup with the
• King, Queen, and Princess, where he shall never take
• his Eye off her, beholding unawares of those that stand
• present; and she will do the like with as much Dis-
• cretion, for, as I have said, she's a very discreet Dam-
• sel. The Tables shall be taken up, there shall enter
• unexpectedly into the Hall an ill-favour'd little Dwarf,
• with a fair Lady that comes behind the Dwarf, between

two Giants, with a certain Adventure wrought by a most ancient Wise-man, and that he who shall end it shall be held for the best Knight of the World. Presently the King will command all those that are present to prove it, which they do, but none of 'em can finish it, but only the new-come Knight to the great Proof of his Fame; whereat the Princess will remain very glad, and will be very joyful and well appaid, because she hath settled her Thoughts in so high a Place. And the best of it is, that this King or Prince, or what else he is, hath a very great War with another as mighty as he, and the Knight his Guest doth ask him (after he hath been in the Court a few Days) Licence to serve him in that War; the King will give it with a very good Will, and the Knight will kiss his Hands courteously, for the Favour he doth him therein; and that Night he will take leave of his Lady the Princess by some Window of a Garden that looks into her Bed-chamber, by which he hath spoken to her oft-times before, being a great Means and Help thereto, a certain Damself which the Princess trusts very much: He sighs, and she will fall in a Swoon, and the Damsel will bring Water, to bring her to herself again. She will be also full of Care because the Morning draws near, and she would not have them be discover'd by any, for her Lady's Honour. Finally, the Princess will return to her self, and will give out her beautiful Hands at the Window to the Knight, who will kiss 'em a thousand and a thousand times, and will bathe them all in Tears. There it will remain agreed between them two, the Means that they will use to acquaint one another with their good or bad Successes, and the Princess will pray him to stay away as little Time as he may, which he shall promise unto her with many Oaths and Protestations; then will he turn again to kiss her Hands, and take his leave of her with such feeling, that there will want but little to end his Life in the Place: He goes from thence to his Chamber, and casts himself upon his Bed, but he shall not be able to sleep a Nap for sorrow of his Departure. He will after get up very early, and will

' go to take leave of the King, the Queen, and Princess;
 ' they tell him (having taken leave of the first two) that
 ' the Princess is ill at ease, and that she cannot be visited;
 ' the Knight thinks that it is for Grief of his Departure,
 ' the which Tidings lanceth him anew to the bottom of
 ' his Heart, whereby he will be almost constrain'd to
 ' give manifest Tokens of his Grief: The Damsel that
 ' is privy to their Loves will be present, and must note all
 ' that passeth, and go after to tell it to her Mistress, who
 ' receives her with Tears, and says unto her, That one of
 ' the greatest Afflictions she hath, is, that she doth not
 ' know who is her Knight, or whether he be of Blood-
 ' Royal or no. Her Damsel will assure her again, that
 ' so great Bounty, Beauty, and Valour as is in her
 ' Knight could not find place but in a Great and Royal
 ' Subject. The careful Princess will comfort herself with
 ' this Hope, and labour to be cheerful, lest she should
 ' give occasion to her Parents to suspect any sinister
 ' Thing of her; and within two Days again she will
 ' come out in publick. By this the Knight is departed,
 ' he fights in the War, and overcomes the King's Enemy;
 ' he wins many Cities, and triumphs for many Battles;
 ' he returns to the Court; he visits his Lady, and speaks
 ' to her at the accustom'd Place; he agreeth with her,
 ' to demand her of the King for his Wife, in reward of
 ' his Services, whereunto the King will not consent, be-
 ' cause he knows not what he is: But for all this, either
 ' by carrying her away, or by some other manner, the
 ' Princess becomes his Wife, and he accounts himself
 ' therefore very fortunate, because 'twas after known
 ' that the same Knight is Son to a very valorous King,
 ' of-I know not what Country, for I believe 'tis not in
 ' all the Map. The Father dies, and the Princess doth
 ' inherit the Kingdom; and thus, in two Words, our
 ' Knight is become a King. Here, in this Place, enters
 ' presently the Commodity to reward his Squire, and
 ' all those that help him to ascend to so high an Estate:
 ' He marries his Squire to one of the Princess's Damsels,
 ' which shall doubtlesly be the very same that was ac-
 ' quainted

acquainted with his Love, who is some principal Duke's Daughter.

That's it I seek for, quoth *Sancho*, and all will go right; therefore I will lean to that, for every whit of it which you said will happen to your self, without missing a Jot, calling your self the *Knight of the Ill-favour'd Face*. Never doubt it, *Sancho*, quoth *Don Quixote*; for even in the very same Manner, and by the same Steps that I have recounted here, Knights-Errant do ascend, and have ascended, to be Kings and Emperors. This only is expedient, that we enquire what King, among the *Christians* or *Heathens*, makes War and hath a fair Daughter: But we shall have Time enough to bethink that, since, as I have said, we must first acquire Fame in other Places, before we go to the Court. Also I want another thing, That put case we find a *Christian* or *Pagan* King, that hath War and a fair Daughter, and that I have gain'd incredible Fame throughout the wide World, yet cannot I tell how I might find that I am descended from Kings, or, at the least, Cousin-German removed off an Emperor; for the King will not give me his Daughter until this be first very well prov'd, tho' my Works deserve it never so much; so that I fear to lose, through this Defect, that which mine own hath merited so well. True it is, that I am a Gentleman, of a known House of Propriety and Possession; and perhaps the Wise-man that shall write my History will so beautifie my Kindred and Descent, that he will find me to be the fifth or sixth Descent from a King: for thou must understand, *Sancho*, that there are two manners of Lineages in this World; some that derive their Pedigree from Princes and Monarchs, whom Time hath by little and little diminish'd and consumed, and ended in a Point like a Pyramid: Others, that took their beginning from base People, and ascend from Degree unto Degree, until they become at last great Lords. So that all the difference is, that some were that which they are not now, and others are that which they were not. And it might be that I am of those, and after good Examination my Beginning might be found to

have been famous and glorious, wherewithal the King my Father-in-law ought to be content, whosoever he were: And when he were not, yet shall the Princess love me in such sort, that she shall in despite of her Father's teeth, admit me for her Lord and Spouse, altho' she knew me to be the Son of a Water-bearer: And if not, here in this Place may quader well the carrying of her away perforce, and carrying of her where best I liked; for either Time or Death must needs end her Father's Displeasure.

Here comes well to pass, quoth *Sancho*, which some damn'd Fellows are wont to say, *Seek not to get that wish a Good-will, which thou art wont to take perforce*; altho' it were better said, *The Leap of a Shrub is more worth than good Men's Entreaties*. I say it to this purpose, that if the King your Father-in-law will not condescend to give unto you the Princess, my Mistress, then there's no more to be done, but, as you say, to steal her away, and carry her to another Place; but all the harm is, that in the mean while that Composition is unmade, and you possess not quietly your Kingdom, the poor Squire may whistle for any benefit or Pleasure you are able to do him, if it be not that the Damsel, of whom you spoke even now, run away with her Lady, and that he pass away his Misfortunes now and then with her, until Heaven ordain some other Thing; for I do think that his Lord may give her unto him presently, if she please to be his lawful Spouse. There's none that can deprive thee of that, quoth *Don Quixote*. Why, so that this may befall, quoth *Sancho*, there's no more but to commend our selves to God, and let Fortune run where it may best address us. God bring it so to pass, quoth *Don Quixote*, as I desire, and thou hast need of, *Sancho*, and let him be a Wretch that accounts himself one. Let him be so, quoth *Sancho*, for I am an old *Christian*, and to be an Earle there is no more requisite.

Ay, and 'tis more than enough, quoth *Don Quixote*, for that Purpose; and tho' thou were'st not, it made not much matter: for I being a King, I may give thee
Nobi-

Nobility, without either buying it, or serving me with nothing; for in creating thee an Earl, lo, thereby thou art a Gentleman; and let Men say what they please, they must in good faith call thee *Right Honourable*, altho' it grieve them never so much: And think you, quoth *Sancho*, that I would not authorize my *Litado*? Thou must say *Dictado* or Dignity, quoth *Don Quixote*, and not *Litado*, for that's a barbarous Word. Let it be so, quoth *Sancho Pancha*, I say that I would accommodate very well, for I was once, by my Life, the Warner of a *Confraternity*, and the Warner's Gown became me so well, that every one said I had a Presence fit for the Provost of the same; then how much more, when I shall set on my Shoulders the Royal Robe of a Duke, or be apparel'd with Gold and Pearls, after the Custom of strange Earls? I do verily believe that Men will come a hundred Leagues to see me.

Thou wilt seem very well, quoth *Don Quixote*, but thou must shave that Beard very often; for as thou hast it now so bushy, knit, and unhandsome, if thou shavest it not with a Razor at the least every other day, Men will know that thou art as far from Gentility as a Musquet can carry. What more is there to be done, quoth *Sancho*, than to take a Barber and keep him hired in my House? Yea, and if it be necessary, he shall ride after me, as if he were a Master of Horse to some Nobleman. How know'st thou, quoth *Don Quixote*, that Noblemen have their Masters of Horse riding after them? Some few Years ago I was a Month in the Court, and there I saw that a young little Lord rode by for his Pleasure; they said, he was a great Grandee: There follow'd him still a-horseback a certain Man turning every way that he went, so as he verily seem'd to be his Horse-tail: I then demanded the Cause why that Man did not ride by the other's Side, but still did follow him so; they answer'd me, That he was Master of his Horses, and, that the Grandees were accustomed to carry such Men after 'em. Thou say'st true, quoth *Don Quixote*, and thou may'st carry thy Barber in that manner after thee, for *Customs came not all together,*

nor were not invented at once ; and thou may'ſt be the firſt Earl that carried his Barber after him ; and I do aſſure thee, that it is an Office of more Truſt to trim a Man's Beard, than to ſaddle a Horſe. Let that of the Barber reſt to my Charge, quoth *Sancho*, and that of procuring to be a King, and of creating me an Earl, to yours. It ſhall be ſo, quoth Don *Quixote*. And thus liſting up his Eyes, he ſaw that which ſhall be recounted in the Chapter following.



C H A P. VIII.

Of the Liberty Don Quixote gave to many Wretches, who were a carrying to a Place where they deſired not.

CYD Hamete Benengeli, an Arabical and Manchegan Author, recounts in this moſt grave, lofty, divine, ſweet, conceited Hiſtory, that after theſe Diſcourſes paſſ'd between Don *Quixote* and his Squire *Sancho Pancha*, which we have laid down in the laſt Chapter, Don *Quixote* liſting up his Eyes, ſaw, that there came in the very ſame Way wherein they rode, about ſome twelve Men in a company, on foot, inſerted like Bead-ſtones in a great Chain of Iron, that was ty'd about their Necks, and every one of 'em had Manacles beſides on their Hands. There came to conduct them two on horſeback, and two others a-foot ; the Horſemen had Firelock Pieces ; thoſe that came a-foot, Darts and Swords.

And as ſoon as *Sancho* ſaw them, he ſaid, This is a Chain of Galley-ſlaves, People forced by the King to go to the Gallies. How ! People forced, demanded Don *Quixote* ! Is it poſſible that the King will force any body ? I ſay not ſo, answer'd *Sancho*, but that it is People which

which are condemn'd for their Offences to serve the King in the Gallies perforce. In Resolution, reply'd Don *Quixote*, (howsoever it be) this Folk, altho' they be conducted, go perforce and not willingly. That's so, quoth *Sancho*. Then if that be so, here falls in justly the execution of my Function, to wit, the dissolving of Violences and Outrages, and the succouring of the Afflicted and Needful. I pray you, Sir, quoth *Sancho*, to consider that the Justice, who represents the King himself, doth Wrong or Violence to no body, but only doth chastise them for their committed Crimes.

By this the Chain of Slaves arriv'd, and Don *Quixote* with very courteous Terms requested those that went in their guard, that they would please to inform him of the Cause wherefore they carried that People away in that manner: One of the Guardians a-horseback answer'd, That they were Slaves condemn'd by his Majesty to the Gallies, and there was no more to be said, neither ought he to desire any farther Knowledge. For all that, reply'd Don *Quixote*, I would fain learn of every one of 'em in particular, the Cause of his Disgrace: And to this did add other such and so courteous Words, to move them to tell him what he desir'd, as the other Guardian a-horseback said,

Altho' we carry here the Register and Testimony of the Condemnations of every one of these Wretches, yet this is no Time to hold them here long, or take out the Processes to read; draw you nearer and demand it of themselves, for they may tell it and they please, and I know they will, for they are Men that take delight both in acting and relating Knaveries.

With this Licence, which Don *Quixote* himself would have taken, altho' they had not given it him, he came to the Chain, and demanded of the first for what Offence he went in so ill a Guise: He answer'd, That his Offence was no other than for being in Love, for which Cause only he went in that manner. For that and no more, reply'd Don *Quixote*? Well, if enamour'd Folk be cast into the Gallies, I might have been rowing there a good many Days ago. My Love was not such, as your
con-

conjecture, quoth the Slave, for mine was, that I lov'd so much a Basket well heap'd with fine Linen, as I did embrace it so straightly, that if the Justice had not taken it away from me by force, I would not have forsaken it to this Hour by my good-will. All this was done in *Flagrante*, there was no Leisure to give me Torment, the Cause was concluded, my Shoulders accommodated with an hundred, and for a Supplement three Prizes of *Garrupes*, and the Work was ended. What are *Garrupes*, quoth Don Quixote? *Garrupes* are Galleys, reply'd the Slave, who was a young Man of some four and twenty Years old; and said he was born in *Piedrahita*.

Don Quixote demanded of the second his Cause of Offence, who would answer nothing, he went so sad and melancholy; but the first answer'd for him, and said, Sir; this Man goes for a *Canary-Bird*, I mean for a Musician and Singer. Is it possible, quoth Don Quixote, that Musicians and Singers are likewise sent to the Galleys? Ye; Sir, quoth the Slave, for there's nothing worse than to sing in Anguish. Rather, quoth Don Quixote, I have heard say, that *he which sings doth affright and chase away his Harms*. Here 'tis quite contrary, quoth the Slave; for *He that sings once, weeps all his Life after*. I don't understand it, said Don Quixote; but one of the Guardians said unto him, Sir Knight, to sing in Anguish is said among this People *non Sancta*, to confess upon the Rack: They gave this poor Wretch the Torture, and he confess'd his Delight, that he was a *Quartrezo*, that is, a Stealer of Beasts; and because he hath confess'd, he is likewise condemn'd to the Galleys for six Years, with an *Amen* of two hundred Blows, which he bears already with him on his Shoulders: and he goes always thus sad and pensative, because the other Thieves that remain behind, and also those which go here, do abuse, despise, and scorn him for confessing, and not having a Courage to say *Non*; for they say a *No* hath as many Letters as a *Tea*, and, that a Delinquent is very fortunate when his Life or his Death only depends on his own Tongue, and not on Witnesses or Proofs; and, in mine Opinion, they have

have very great Reason. I likewise think the same, quoth Don *Quixote*.

And passing to the third, he demanded that which he had done of the rest, who answer'd him out of hand, and that pleasantly, I go to the Lady *Garrupes* for five Years, because I wanted ten Ducats. I will give twenty with all my heart to free thee from that Misfortune, quoth Don *Quixote*. That, quoth the Slave, would be like to one that hath Money in the midst of the Gulph, and yet dies for Hunger, because he can get no Meat to buy for it: I say this, because if I had had those twenty Ducats, which your Worship's Liberality offers me in due season, I would have so anointed with them the Notary's Pen, and whetted my Lawyer's Wit so well, that I might to-day see my self in the midst of the Market of *Cocodover* of *Toledo*, and not in this Way trail'd thus like a Greyhound; but God is great: Patience, and this is enough.

Don *Quixote* went after to the fourth, who was a Man of a venerable Presence, with a long white Beard which reach'd to his Bosom; who hearing himself demanded the Cause why he came there, began to weep, and answer'd not a Word; but the fifth Slave lent him a Tongue, and said, This honest Man goes to the Gallies for four Years, after he had walk'd the Ordinary apparel'd in Pomp, and a-horseback.

That is, quoth *Sancho Pancha*, as I take it, after he was carried about to the Shame and publick View of the People. You are in the right, quoth the Slave; and the Crime for which he is condemn'd to this Pain, was, for being a Broker of the Ear, ay, and of all the Body too: for in effect I mean, that this Gentleman goeth for a Bawd, and likewise for having a little smack and entrance in Witchcraft.

If that smack and insight in Witchcraft were not added, quoth Don *Quixote*, he merited not to go and row in the Gallies for being a pure Bawd, but rather deserved to govern and be their General; for the Office of a Bawd is not like every other ordinary Office, but rather of great Discretion, and most necessary in any Common-wealth.

wealth well govern'd, and should not be practis'd but by People well born; and ought besides to have a ‡ *Veedor*, and Examiner of them, as are of all other Trades, and a certain appointed number of Men known, as are of the other Brokers of the Exchange.

And in this manner many Harms that are done might be excused, because this Trade and Office is practis'd by indiscreet People of little Understanding, such as are Women of little more or less, young Pages, and Jesters of few Years standing, and of less Experience, which in the most urgent Occasions, and when they should contrive any thing artificially, the Crumbs freeze in their Mouths and Fists, and they know not which is their right Hand.

Fain would I pass forward, and give Reasons why it is convenient to make choice of those which ought in the Commonwealth to practise this so necessary an Office, but the Place and Season is not fit for it; one Day I will say it to those which may provide and remedy it; only I say now, That the Assumpt or Addition of a Witch, hath depriv'd me of the Compassion I should otherwise have, to see those grey Hairs and venerable Face in such Distress for being a Bawd; altho' I know very well, that no Sorcery in the World can move or force the Will, as some ignorant Persons think, (for our Will is a free Power, and there's no Herb nor Charm can constrain it.) That which certain simple Women or cozening Companions make, are some Mixtures and Poison, wherewithal they cause Men to run mad, and in the mean while persuade us that they have Force to make one love well, being (as I have said) a thing most impossible to constrain the Will. That is true, quoth the old Man, and I protest, Sir, that I am wholly innocent of the Imputation of Witchcraft: As for being a Bawd, I could not deny it; but yet I never thought

‡ *Veedor*, is an Office in Spain of great Trust, set by the King to examine and search the Dealing of other Under-officers: an Overseer or Comptroller.

that I did ill therein ; for all mine Intention was, that all the World should disport them, and live together in concord and quietness without Grievs and Quarrels ; but this my good Desire availed me but little to hinder my going there ; from whence I have no hope ever to return, my Years do so aburden me, and also the Stone, which lets me not rest an instant. And saying this, he turned again to his Lamentation as at the first, and *Sancho* took such Compassion on him, as setting his Hand into his Bosom he drew out a couple of Shillings, and gave it him as an Alms.

From him *Don Quixote* passed to another, and demanded his Fault ; who answer'd with no less, but with much more pleasantness than the former : I go here, because I have jested somewhat too much with two Cousin-Germans of mine own, and with two other Sisters, which were none of mine. Finally, I jested so much with them all, that thence resulted the Increase of my Kindred so intricately, as there is no Casuist that can well resolve it : All was proved against me, I wanted Favour, I had no Money, and was in danger to lose my Head. Finally, I was condemned for six Years to the Gallies. I consented, it is a Punishment for my Fault ; I am young, and let my Life hold out a while longer, and all will go well : And if you, Sir Knight, carry any thing to succour us poor Folk, God will reward you it in Heaven, and we will have Care here on Earth to desire God in our daily Prayers for your Life and Health, that it may be as long and as good as your good Countenance deserves. He that said this, went in the Habit of a Student ; and one of the Guard told him that he was a great Talker, and a very good *Latinist*.

After all these came a Man of some thirty Years old, of very comely Personage, save only that when he looked, he seemed to thrust the one Eye into the other. He was differently tied from the rest ; for he carried about his Leg so long a Chain, that it tired all the rest of his Body ; and he had besides, two iron Rings about his Neck, the one of the Chain, and the other of that kind which are called *A Keep-Friend*, or, the Foot a Friend.

Friend. From whence descended two Irons unto his middle, out of which did stick two Manacles, wherein his Hands were lockt up with a great hanging Lock, so as he could neither set his Hand to his Mouth, nor bend down his Head towards his Hands.

Don *Quixote* demanded why he was so loaded with Iron more than the rest? The Guard answered, Because he alone had committed more Faults than all together, and was a most desperate Knave, and that although they carried him tied in that sort, yet were they not sure of him, but feared he would make an Escape. What Faults can he have so grievous, quoth Don *Quixote*, since he hath only deserved to be sent to the Gallies? He goeth, replied the Guard to them, for ten Years, which is equivalent to a civil Death; never strive to know more, but that this Man is the notorious *Gines of Passamonte*, who is likewise called *Ginesillo of Parapilla*. Master Commissary, quoth the Slave, hearing him say so, go fair and softly, and run not thus dilating of Names and Surnames; I am called *Gines*, and not *Ginesillo*, and *Passamonte* is my Surname, and not *Parapilla*, as you say, and let every one turn about him, and he shall not do little. Speak with less Swelling, quoth the Commissary, Sir Thief of more than the * Mark, if you will not have me to make you hold your peace, maugre your teeth. It seems well (quoth the Slave) that a Man is carried as pleaseth God; but one day some body shall know whether I be called *Ginesillo of Parapilla*. Why, do they call thee so, Cozener, quoth the Guard? They do, said *Gines*, but I will make that they shall not call me so, or I will fleece them there where I mutter under my Teeth. Sir Knight, if you have any Thing to bestow on us, give it us now, and be gone in the Name of God; for you do tire us with your too curious Search of knowing other Men's

* Mark, a certain Length appointed in Spain for Swords, which if any transgress, he is punished, and the Sword forfeited.

Lives; and if you would know mine, you shall understand that I am *Gines of Passamonte*, whole Life is written (shewing his Hand) by these two Fingers.

He says true, quoth the Commissary, for he himself hath penned his own History so well, as there is nothing more to be desired; and leaves the Book pawned in the Prison for two hundred Rials: And likewise means to redeem it, quoth *Gines*, though it were in for as many Ducats. Is it so good a Work, said *Don Quixote*? It is so good, replied *Gines*, that it quite puts down *Lazarillo de Tormes*, and as many others as are written or shall write of that kind; for that which I dare affirm to you, is, that it treats of two Accidents, and those so delightful, that no like Invention can be compared to them. And how is the Book intituled, quoth *Don Quixote*? It is called, said he, *The Life of Gines of Passamonte*. And is it yet ended, said the Knight? How can it be finished, replied he, my Life being not yet ended? since all that is written is from the Hour of my Birth, until that Instant that I was sent this last time to the Gallies. Why then, belike you were there once before, (quoth *Don Quixote*?) To serve God and the King, I have been in there another time four Years, and I know already how the Bisket and Provant agree with my Stomach (quoth *Gines*) nor doth it grieve me very much to return unto them; for there I shall have leisure to finish my Book, and I have many things yet to say; and in the Gallies of *Spain*, there is more resting time than is requisite for that Business, although I shall not need much time to pen what is yet unwritten; for I can, if need were, say it all by rote.

Thou seem'st to be ingenious, quoth *Don Quixote*. And unfortunate withal, quoth *Gines*, for Mishaps do still persecute the best Wits. They persecute Knaves, quoth the Commissary. I have already spoken to Master Commissary, quoth *Passamonte*, to go fair and softly; for the Lords did not give you that Rod, to the end you should abuse us Wretches that go here, but rather to guide and carry us where his Majesty hath commanded; if not, by the Life of, 'tis enough that perhaps
one

one Day may come to light, the Sports that were made in the Inn. And let all the World peace and live well, and speak better, for this is now too great a Digression. The Commissary held up his Rod * to strike *Passamonte* in answer of his Threats; but Don *Quixote* put himself between them, and intreated him not to use him hardly, seeing it was not much that one who carried his Hands so tied, should have his Tongue somewhat free: and then turning himself towards the Slaves, he said;

I have gather'd out of all that which you have said, dear Brethren, that although they punish you for your Faults, yet that the Pains you go to suffer, do not very well please you, and that you march towards them with a very ill Will, and wholly constrained, and that perhaps the little Courage this Fellow had on the Rack, the want of Money that the other had, the small Favour that a third enjoy'd; and finally, the wrested Sentence of the Judge, and the not executing that Justice that was on your sides, have been the Cause of your Misery. All which doth present it self to my Memory in such sort, as it persuadeth, yea, and forceth me to effect that for you, for which Heaven sent me into the World, and made me profess that Order of Knighthood which I follow, and that Vow which I made therein to favour and assist the needful, and those that are oppressed by others more potent. But for as much as I know that it is one of the parts of Prudence, not to do that by foul means, which may be accomplish'd by fair; I will intreat those Gentlemen your Guardians and Commissary, they will please to loole and let you depart peaceably; for there will not want others to serve the King, in better Occasions; for it seems to be a rigorous manner of proceeding, to make Slaves of them whom God and Nature created free. How much more, good Sirs of the Guard, (added Don *Quixote*) seeing these poor Men have never committed any Offence against you? let them answer for their Sins in the other World; there

* *Regedso.* p. 202.

is a God in Heaven who is not negligent of punishing the Evil, nor regarding the Good; and it is no wise decent, that honourable Men should be the Executioners of other Men, seeing they cannot gain or lose much thereby. I demand this of you in this peaceable and quiet manner, to the end that if you accomplish my Request, I may have Occasion to yield you Thanks; and if you will not do it willingly, then shall this Lance and this Sword, guided by the invincible Valour of mine Arm, force you to it.

This is a pleasant Doting, answered the Commissary, and an excellent Jest, wherewithal you have finished your large Reasoning. Would you have us leave unto you those the King forceth, as if we had Authority to let them go, or you to command us to do it? Go on your way in a good Hour, gentle Sir, and settle the Basson you bear on your Head somewhat righter, and search not thus whether the Cat hath three Feet. Thou art a Cat, and a Rat, and a Knave, quoth Don *Quixote*, and so with Word and Deed at once he assaulted him so suddenly, as without giving him leisure to defend himself, he struck him down to the Earth very sore wounded with a Blow of his Lance, and as Fortune would, this was he that had the Fire-lock Piece. The rest of the Guard remained astonish'd at the unexpected Accident; but at last returning again to themselves, the Horsemen set Hand to their Swords, and the Footmen to their Darts, and all of them set upon Don *Quixote*, who did expect them very quietly; and doubtlesly he would have been in Danger, if the Slaves perceiving the Occasion offered to be so fit to recover Liberty, had not procured it by breaking the Chain wherein they were linked. The Hurly-burly was such, as the Guards now began to run to hinder the Slaves from untying themselves, now to offend Don *Quixote*, who assaulted them; so that they could do nothing available to keep their Prisoners. *Sancho*, for his part, helped to loose *Gines of Passamonte*, who was the first that leaped free into the Field without Clog, and setting upon the overthrown Commissary, he disarm'd him of his Sword and Piece; and

and now aiming at the one, and then at the other, with it, without discharging, made all the Guards to abandon the Field, as well for Fear of *Passamonte's* Piece, as also to shun the marvellous Shower of Stones that the Slaves now delivered, poured on them. *Sancho* grew marvellous sad at this Success; for he suspected that those which fled away, would go and give Notice of the Violence committed to the *Holy Brotherhood*, which would presently issue in Troops, to search the Delinquents; and said as much to his Lord, requesting him to depart presently from thence, and embosk himself in the Mountain, which was very near. All is well, quoth *Don Quixote*, I know now what is fit to be done; and so calling together all the Slaves that were in a Tumult, and had stript the Commissary naked, they came all about him to hear what he commanded, to whom he said:

It is the part of People well born, to gratify and acknowledge the benefits they receive, Ingratitude being one of the Sins that most offendeth the Highest. I say it, Sirs, to this end, because you have by manifest Trial seen, that which you have received at my hand, in reward whereof I desire, and it is my Will, that all of you loaden with that Chain from which I even now freed your Necks, go presently to the City of *Toboso*, and there present your selves before the Lady *Dulcinea* of *Toboso*, and recount unto her that her Knight of the Ill-favour'd Face sends you there to remember his Service to her, and the manner of your Freedom; all you that have had such noble Fortune, and this being done, you may after go where you please.

Gines de Passamont answered for all the rest, saying, That which you demand, good Sir, (our Releaser) is most impossible to be perform'd, by reason that we cannot go all together through these ways, but alone and divided, procuring each of us to hide himself in the Bowels of the Earth, to the end we may not be found by the *Holy Brotherhood*, which will doubtlessly set out to search for us; that therefore which you may and ought to do in this Exigency, is, to change this Service and Homage of the Lady *Dulcinea* of *Toboso*, into a certain Number of *Ave-Maries*

Manes and *Creeds*, which we will say for your Intention, and this is a Thing that may be accomplish'd by Night or by Day, running or resting, in Peace or in War; but to think that we will return again to take up our Chains, or set our selves in the way of *Toboso*, is as hard as to make us believe that it is now Night, it being yet scarce 'T'en of the Clock in the Morning; and to demand such a Thing of us, is as likely as to seek for Pears off the Elm-tree. I swear by such a one (quoth *Don Quixote*, thorowly enraged) Sir Son of a Whore *Don Genesilio* of *Paropillio*, or howsoever you are call'd, that thou shalt go thy self alone with thy Tail between thy Legs, and bear all the Chain in thy Neck. *Passamonte*, who was by Nature very cholerick, knowing assuredly that *Don Quixote* was not very wise (seeing he had attempted such a desperate Act, as to seek to give them Liberty) seeing himself thus abused, wink'd on his Companions, and going a little aside, they sent such a Shower of Stones on *Don Quixote*, as he had no Leisure to cover himself with his Buckler, and poor *Roxinante* made no more account of the Spur, than if his Sides were made of Brass. *Sancho* ran behind his Ass, and by this means shelter'd himself from the Cloud and Shower of Stones that rain'd upon both.

And *Don Quixote* could not cover himself so well, but that a Number of Stones struck him in the Body with so great Force, as they overthrew him at last to the Ground; and scarce was he fallen, when the Student leap'd upon him, and took the Basen off his Head, and gave him three or four Blows with it on the Shoulders, and after struck it so oft about the Ground, as he almost broke it to pieces. They took from him likewise a Cassock, which he wore upon his Armour, and thought also to take away his Stockings, but that they were hinder'd by his Greaves. From *Sancho* they took away his Cassock, and left him in his Hair; and dividing all the Spoils of the Battle among themselves, they departed every one by the way he pleas'd, troubled with greater Care how to escape from the *Holy Brotherhood*, which they fear'd, than to lade themselves with the Iron Chain, and go and

present themselves before the Lady *Dulcinea* of *Toboso*. The *Ass* and *Rozinante*, *Sancho* and *Don Quixote*, remain'd alone.

The *Ass* stood pensative with his Head hanging downwards, shaking now and then his Ears, thinking that the Storm of Stones was not yet past, but that they still buzz'd by his Head. *Rozinante* lay overthrown by his Master, who was likewise struck down by another Blow of a Stone. *Sancho* in fear of the Bullets of the *Holy Brotherhood*, and *Don Quixote* most discontent to see himself so misused by those very same to whom he had done so much Good.



CHAP. IX.

Of that which befel the famous Don Quixote, in Sierra Morera, which was one of the most rare Adventures which in this or any other so autbentical a History is recounted.

DON *Quixote* seeing himself in so ill plight, said to his Squire *Sancho*, I have heard say oft-times, that *to do Good to Men unthankful, is to cast Water into the Sea*. If I had believ'd what thou said'st to me, I might well have prevented all this Grief, but now that is past; Patience, and be wiser another time. You'll take Warning as much by this, quoth *Sancho*, as I am a *Turk*: But since you say, that if you had believ'd me, you had avoided this Grief, believe me now, and you shall eschew a greater; for you must wit, that no Knight-hood or Chivalry is of any Authority with the *Holy Brotherhood*, for it cares not two farthings for all the Knights-Errant in the World; and know, that methinks I hear their Arrows buz about mine Ears already.

Sancho, thou art a natural Coward, quoth *Don Quixote*; but because thou may'st not say that I am obstinate, and, that I never follow thine Advice, I'll take thy Counsel this time, and convey my self from that Fury which now thou fear'st so much; but it shall be on a Condition that thou never tell, alive nor dying, to any mortal Creature, that I retir'd or withdrew my self out of this Danger for Fear, but only to satisfy thy Requests: For if thou say'st any other thing, thou shalt belye most falsely, and even from this very time till that, and from thence until now, I give thee the Lye herein, and I say thou ly'st, and shalt lye as oft-times as thou say'st, or dost think the contrary; and do not reply to me: For in only thinking that I withdraw my self out of any Peril, but principally this, which seems to carry with it some shadow of Fear, I am about to remain and expect here alone, not only for the *Holy Brotherhood*, which thou namest and fear'st, but also for the Brethren of the *twelve Tribes*, for the *seven Machabees*, for *Castor and Pollux*, and for all the other Brothers and Brotherhoods in the World.

Sir, answer'd *Sancho*, to retire is not to flie, nor to expect is Wisdom, where the Danger exceedeth all Hope; and 'tis the part of a wise man to keep himself safe to-day for to-morrow, and not to adventure himself wholly in one day: And know, that altho' I be but a rude Clown, yet do I, for all that, understand somewhat of that which Men call good Government; and therefore do not repent your self for following mine Advice, but mount on *Rozinante*, if you be able; if not, I will help you, and come after me, for my Mind gives me, that we shall now have more use of Legs than of Hands.

Don Quixote leap'd on his Horse without replying a Word, and *Sancho* guiding him on his Ass, they both enter'd into that part of † *Siera Morena* that was near unto them: *Sancho* had a secret Design to cross over it all, and issue at *Vise* or *Amodovar* of *Campo*, and in the mean

† *A great and large Mountain of Spain.*

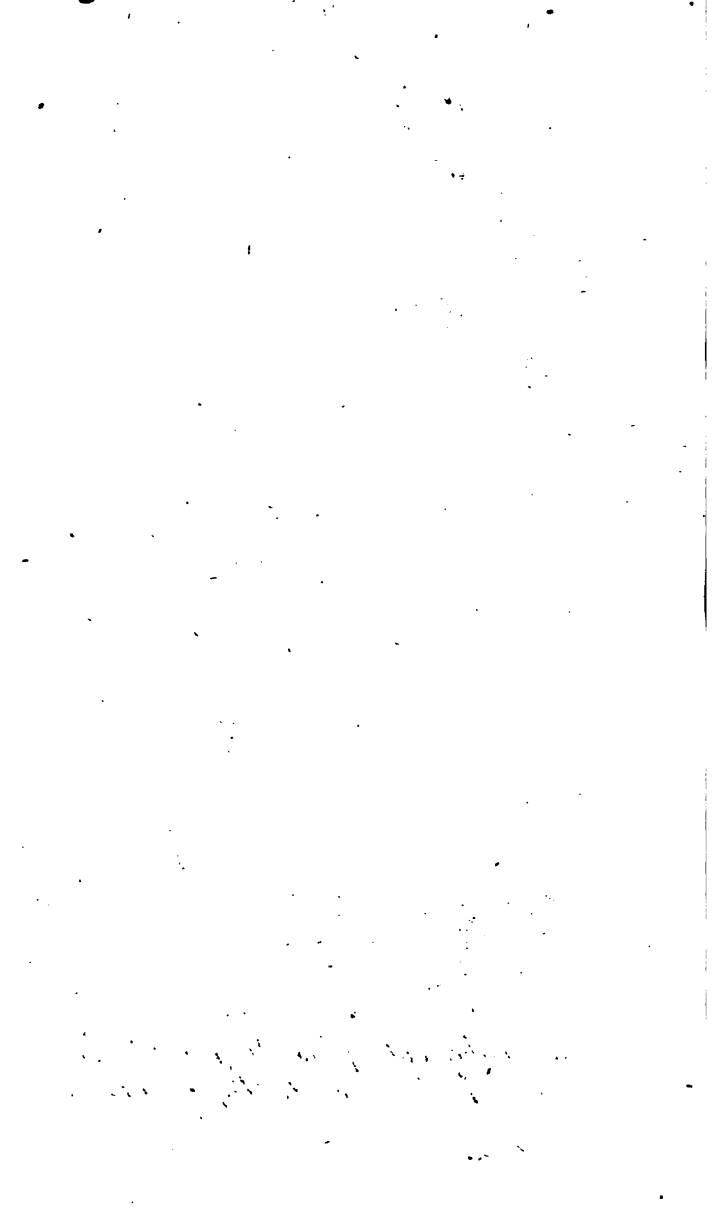
time to hide themselves for some days among those craggy and intricate Rocks, to the end they might not be found by the *Holy Brotherhood* if it did make after them. And he was the more encourag'd to do this, because he saw, their Provision, which he carried on his Ass, had escap'd safely out of the Skirmish of the Galley-slaves, a thing which he accounted to be a Miracle, considering the Diligence that the Slaves had us'd to search and carry away all Things with 'em. They arriv'd that Night into the very midst and bowels of the Mountain, and there *Sancho* thought it fittest to spend that Night, yea, and some few other Days also, at least as long as their Victuals endured; and with this Resolution they took up their Lodging among a number of Cork-trees that grew between two Rocks: but fatal Chance, which, according to the Opinion of those that have not the Light of Faith, guideth, directeth, and compoundeth all as it liketh, ordain'd that the famous Cozener and Thief, *Gines of Passamonte*, who was before deliver'd out of Chains by Don *Quixote's* Force and Folly, perswaded thro' Fear he conceiv'd of the *Holy Brotherhood*, (whom he had just Cause to fear) resolv'd to hide himself likewise in that Mountain, and his Fortune and Fears led him just to the Place where it had first address'd Don *Quixote* and his Squire, just at such time as he might perceive them, and they both at that instant fallen asleep; and, as evil Men are evermore ingrateful, and that Necessity forceth a Man to attempt that which it urgeth, and likewise that the present Redress prevents the Expectation of a future. *Gines*, who was neither grateful nor gracious, resolv'd to steal away *Sancho's* Ass, making no account of *Roxinante*, as a Thing neither saleable nor pawnable. *Sancho* slept soundly, and so he stole his Beast, and was before Morning so far off from thence, as he fear'd not to be found.

Aurora sallied forth at last to refresh the Earth, and affright *Sancho* with a most sorrowful Accident, for he presently miss'd his Ass; and so seeing himself depriv'd of him, he began the most sad and doleful Lamentation of the World, in such sort as awak'd Don *Quixote* with his

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Cap. Corporal poma
Sancho an
Dear Als



his Outcries, who heard that he said thus: O Child of my Bowels, born in mine own House, the Sport of my Children, the Comfort of my Wife, and the Envy of my Neighbours, the Ease of my Burdens, and finally, the Sustainer of half of my Person! for with six and twenty *Maravedies* that I gain'd daily by thee, I did defray half of mine Expences.

Don Quixote, who heard the Complaint, and knew also the Cause, did comfort *Sancho* with the best Words he could devise, and desir'd him to have Patience, promising to give him a Letter of Exchange, to the end that they of his House might deliver him three Asses of five which he had left at home.

Sancho comforted himself again with this Promise, and dry'd up his Tears, moderated his Sighs, and gave his Lord Thanks for so great a Favour. And as they enter'd in farther among those Mountains, we can't recount the Joy of our Knight, to whom those Places seem'd most accommodated to atchieve the Adventures he search'd for. They reduced to his Memory the marvellous Accidents that had befallen Knights-Errant in like Solitudes and Desarts; and he rode so overwhelm'd and transported by these Thoughts, as he remember'd nothing else: Nor *Sancho* had any other Care (after he was out of Fear to be taken) but how to fill his Belly with some of those Relicks which yet remain'd of the Clerical Spoils; and so he follow'd his Lord, taking now and then out of a Basket (which *Rozinante* carried for want of the Ass) some Meat, lining therewithal his Paunch: And whilst he went thus employ'd, he would not have given a Mite to encounter any other Adventure, how honourable soever.

But whilst he was thus busied, he espy'd his Master labouring to take up with the Point of his Javelin some Bulk or other that lay on the Ground, and went towards him to see whether he needed his Help, just at the season that he lifted up a Saddle-cushion and a Portmanteau fast to it, which were half rotten, or rather wholly rotten, by the Weather; yet they weigh'd so much, that *Sancho's* Assistance was requisite to take 'em

up: And strait his Lord commanded him to see what was in the Wallet. *Sancho* obey'd with expedition; and altho' it was shut with a Chain and hanging Lock, yet by the Parts which were tore he saw what was within, to wit, four fine Holland Shirts, and other Linnens, both curious and clean; and moreover a Handkerchief, wherein was a good quantity of Gold; which he perceiving, said, Blessed be Heaven, which hath once presented to us a beneficial Adventure; and searching for more, he found a Tablet very costly bound. This *Don Quixote* took of him, commanding him to keep the Gold with himself; for which rich Favour *Sancho* did presently kiss his Hands: And after taking all the Linnen, he clapt it up in the Bag of their Victuals.

Don Quixote having noted all these Things, said, Methinks, *Sancho*, (and it cannot be possible any other) that some Traveller having lost his Way, pass'd through this Mountain, and being encounter'd by Thieves, they slew him, and buried him in this secret Place. It cannot be so, answer'd *Sancho*, for if they were Thieves they would not have left this Money behind 'em. Thou say'st true, quoth *Don Quixote*, and therefore I cannot conjecture what it might be: But stay a while, we will see whether there be any thing written in these Tablets, by which we may vent and find that which I desire. Then he open'd it, and the first Thing that he found written in it, as 'twere a first Draught, but done with a very fair Character, was a Sonnet; which he read aloud, that *Sancho* might also hear it, and was this which ensues.

O R Love of Understanding quite is void:
 Or he abounds in Cruelty, or my Pain
 Th' Occasion equals not; for which I 'bide
 The Torments dire he maketh me sustain.
 But if Love be a God, I dare maintain
 He nought ignores; and Reason aye decides,
 Gods should not cruel be: Then who ordains
 This Pain I worship, which my Heart divides?

Filis!

Filis! I err, if thou I say it is:

For so great Ill and Good cannot consist.

Nor doth this Rack from Heaven befall, but yet,

That shortly I must die, can no way miss,

For th' Evil, whose Cause is hardly well exprest,

By Miracle alone, true Care may get.

Nothing can be learnt by that Verse, quoth *Sancho*, if by that † *Hilo* or Thread which is said here you gather not where lies the rest of the Clue. What *Hilo* is here, quoth *Don Quixote*? Methought, quoth *Sancho*, that you read *Hilo* there. I did not, but *Filis*, said *Don Quixote*, which is without doubt the Name of the Lady on whom the Author of this Sonnet complains, who, in good truth, seems to be a reasonable good Poet, or else I know but little of that Art.

Why then, quoth *Sancho*, belike you do also understand Poetry. That I do, and more than thou think'st, quoth *Don Quixote*, as thou shalt see when thou shalt carry a Letter from me to my Lady *Dulcinea del Toboso*, written in Verse from the one end to the other: for I would thou should'st know, *Sancho*, that all, or the greater Number of Knights-Errant, in times past, were great Versifiers and Musicians; for these two Qualities or Graces, as I may better term 'em, are annex'd to amorous Knights Adventurers. True it is, that the Verses of the ancient Knights are not so adorn'd with Words, as they are rich in Conceits.

I pray you read more, quoth *Sancho*, for perhaps you may find somewhat that may satisfy. Then *Don Quixote* turn'd the Leaf, and said, This is Prose, and it seems to be a Letter. What, Sir, a missive Letter, quoth *Sancho*? No, but rather of Love, according to the Beginning, quoth *Don Quixote*. I pray you therefore, quoth *Sancho*, read it loud enough, for I take great Delight in these Things of Love. I am content, quoth *Don Quixote*,

† An Allusion to the Span. Word *Hilo*, signifying a Thread.

and reading it loudly, as *Sancho* had requested it, said as ensueth:

Thy false Promise, and my certain Misfortune, do carry me to such a Place, as from thence thou shalt sooner receive News of my Death, than Reasons of my just Complaints. Thou hast disdain'd me (O Ingrate!) for one that hath more, but not for one that is worth more than I am; but if Virtue were a Treasure of Estimation, I would not emulate other Men's Fortunes, nor weep thus for my own Misfortunes. That which thy Beauty erected, thy Works have overthrown: By it I deem'd thee to be an Angel, and by these I certainly know thee to be but a Woman. Rest in Peace (O Caufer of my War!) and let Heaven work so, that thy Spouse's Deceits remain still conceal'd, to the end thou may'st not repent what thou didst, and I be constrain'd to take Revenge of that I desire not.

Having read the Letter, *Don Quixote* said, We can collect less by this than by the Verses, what the Author is, other than that he is some disdain'd Lover. And so passing over all the Book, he found other Verses and Letters, of which he could read some, others not at all; but the Sum of 'em all were Accusations, Complaints, and Mistrusts, Pleasures, Grievs, Favours, and Disdains; some solemniz'd, others deplor'd. And whilst *Don Quixote* pass'd over the Book, *Sancho* pass'd over the Waller, without leaving a Corner of it or the Cushion unsearch'd, or a Seam unrip'd, nor a Lock of Wool uncarded, to the end nothing might remain behind for want of Diligence, or Carelessness. They found Gold which pass'd a hundred Crowns, and stirr'd in him such a greediness to have more; and tho' he got no more than that which he found at the first, yet did he account his Flight in the Coverlet, his vomiting of the Drench, the Benediction of the Pack-staves, the Blows of the Carrier, the Loss of his Waller, the Robbing of his Cassock, and all the Hunger, Thirst, and Weariness that he had pass'd in the Service of his good Lord and Master, were well employ'd, accounting himself to be more than well paid by the Gifts received of the Money they found. The Knight of the

Ill-favour'd Face was the while possess'd with a marvellous Desire to know who was the Owner of the Wallet, conjecturing by the Sonnet and Letter, the Gold and Linen, that the Enamour'd was some Man of Worth, whom the Disdain and Rigour of his Lady had conducted to some desperate Terms: But by reason that no body appear'd thro' that uninhabitable and desolate Place, by whom he might be inform'd, he thought on it no more, but only rode on, without chusing any other way than that which pleas'd *Rozinante* to travel, who took the plainest and easiest to pass through, having still an Imagination that there could not want some strange Adventure amidst that Forest.

And as he rode on with this Conceit, he saw a Man on the top of a little Mountain that stood just before his Face, leap from Rock to Rock, and Tuft to Tuft, with wonderful Dexterity; and, as he thought, he was naked, had a black and thick Beard, the Hairs many and confusedly mingled, his Feet and Legs bare, his Thighs were cover'd with a pair of Hose, which seem'd to be of Murry Velvet, but were so torn that they discover'd his Flesh in many places; his Head was likewise bare, and altho' he pass'd by with the Haste we have recounted, yet did the Knight of the *Ill-favour'd Face* note all these Particularities; and altho' he endeavour'd, yet could not he follow him, for 'twas not in *Rozinante's* power, in that weak state wherein he was, to travel so swiftly among those Rocks, chiefly being naturally very slow and phlegmatick.

Don Quixote, after 'spying him, did instantly imagine him to be the Owner of the Cushion and Wallet, and therefore resolv'd to go on in his Search, altho' he should spend a whole Year therein among those Mountains; and commanded *Sancho* to go about the one Side of the Mountain, and he would go the other; and, quoth he, it may befall, that by using this Diligence, we may encounter with that Man which vanish'd so suddenly out of our Sight.

I cannot do so, quoth *Sancho*, for that in parting one Step from you, Fear presently doth assault me with a

thousand Visions and Affrightments: And let this serve you hereafter for a Warning, to the end you may not from henceforth part me the black of a Nail from your Presence. It shall be so, answer'd the Knight of the *Ill-favour'd Face*; and I am very glad that thou dost thus build upon my Valour, the which shall never fail thee, altho' thou didst want thy very Soul; and therefore follow me by little and little, or as thou may'st, and make of thine Eyes two Lanterns, for we give a turn to this little Rock. and perhaps we may meet with this Man, whom we saw even now, who doubtlesly can be none other than the Owner of our Booty.

To which *Sancho* reply'd, 'Twere much better not to find him; for if we should meet him, and he were by chance the Owner of this Money, 'tis most evident, that I must restore it to him; and therefore 'tis better, without using this unprofitable Diligence, to let me possess it, *bona fide*, until the true Lord shall appear by some way less curious and diligent, which perhaps may fall at such a Time as it shall be all spent; and in that case I am freed from all Processes by Privilege of the King.

Thou deceivest thy self, *Sancho*, therein, quoth Don *Quixote*; for seeing we are fallen already into Suspicion of the Owner, we are bound to search and restore it to him: and when we would not seek him out, yet the vehement Presumption that we have of it, hath made us Possessors *mala fide*, and renders us as culpable as if he whom we surmise were verily the true Lord.

So that, Friend *Sancho*, be not griev'd to seek him, in respect of the Grief whereof thou shalt free me if he be found. And saying so, he spur'd *Rozinante*, and *Sancho* follow'd after a-foot, animated by the Hope of the young Asses his Master had promis'd unto him: And having compass'd a part of the Mountain, they found a little Stream, wherein lay dead, and half-devour'd by Dogs and Crows, a Mule saddled and bridled; all which confirm'd more in them the Suspicion, that he which fled away was Owner of the Mule and Cushion. And

as they look'd on it they heard a Whistle, much like unto that which Shepherds use as they keep their Flocks, and presently appear'd at their left Hand a great number of Goats, after whom the Goat-herd that kept 'em, who was an aged Man, follow'd on the top of the Mountain; and Don *Quixote* cry'd to him, requesting him to come down to them; who answer'd them again as loudly, demanding of them who had brought them to those Desarts, rarely trodden by any other than Goats, Wolves, or other savage Beasts which frequented those Mountains? *Sancho* answer'd him, That if he would descend where they were, they would give him account thereof.

With that the Shepherd came down, and arriving to the Place where Don *Quixote* was, he said, I dare wager that you look on the hired Mule, which lies dead there in that Bottom; well, in good faith, he hath lain in that very place these six Months: Say, I pray you, have not you met in the Way with the Master thereof? We have encounter'd no body but a Cushion and a little Mallet, which we found not very far off from hence. I did likewise find the same, reply'd the Goat-herd, but I would neither take it up, nor approach to it, fearful of some Misdemeanor, or that I should be hereafter demanded for it as a Stealth; for the Devil is crafty, and now and then something ariseth, even from under a Man's Feet, whereat he stumbles and falls, without knowing how, or how not.

That is the very same, I say, quoth *Sancho*, for I likewise found it, but would not approach it the Cast of a Stone; there have I left it, and there it remains as 'twas, for *I would not have a Dog with a Bell*. Tell me, good Fellow, quoth Don *Quixote*, dost thou know who is the Owner of all these Things?

That which I can say, answer'd the Goat-herd, is, that about some six Months past, little more or less, there arriv'd at a certain Sheep-fold some three Leagues off, a young Gentleman of comely Personage and Presence, mounted on that very Mule which lies dead there, and with the same Cushion and Mallet which you say

You met, but touch'd not: He demanded of us which was the most hidden and inaccessible part of the Mountain, and we told him, That this wherein we are now; and it is true, for if you did enter but half a League further, perhaps you would not find the Way out again so readily; and I do greatly marvel how you could find the Way hither itself, for there's neither Highway nor Path, that may address any to this Place.

I say then, that the young Man, as soon as he heard our Answer, he turn'd the Bridle and travel'd towards the Place we shew'd to him, leaving us all with very great liking of his Comeliness, and marvel'd at his Demand and Speed, wherewith he departed, and made towards the Mountain; and, after that time, we did not see him for a good many Days, until by chance one of our Shepherds came by with our Provision of Victuals, to whom he drew near without speaking a Word, and spurn'd and beat him well-favour'dly, and after went to the Ass which carried our Victuals, and taking away all the Bread and Cheese that was there, he fled in to the Mountain with great speed.

When we heard of this, some of us Goat-herds, we went to search for him, and spent therein almost two Days in the most solitary Places of this Mountain, and in the end we found him lurking in the hollow part of a very tall and great Cork-tree; who, as soon as he perceiv'd us, came forth to meet us with great stay'dness. His Apparel was all torn, his Visage disfigur'd and tosted with the Sun, in such manner as we could scarce know him, if 'twere not that his Attire, altho' rent, by the Notice we had of it, did give us to understand that he was the Man for whom we sought. He saluted us courteously, and in brief and very good Reason he said, That we ought not to marvel seeing him go in that manner, for that it behov'd him to do so, that he might accomplish a certain Penance enjoind to him for the many Sins he had committed. We pray'd him to tell us, what he was, but we could never persuade him to it: We requested him likewise, that whensoever he had any need of Meat (without which he could not live) he
should

should tell us where we might find him, and we would bring it to him with great Love and Diligence; and, that if he also did not like of this Motion, he would at leastwise come and ask it, and not take it violently, as he had done before from our Shepherds: He thank'd us very much for our Offer, and entreated Pardon of the Assaults pass'd, and promis'd to ask it from thence-forward for God's sake, without giving Annoyance to any one. And touching his Dwelling, or Place of Abode, he said, he had none other than that where the Night overtook him; and ended his Discourse with so feeling Laments, that we might well be accounted Stones which heard him, if therein we had not kept him company, considering the State wherein we had seen him first, and that wherein now he was: For, as I have said, he was a very comely and gracious young Man, and shew'd by his courteous and orderly Speech that he was well born, and a Court-like Person; for tho' we were all Clowns such as did hear him, his Gentility was such as could make itself known, even to Rudeness itself: And being in the best of his Discourse, he stopt and grew silent, fixing his Eyes on the Ground a good while, wherein we likewise stood still suspended, expecting in what that Distraction would end, with no little Compassion to behold it, for we easily perceiv'd that some Accident of Madness had surpriz'd him, by his staring and beholding the Earth so fixedly, without once moving the Eye-lid; and other times, by the shutting of 'em, the biting of his Lips, and bending of his Brows. But very speedily after, he made us certain thereof himself; for, rising from the Ground (whereon he had thrown himself a little before) with great Fury he set upon him that sat next unto him with such Courage and Rage, that if we had not taken him away, he would have slain him with Blows and Bites; and he did all this, saying, O treacherous *Fernando*! here, here thou shalt pay me the Injury that thou dost me: these Hands shall rend out the Heart in which do harbour, and are heap'd, all Evils together, but principally Fraud and Deceit. And to these he added other Words, all address'd to the Dis-

praise:

praise of that *Fernando*, and to attach him of Treason and Unruth.

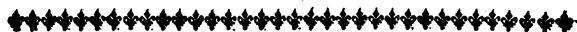
We took from him at last, not without difficulty, our Fellow, and he without saying a Word departed from us, embushing himself presently among the Bushes and Brambles, leaving us wholly disabled to follow him in those rough and unhaunted Places. By this we gather'd that his Madness comes to him at times, and that some one call'd *Fernando* had done some ill Work, of such weight as the Terms shew to which it hath brought him: All which hath since been further confirm'd, as often (which were many times) as he came out to the Fields, sometimes to demand Meat of the Shepherds, and other times to take it from 'em perforce: For when he is taken with this Fit of Madness, altho' the Shepherds do offer him Meat willingly, yet will not he receive unless he take it with Buffets; and when he's in his right Sense, he asks it for God's Sake, with Courtesie and Humanity, and renders many Thanks, and that not without Tears. And in very truth, Sirs, I say unto you, quoth the Goat-herd, that I and four others, whereof two are my Men, other two my Friends, resolv'd yesterday to search until we found him; and being found, either by force or fair means we will carry him to the Town of *Almodovar*, which is but eight Leagues from hence, and there will we have him cured, if his Disease may be holpen, or at least we shall learn what he is, when he turns to his Wits, and whether he hath any Friends, to whom Notice of his Misfortune may be given. This is, Sirs, all that I can say concerning that which you demanded of me; and you shall understand, that the Owner of those Things which you saw in the Way is the very same, whom you saw pass by you so naked and nimble. For Don *Quixote* had told him by this, that he had seen that Man go by, leaping among the Rocks.

Don *Quixote* rested marvelously admir'd at the Goat-herd's Tale, and with greater Desire to know who that unfortunate Madman was, purpos'd with himself, as he had already resolv'd, to search him throughout the Moun-

Mountains, without leaving a Corner or Cave of it unfought, until he had gotten him: But Fortune dispos'd the Matter better than he expected; for he appear'd in that very instant in a Clift of a Rock that answer'd to the Place where they stood speaking, who came towards them; murmuring somewhat to himself which could not be understood near at hand, and much less afar off: His Apparel was such as we have deliver'd, only differing in this, as Don *Quixote* perceiv'd when he drew nearer, that he wore on him, altho' torn, a Leather Jerkin perfumed with Amber; by which he thorowly collected, that the Person which wore such Attire was not of the least Quality.

When the young Man came to the Place where they discours'd, he saluted 'em with a hoarse Voice, but with great Courtesie, and Don *Quixote* return'd him his Greetings with no less Complement, and alighting from *Rozinante*, he advanc'd to embrace him with very good Carriage and Countenance, and held him a good while streightly between his Arms, as if he had known him of long time. The other, whom we may call, *The Unfortunate Knight of the Rock*, as well as Don *Quixote* the *Knight of the Ill-favour'd Face*, after he had permitted himself to be embraced a while, did step a little off from our Knight, and laying his Hand on his Shoulders, began to behold him earnestly, as one desirous to call to mind whether he had ever seen him before, being perhaps no less admir'd to see Don *Quixote's* Figure, Proportion and Arms, than Don *Quixote* was to view him. In resolution, the first that spoke after the embracing was the ragged Knight, and said what we will presently recount.





C H A P. X.

*Wherein is represented the Adventures of
Sierra Morena.*

THE History affirms, that great was the Attention wherewithal Don *Quixote* listen'd to *The Unfortunate Knight of the Rock*, who began his Speech in this manner : ' Truly, good Sir, whatsoever you be (for I know you not) I do with all my heart gratifie the Signs of Affection and Courtesie which you have used towards me, and wish heartily that I were in Terms to serve with more than my Will the Goodwill you bear towards me; as your courteous Entertainment denotes ; but my Fate is so niggardly, as it affords me no other Means to repay good Works done to me, than only to lend me a good Desire sometime to satisfy them.'

So great is mine Affection, reply'd Don *Quixote*, to serve you, as I was fully resolv'd never to depart out of these Mountains until I had found you, and known of your self whether there might be any kind of Remedy found for the Grief that this your so unusual a kind of Life argues doth possess your Soul ; and, if 'twere requisite, to search it out with all possible Diligence : And when your Disaster were known of those which clap their Doors in the Face of Comfort, I intended in that case to bear a Part in your Lamentations, and plain it with the doleful'st Note ; for 'tis a Consolation in Afflictions to have one that consoles in them : And if this my good Intention may merit any Acceptance, or be gratified by any Courtesie, let me entreat you, Sir, by the Excess thereof, which I see accumulated in your Bosom ; and jointly I conjure you by that Thing which you have or do presently most affect, that you will please to disclose unto me who you are, and what the Cause hath
becom

been that perswaded you to come to live and die in these Desarts, like a brute Beast, seeing you live among such, so alienated from your self, as both your Attire and Countenance demonstrate: And I do vow (quoth Don *Quixote*) by the high Order of Chivalry, which I (altho' unworthy and a Sinner) have receiv'd, and by the Profession of Knights-Errant, that if you do pleasure me herein, to assist you with as good Earnest as my Profession doth bind me, either by remedying your Disaster, if it can be holpen, or else by assisting you to lament it, if it be so desperate.

The *Knight of the Rock*, who heard him of the *Ill-favour'd Face* speak in that manner, did nothing else for a great while but behold him again and again, and behold him from Top to Toe: And after viewing him well, he said, If you have any thing to eat, I pray you give it me for God's sake, and after I have eaten I will satisfy your Demand thorowly, to gratify the many Courtesies and undeserv'd Proffers you have made unto me. *Sancho* and the Goat-herd present, the one out of his Wallet, the other out of his Scrip, took some Mear and gave it the *Knight of the Rock*, to allay his Hunger, and he did eat so fast, like a distracted Man, as he left no Intermission between Bit and Bit, and clapt 'em up so swiftly, as he rather seem'd to swallow than to chew them; and whilst he did eat, neither he or any of the rest spoke a Word. And having ended his Dinner, he made them Signs to follow him, as at last they did, unto a little Meadow seated hard by that Place, at the foot of a Mountain; where being arriv'd, he stretch'd himself on the Grass, which the rest did likewise in his Imitation, without speaking a Word, until that he, after settling himself in his Place, began in this manner: If, Sirs, you please to hear the exceeding greatness of my Disasters briefly rehears'd, you must promise me that you will not interrupt the File of my doleful Narration with either Demand or other Thing; for in the very Instant that you shall do it, there also must remain that which I say depending. These Words of our ragged Knight's call'd to Don *Quixote's* Remembrance the Tale which

which his Squire had told unto him, where he enter'd in the Account of his Goats which had pass'd the River, for which that History remain'd suspended. But returning to our ragged Man, he said, This prevention which now I give, is to the end that I may compendiously pass over the Discourse of my Mishaps; for the revoking of them to Remembrance only serves me to none other stead than to encrease the old by adding new Misfortunes; and by how much the fewer your Questions are, by so much the more speedily shall I have finish'd my pitiful Discourse: and yet I mean not to omit the essential Point of my Woes untouch'd, that your Desires may be herein sufficiently satisfied. Don *Quixote*, in his own and his other Companions name, promis'd to perform his Request; whereupoh he began his Relation in this manner:

My Name is *Cardenio*, the Place of my Birth one of the best Cities in *Andalusia*, my Lineage noble, my Parents rich, and my Misfortunes so great as I think my Parents have ere this deplor'd, and my Kinsfolk condole'd them, being very little able with their Wealth to redress 'em; for the Goods of Fortune are but of small Virtue to remedy the Disasters of Heaven. There dwelt in the same City a Maiden, wherein Love had placed all the Glory that I could desire; so great is the Beauty of *Luscinda*, a Damsel as noble and rich as I, but more fortunate, and less constant, than my honourable Desires expected. I lov'd, honour'd, and ador'd this *Luscinda*, almost from my very Infancy, and she affected me likewise with all the Integrity and Good-will which with her so young years did accord. Our Parents knew our mutual Amity, for which they were nothing aggriev'd, perceiving very well, that altho' we continued it, yet could it have none other End but Matrimony; a Thing which the Equality of our Blood and Substance did of itself almost invite us to. Our Age and Affection encreas'd in such sort, as it seem'd fit for *Luscinda's* Father, for certain good Respects, to deny me the Entrance of his House any longer, imitating in a manner therein *Tisbe*, so much solemniz'd by the Poets, her Parents,

which

which Hinderance serv'd only to add Flame to Flame, and Desire to Desire; for altho' it set Silence to our Tongues, yet would they not impose it to our Pens, which are wont to express, to whom it pleas'd, the most hidden Secresies of our Souls, with more Liberty than the Tongue; for the Presence of the Beloved doth often distract, trouble, and strike dumb the boldest Tongue and firmest Resolution. O Heavens! how many Letters have I written unto her! what cheerful and honest Answers have I receiv'd! how many Ditties and amorous Verses have I compos'd, wherein my Soul declar'd and publish'd her Passions, declin'd her inflam'd Desires, entertain'd her Remembrance, and recreated her Will! In effect, perceiving my self to be forced, and that my Soul consumed with a perpetual Desire to behold her, I resolv'd to put my Desires in execution, and finish in an instant that which I deem'd most expedient for the better atchieving of my desir'd and deserv'd Reward, which was (as I did indeed) to demand her of her Father for my lawful Spouse.

To which he made answer, That he did gratifie the Goodwill which I shew'd by honouring him, and Desire to honour my self with Pawns that were his; but yet, seeing my Father yet lived, the Motion of that Matter properly most concern'd him: for if it were not done with his good-liking and pleasure, *Luscinda* was not a Woman to be taken or given by stealth. I render'd him Thanks for his Good-will, his Words seeming unto me very reasonable, as that my Father should agree unto them as soon as I should explain the Matter, and therefore departed presently to acquaint him with my Desires, who, at the time which I enter'd into a Chamber wherein he was, stood with a Letter open in his Hand, and espying me, ere I could break my Mind unto him, gave it me, saying, By that Letter, *Cardenio*, you may gather the Desire that Duke *Ricardo* bears to do you any Pleasure or Favour.

This Duke *Ricardo*, as I think you know, Sirs, already, is a Grandee of *Spain*, whose Dukedom is seated in the best part of all *Andalusia*.

I took the Letter and read it, which appear'd so urgent, as I my self accounted it would be ill done if my Father did not accomplish the Contents thereof, which were indeed, 'That he should presently address me to his Court, to the end I might be Companion (and not Servant) to his eldest Son; and, that he would incharge himself with the advancing of me to such Preferments as might be answerable unto the Value and Estimation he made of my Person. I pass'd over the whole Letter, and was stricken dumb at the reading thereof, but chiefly hearing my Father to say, *Cardenio*, thou must depart within two Days, to accomplish the Duke's Desire; and omit not to render Almighty God Thanks, which doth thus open the Way by which thou may'st attain in fine to that which I know thou dost merit: And to these Words added certain others of Fatherly Counsel and Direction. The Term of my Departure arriv'd, and I spoke to my *Luscinda* on a certain Night, and recounted unto her all that pass'd, and likewise to her Father, entreating him to overslip a few Days, and defer the bestowing of his Daughter elsewhere until I went to understand Duke *Ricardo's* Will; which he promis'd me, and she confirm'd with a thousand Oaths and Promises.

Finally, I came to Duke *Ricardo's* Court, and was so friendly receiv'd and entertain'd by him, as even very Envy then began to exercise her accustom'd Function, being forthwith emulated by the ancient Scrutors, persuading themselves that the Tokens the Duke shew'd to do me Favours, could not but turn to their Prejudice. But he that rejoic'd most at mine Arrival, was a second Son of the Duke's, call'd *Fernando*, who was young, gallant, very comely, liberal, and amorous; who, within a while after my coming, held me so dearly, as every one wonder'd thereat; and tho' the elder lov'd me well, and did me Favour, yet was it in no respect comparable to that wherewithal Don *Fernando* lov'd and treated me. It therefore besel, that as there is no Secresy amongst Friends so great, but they will communicate it the one to the other, and the Familiarity

rity which I had with Don *Fernando*, was now past the Limits of Favour, and turned into dearest Amity, he revealed unto me all his Thoughts, but chiefly one of his Love, which did not a little molest him. For he was enamour'd on a Farmer's Daughter that was his Father's Vassal, whose Parents were marvellous rich; and she her self so beautiful, wary, discreet, and honest, as never a one that knew her, could absolutely determine wherein, or in which of all her Perfections she did excel or was most accomplish'd. And those good Parts of the beautiful Country Maid reduced Don *Fernando's* Desires to such an exigency, as he resolved that he might the better gain her Good-will, and conquer her Integrity, to pass her a Promise of Marriage, for otherwise he should labour to effect that which was impossible, and but strike against the Stream. I, as one bound thereunto by Friendship, did thwart and dissuade him from his Purpose with the best Reasons, and most efficacious Words I might; and seeing all could not prevail, I determined to acquaint the Duke *Ricardo*, his Father, therewithal. But Don *Fernando* being very crafty and discreet, suspected and feared as much, because he considered that in the Law of a faithful Servant, I was bound not to conceal a Thing that would turn so much to the Prejudice of the Duke my Lord; and therefore both to divert and deceive me at once, that he could find no means so good, to deface the Remembrance of that Beauty out of his Mind, which held his Heart in such Subjection, than to absent himself for certain Months; and he would likewise have that Absence to be this, that both of us should depart together and come to my Father's House, under pretence (as he would inform the Duke) that he went to see and cheapen certain great Horses that were in the City wherein I was born; a Place of breeding the best Horses in the World.

Scarce had I heard him say this (when born away by the natural Propensions each one hath to his Country, and my Love joined) although his Designment had not been so good, yet would I have ratified it, as one
of

of the most expedient that could be imagin'd, because I saw Occasion and Opportunity so fairly offered, to return and see again my *Luscinda*. And therefore set on by this Thought and Desire, I approv'd his Opinion, and did quicken his Purpose, perswading him to prosecute it with all possible Speed, for Absence would in the end work her Effect in spite of the most forcible and urgent Thought; and when he said this to me, he had already under the title of a Husband (as it was afterwards known) reaped the Fruits of his longed Desires, from his beautiful Country-maid, and did only await an Opportunity to reveal it without his own Detriment; fearful of the Duke his Father's Indignation, when he should understand his Error.

It afterwards hapned, that as Love in young Men is not for the most part Love, but Lust, the which, as it ever proposeth to it self as his last End, and Period is Delight; so as soon as it obtaineth the same, it likewise decayeth and maketh forcibly to retire that which was termed Love; for it cannot transgress the Limits which Nature hath assigned it, with Boundings or Mears, Nature hath in no wise allotted to true and sincere Affection. I would say, that as soon as Don *Fernando* had enjoyed his Country-Lass, his Desires weakened; and his Importunities waxed cold; and if at first he feigned an Excuse to absent himself, that he might with more facility compass them, he did now in very good earnest procure to depart, to the end he might not put them in execution. The Duke gave him Licence to depart, and commanded him to accompany him. We came to my City, where my Father entertained him according to his Calling. I saw *Luscinda*, and then again were reviv'd (although they indeed were neither dead nor mortify'd) my Desires, and acquainted Don *Fernando* (alas! to my total Ruin) with them, because I thought it was not lawful by the Law of Amity to keep any Thing concealed from him. There I dilated to him, on the Beauty, Wit, and Discretion of *Luscinda*, in so ample manner, as my Praises stirred in him a Desire to view a Damsel so greatly adorned, and enriched

riched with so rare Endowments; and this his Desire, I (through my Misfortune) satisfied, shewing her unto him by the Light of a Candle, at a Window where we two were wont to parley together; where he beheld her to be such, as was sufficient to blot out of Memory all the Beauties that ever he had view'd before. He stood mute, beside himself, and ravished; and moreover rested so greatly enamour'd, as you may perceive in the Discourse of this my doleful Narration. And to inflame his Desires the more (a Thing which I fearfully avoided, and only discovered to Heaven) Fortune so disposed, that he found after me one of her Letters, wherein she requested that I would demand her of her Father for Wife; which was so discreet, honest, and amorously penned, as he said, after reading it, that in *Luscinda* alone were included all the Graces of Beauty and Understanding jointly, which were divided and separate in all the other Women of the World.

Yet in good sooth I will here confess the Truth, that although I saw clearly how deservedly *Luscinda* was thus extol'd by Don *Fernando*, yet did not her Praises please me, so much pronounced by him; and therefore began to fear and suspect him, because he let no Moment overslip us, without making some Mention of *Luscinda*, and would still himself begin the Discourse, were the Occasion ever so far fetched; a Thing which rowled in me I cannot tell what Jealousy; not that I did fear any Traverse in *Luscinda's* Loyalty, yet for all that my Fates made me the very Thing which they most assured me; and Don *Fernando* procured to read all the Papers I sent to *Luscinda*, or she to me, under pretence that he took extraordinary Delight to note the witty Conceits of us both. It therefore fell out, that *Luscinda* having demanded of me a Book of Chivalry to read, wherein she took marvellous Delight, and was that of *Amadis de Gaul*.—

Scarce had Don *Quixote* well heard him make mention of Books of Knighthood, when he replied to him, If you had, good Sir, but once have told me at the beginning of your Historical Narration, that your
Lady

Lady *Luscinda* was affected to the reading of *Knighly Adventures*, you needed not to have used any amplification to indcar or make plain unto me the Eminency of her Wit, which certainly could not in any wise be so excellent and perspicuous as you have figured it, if she wanted the Propension, and Feeling you have rehearsed, to the perusing so pleasing Discourses; so that henceforth with me, you need not spend any more Words to explain and manifest the Height of her Beauty, Worth and Understanding; for by this only Notice I have receiv'd of her Devotion to Books of *Knighthood*, I do confirm her for the most fair and accomplish'd Woman for all Perfections in the World; and I would to God, good Sir, that you had also sent her together with *Amadis*, the Histories of the good *Don Rugel of Grecia*; for I am certain the Lady *Luscinda* would have taken great Delight in *Darayda* and *Garaya*, and in the witty Conceits of the Shepherd *Darinel*, and in those admirable Verses of his *Bucolicks*, sung and rehearsed by him with such Grace, Discretion and Liberty: But a time may come wherein this Fault may be recompensed, if it shall please thee to come with me to my Village; for there I may give you three hundred Books, which are my Soul's greatest Contentment, and the Entertainment of my Life; although I do now verily believe that none of them are left, thanks be to the Malice of evil and envious Enchanters. And I beseech you to pardon me this Transgression of our Agreement at the first, promised not to interrupt your Discourses, for when I hear any Mention made of Chivalry or *Knights Errant*, it is no more in my power to omit to speak of them, than in the Sun-beams to leave off warming, or in the Moon's to render Things humid. And therefore I intreat pardon, that you would prosecute your History, which is that most imports us.

Whilst *Don Quixote* spoke these Words, *Cardenio* hang'd his Head on his Breast, giving manifest Tokens that he was exceeding sad; and although *Don Quixote* requested him thrice to follow on with his Discourse, yet neither did he lift up his Head, or answer a

Word, till at last, after he had stood a good while musing, he held up his Head, and said, It cannot be taken out of my Mind, nor is there any one in the World can deprive me of the Conceit, or make me believe the contrary; and he were a Bottlehead that would think or believe otherwise, than that the great Villain, Master *Elisabat* the Barber, kept Queen *Madasima* as his Lemman.

That's not so, I vow by such and such, quoth Don *Quixote* in great Choler (and, as he was wont, rapt out three or four round Oaths) and 'tis great Malice, or rather Villany, to say such a thing; for Queen *Madasima* was a very noble Lady, and ought not to be presum'd that so high a Princess would fall in love with a Quack-salver; and whosoever thinks the contrary, lyes like an errant Villain, as I will make him understand a-horse back or a-foot, arm'd or disarm'd, by Night or by Day, or as he best liketh. *Cardenio* stood beholding him very earnestly as he spoke these Words, whom the Accident of his Madness had by this possess'd, and was not in plight to prosecute his History; nor would Don *Quixote* give ear to it, he was so mightily disgusted to hear Queen *Madasima* detracted.

A marvellous Accident! for he took her Defences as earnestly as if she were verily his true and natural Princess; his wicked Books had so much distracted him: And *Cardenio* being by this furiously mad, hearing himself answer'd with the Lye, and the Denomination of a Villain, with other the like Outrages, he took the rest in ill part, and lifting up a Stone that was near unto him, gave Don *Quixote* such a Blow therewithal, as he overthrew him to the Ground on his Back. *Sancho Pancha* seeing his Master so roughly handled, set upon the Fool with his Fist shut; and the ragged Man received his Assault in such manner, as he likewise overthrew him at his Feet with one Fist, and mounting afterward upon him, did work him with his Feet like a piece of Dough: And the Goat-herd, who thought to succour him, was like to incur the same Danger. And after he had overthrown and beaten them all very well, he departed

parted from them, and enter'd into the Wood very quietly. *Sancho* arose, and with Rage to see himself so labour'd without Desert, he ran upon the Goat-herd to be reveng'd on him, saying, That he was in the Fault, who had not premonish'd them how that Man's raving Fits did not take him at times; for had they been advertis'd thereof, they might have stood all the while on their Guards.

The Goat-herd answer'd, That he had already advis'd them thereof, and if he had not been attentive thereunto, yet he was therefore nothing the more culpable.

Sancho Pancha reply'd, and the Goat-herd made a Rejoinder thereunto, but their Disputation ended at last in the catching hold of one another's Beads, and besisting themselves so uncompassionately, as if Don *Quixote* had not pacified 'em, they would have torn one another to pieces. *Sancho* holding still the Goat-herd fast, said unto his Lord, Let me alone, Sir Knight of the Ill-favour'd Face, for on this Man, who is a Clown, as I am myself, and no dubb'd Knight, I may safely satisfy myself of the Wrong he hath done me, by fighting with him hand to hand, like an honourable Man. 'Tis true, quoth Don *Quixote*, but I know well that he is no ways culpable of that which hath happen'd. And saying so, he appeas'd 'em, and turned again to demand of the Goat-herd, whether 'twas possible to meet again with *Cardenio*, for he remain'd possess'd with an exceeding Desire to know the end of his History.

The Goat-herd turn'd again to repeat what he said at the first, to wit, That he knew not any certain Place of his first A bode, but if he haunted that Commark any while, he would some time meet with him, either in his mad or modest Humour.



C H A P. XI.

Which treats of the strange Adventures that happen'd to the Knight of the Mancha in Sierra Morena : And of the Penance he did there, in imitation of Beltinebros.

DON *Quixote* took leave of the Goat-herd, and mounting once again on *Roxinante*, he commanded *Sancho* to follow him, who obey'd, but with a very ill Will: And thus they travel'd by little and little entering into the thickest and roughest part of all the Mountain; and *Sancho* went almost burst with a Desire to reason with his Master, and therefore wish'd in mind that he would once begin, that he might not transgress his Commandment of Silence impos'd on him; but growing at last wholly impotent to contain himself speechless any longer, Good Sir Don *Quixote*, I pray you give me your Blessing and Licence, for I mean to depart from this Place, and return to my House, my Wife and Children, with whom I shall be at least admitted to reason and speak my pleasure: for, that you would desire to have me keep you company through these Desarts Night and Day, and that I may not speak when I please, is but to bury me alive: Yet if Fortune had so happily dispos'd our Affairs, as that Beasts could speak, as they did in *Guisepetes's* Time, the Harm had been less, for then would I discourse awhile with *Roxinante* (seeing my niggardly Fortune hath not consented I might do it with mine Ass) what I thought good, and in this sort would I wave my Mishaps; for 'tis a stubborn Thing, and that cannot be born with Patience, to travel all the Days of our Life, and not to encounter any other thing than Trappings under Feet, Tossings in Coverlet, Blows of Stones, and Buffets; and be, besides all this, forced to sew up our Mouths, a Man daring not

to break his Mind, but to stand mute, like a Post. *Sancho*, I understand thee now, quoth *Don Quixote*, thou dy'st with Longing to speak that which I have forbidden thee to speak; account therefore that Commandment revoked, and say what thou pleasest, on condition that this Revocation be only available and of force whilst we dwell in these Mountains, and no longer.

So be it, quoth *Sancho*, let me speak now, for what may after befall, God only knows: And then beginning to take the Benefit of his Licence, he said, I pray you tell me, What Benefit could you reap by taking Queen *Madasima's* part? Or, what was it to the Purpose that that Abbot was her Friend, or no? For if you had let it slip, seeing you were not his Judge, I verily believe that the Fool had prosecuted his Tale, and we should have escaped the Blow of the Stone, the Trampling under Feet, and Spurnings, yea, and more than five or six good Buffets. I'faith *Sancho*, quoth *Don Quixote*, if thou knew'st as well as I did, how honourable and principal a Lady was Queen *Madasima*, thou would'st rather say, that I had great Patience, seeing I did not strike thee on the Mouth, out of which such Blasphemies issued, for 'tis a very great Dishonour to aver or think that any Queen would fall in love with a Barber: For the Truth of the History is, that Master *Elisabat*, of whom the Madman spoke, was very prudent, and a Man of a sound Judgment, and served the Queen as her Tutor and Physician; but to think that she was his Lemman, is a Madness worthy the severest Punishment: And to the end thou may'st see that *Cardenio* knew not what he said, thou must understand, that when he spoke it, he then was wholly beside himself.

That's it which I say, quoth *Sancho*, that you ought not to make account of Words spoken by a Fool; for if Fortune had not assisted you, but address'd the Stone to your Head, as it did to your Breast, we should have remain'd in ill plight, for having turn'd so earnestly in that my Lady's Defence, whom God confound: And, think you that *Cardenio* would not escape the Dangers of the

the Law by reason of his Madness? Any Knight Errant, answer'd Don *Quixote*, is bound to turn, for the Honour of Women, of what Quality soever, against mad or unmad Men; how much more for Queens of so high Degree and Worth as was Queen *Madasima*, to whom I bear particular Affections for her good Parts? For, besides her being marvellous beautiful, she was moreover very prudent, and patient in her Calamities, which were very many; and the Company and Counsels of Master *Elisabat* prov'd very beneficial, and necessary to induce her to bear her Mishaps with Prudence and Patience; and hence the ignorant and ill-meaning Vulgar took occasion to suspect and affirm that she was his Friend; but I say again they lye, and all those that do either think or say it, do lye a thousand times.

Why, quoth *Sancho*, I neither say it or think it, let those that affirm any such thing eat that Lye, and swallow it with their Bread; and if they of whom you spoke liv'd lightly, they have given Account to God thereof by this: I come from my Vineyard, I know nothing, I am not a Friend to know other Men's Lives; for *he that buys and lyes, shall feel it in his Purse*: How much more, seeing I was born naked, and am now naked, I can neither win nor lose? A Man is but a Man, tho' he have a Nose on his Head; but howsoever, what is that to me? And many think there is a Sheep where there's no Fleece; but, Who shall bridle a Man's Understanding when Men are profane? Good God, quoth Don *Quixote*? how many Follies hast thou inserted here? and, How wide from our Purpose are those Proverbs which thou hast recited? Honest *Sancho*, hold thy peace, and from henceforth endeavour to serve thy Master, and do not meddle in Things which concern thee nothing; and understand with all thy five Senses, that whatsoever I have done, do, or shall do, is wholly guided by Reason, and conformable to the Rules of Knighthood, which I know better than all the other Knights that ever profess'd 'em in the World. Sir, quoth *Sancho*, and is it a good Rule of Chivalry that we go wandering and lost among these Mountains in this sort, without Path or Way, in the

Search of a Madman, to whom peradventure after he is found, will return a Desire to finish what he began, not of his Tale, but of your Head and my Ribs, by endeavouring to break 'em soundly and thorowly.

Peace, I say, *Sancho*, once again, quoth Don *Quixote*, for thou must wit that the Desire of finding the Madman alone, brings me not into these Parts so much as that which I have in my Mind to atchieve a certain Adventure, by which I shall acquire eternal Renown and Fame throughout the universal Face of the Earth; and I shall therewithal seal all that which may render a Knight Errant compleat and famous. And is the Adventure very dangerous, quoth *Sancho Pancha*? No, answer'd the *Knight of the Ill-favour'd Face*, altho' the Dye might run in such sort as we might cast a Hazard instead of an Encounter, but all consists in thy Diligence. In mine, quoth *Sancho*? Yes (quoth Don *Quixote*) for if thou return'st speedily from the Place whereunto I mean to send thee, my Pain will also end shortly, and my Glory commence very soon after: And because I will not hold thee long suspended, awaiting to hear the Effect of my words, I would have thee to know, that the famous *Amadis de Gaule* was one of the most accomplish'd Knights-Errant: I do not say well, saying he was one, for he was the only, the first, and prime Lord of as many as liv'd in his Age; an evil Year, and a worse Month, for Don *Belianis* or any other that shall dare presume to compare with him; for I swear, that they all are questionless deceiv'd. I also say, that when a Painter would become rare and excellent in his Art, he procures to imitate the Patterns of the most singular Masters of his Science: And this very Rule runs current throughout all other Trades and Exercises of account, which serve to adorn a well-disposed Common-wealth; and so ought and doth he that means to obtain the Name of a prudent and patient Man, by imitating *Ulysses*, in whose Person and Dangers doth *Homer* delineate unto us the true Portraiture of Patience and Sufferance; as likewise *Virgil* demonstrates, under the Person of *Aeneas*, the Duty and Valour of a pious Son, and the Sagacity of a hardy

hardy and expert Captain, not shewing them such as indeed they were, but as they should be, to remain as an Example of Virtue to ensuing Posterities. And in this very Manner was *Amadis* the North Star and Sun of valourous and amorous Knights, whom all we ought to imitate, which march under the Ensigns of Love and Chivalry. And this being so manifest as it is, I find, Friend *Sancho*, that the Knight-Errant who shall imitate him most, shall likewise be nearest to attain the Perfection of Arms: And that wherein this Knight bewray'd most his Prudence, Valour, Courage, Patience, Constancy, and Love, was when he retir'd himself to do Penance, being disdain'd by his Lady *Oriana*, to the *Poor Rock*, changing his Name into that of *Beltranebro*, a Name certainly most significative and proper for the Life which he had at that time willingly chosen: And I may more easily imitate him herein, than in cleaving of Giants, beheading of Serpents, killing of Monsters, overthrowing of Armies, putting Navies to flight, and finishing of Enchantments. And seeing that this Mountain is so fit for that Purpose, there's no Reason why I should overslip the Occasion, which doth so commodiously proffer me her Locks.

In effect, quoth *Sancho*, what is it you mean to do in these remote Places? Have I not told thee already, said *Don Quixote*, that I mean to follow *Amadis*, by playing here the despair'd, wood and furious Man? to imitate likewise the valiant *Orlando*, where he found the Tokens by a Fountain, that *Angelica the fair* had abused herself with *Medoxo*, for grief whereof he ran mad, and plucked up Trees by their Roots, troubled the Water of clear Fountains, slew Shepherds, destroy'd their Flocks, fired the Sheepfolds, overthrew Houses, trailed Mares after him, and committed a hundred thousand other Insolencies worthy of eternal Fame and Memory? And altho' I mean not to imitate *Roldan*, or *Orlando*, or *Rowland*, (for he had all these Names) exactly in every mad Prank which he play'd, yet will I do it the best I can, in those Things which shall seem unto me most essential: And perhaps I may rest contented with

the only Imitation of *Amadis*, who, without endamaging any by his Ravings, and only using those of feeling Laments, arriv'd to as great Fame thereby as any one whatsoever.

I believe, reply'd *Sancho*, that the Knights which perform'd the like Penances were moved by some Reasons to do the like Austerities and Follies; but, good Sir, what Occasion hath been offer'd unto you to become mad? What Lady hath disdain'd you? or, What Arguments have you found that the Lady *Dulcinea* of *Toboso* hath ever dallied with *Moor* or *Christian*? There's the Point, answer'd our Knight, and therein consists the Perfection of mine Affairs: for that a Knight-Errant do run mad upon any just Occasion, deserves neither Praise nor Thanks; the Wit is in waxing mad without Cause, whereby my Mistress may understand, that if dry I could do this, what would I have done being water'd? How much more, seeing I have a just Motive through the prolix Absence that I have made from my ever-supremest Lady *Dulcinea* of *Toboso*? For, as thou might'st have heard read in *Marias*, *Ambrosio's* Shepherd,

*To him that absent is
All Things succeed amiss.*

So that, Friend *Sancho*, I would not have thee lavish Time longer in advising to let slip so rare, so happy and singular an Imitation; I am mad, and will be mad, until thou return again with Answer upon a Letter which I mean to send with thee to my Lady *Dulcinea*; and if it be such as my Loyalty deserves, my Madness and Penance shall end: but if the contrary, I shall run mad in good earnest, and be in that State that I shall not apprehend nor feel any thing: So that howsoever I be answer'd, I shall issue out of the Conflict and Pain wherein thou leavest me, by joying the Good thou shalt bring me, as wise, or not feeling the Evil thou shalt denounce, as mad. But tell me, *Sancho*, keep'st thou charily yet the Helmet of *Mambrino*, which I saw thee take up from the

the

the Ground t'other day, when that ungrateful Fellow thought to have broken it into Pieces, but could not; by which may be collected the excellent Temper thereof?

Sancho answer'd to this Demand, saying, I cannot suffer or bear longer, Sir *Knight of the ill-favour'd Face*, nor take patiently many Things which you say; and I begin to suspect, by your Words, that all that which you have said to me of Chivalry, and of gaining Kingdoms and Empires, of bestowing Islands, and other Gifts and great Things, as Knights-Errant are wont, are all Matters of Air and Lyes, all Cozenage and Cozening, or how else you please to term it: For he that shall hear you name a Barber's Bason *Mambrino's* Helmet, and that you will not abandon that Error in more than four Days, what other can he think, but that he who affirms such a Thing doth want Wit and Discretion? I carry the Bason in my Bag all batter'd and bored, and will have it mended, and dress my Beard in it at Home, if God shall do me the Favour that I may one Day see my Wife and Bearn.

Behold, *Sancho*, quoth *Don Quixote*, I do likewise swear that thou hast the shallow'st Pate that ever any Squire had or hath in the World: Is it possible, that in all the Time thou hast gone with me, thou could'st not perceive that all the Adventures of Knights-Errant do appear Chimæra's, Follies and desperate Things, being quite contrary? Not that they are indeed such, but rather by reason that we are still haunted by a Crew of Enchanters, which change and transform our Acts, making them seem what they please, according as they like to favour or annoy us: And so this, which seems to thee a Barber's Bason, is in my Conceit *Mambrino's* Helmet; and to another will appear in some other shape: And it is doubtlessly done by the profound Science of the Wiseman my Friend, to make that seem a Bason which really and truly is *Mambrino's* Helmet; because that it being so precious a Jewel, all the World would pursue me to deprive me of it; but now, seeing 'tis so like a Barber's Bason, they endeavour not to gain it; as was clearly

shew'd in him that thought to break it the other Day, and would not carry it with him, but left it lying behind him on the Ground, for i'faith he had never left it, did he know the Worthiness thereof. Keep it, Friend, for I need it not at this present, wherein I must rather disarm myself of the Arms I wear, and remain as naked, as I was at the Hour of my Birth, if I shall take the Humour rather to imitate *Orlando* in doing of my Penance than *Amadis*.

Whilst thus he discours'd, he arriv'd to the Foot of a lofty Mountain, which stood like a hewn Rock divided from all the rest, by the Skirt whereof glided a smooth River, hemm'd in on every side by a green and flourishing Meadow, whose Verdure did marvelously delight the greedy beholding Eye: There were in it also many wild I'rees, and some Plants and Flowers, which render'd the Place much more pleasing. The *Knight of the Ill-favour'd Face* made choice of this Place to accomplish therein his Penance, and therefore as soon as he had view'd it, he began to say with a loud Voice, like a distracted Man, these Words ensuing: ' This is the Place where
 ' the Humour of mine Eyes shall increase the liquid Veins
 ' of this crystal Current; and my continual and deep
 ' Sighs shall give perpetual Motion to the Leaves of
 ' these Mountainy Trees, in testimony of the Pain which
 ' my oppress'd Heart doth suffer. O you, whosoever ye
 ' be, rustical Gods, which have your Mansion in this uninhabitable Place! give ear to the Complaints of this unfortunate Lover, whom a long Absence, and a few imagin'd Suspicions, have conducted to deplore his State among these Desarts, and make him exclaim on the rough Condition of that Ingrate and Fair, who is the Top, the Sun, the Period, Term and End of all human Beauty. O ye *Napeas* and *Dryades*, which do wontedly inhabit the Thickets and Groves! so may the nimble and lascivious *Satyrs*, by whom (altho' in vain) you are beloved, never have Power to interrupt your sweet Rest, as you shall assist me to lament my Disasters, or at least attend 'em whilst I dolefully breathe them: O *Dulcinea* of *Toboso*, the Day of my Night,
 ' the

the Glory of my Pain, North of my Travels, and Star of my Fortunes! so Heaven enrich thee with the Highest whensoever thou shalt demand it, as thou wilt consider the Place and Pass unto which thine Absence hath conducted me, and answer my Faith and Desires in compassionate and gracious manner. O solitary Trees (which shall from hence-forward keep company with my Solitude!) give Tokens with the soft Motion of your Boughs, that my Presence doth not dislike you. O thou my Squire, and grateful Companion in all prosperous and adverse Successes! bear well away what thou shalt see me do here, to the end that thou may'st after promptly recount it to the total Cause of my Ruin.* And saying so, he alighted from *Roxinante*, and taking off in a trice his Bridle and Saddle, he struck him on the Buttock, saying, He gives thee Liberty that wants it himself, O Horse, as famous for thy Works as thou art unfortunate by thy Fates! go where thou pleasest, for thou bear'st written in thy Forehead, how that neither the *Hippogriffon* of *Astolpho*, nor the renowned *Frontino*, which cost *Bradamant* so dearly, could compare with thee for Swiftneſs.

When *Sancho* had view'd and heard his Lord speak thus, he likewise said, Good betide him that freed us from the Pains of empannelling the grey Asſ; for if he were here, i'faith he should also have two or three Claps on the Buttocks, and a short Oration in his praise; yet if he were here, I would not permit any other to unpannel him, seeing there was no Occasion why: for he, good Beast, was nothing subject to the Passions of Love or Despair, no more than I, who was his Master when it pleas'd God. And in good sooth, Sir *Knight of the Ill-favour'd Face*, if my Departure and your Madness be in good earnest, 'twill be needful to saddle *Roxinante* again, that he may supply the Want of mine Asſ, for it will shorten the Time of my Departure and Return again; and if I make my Voyage a-foot, I know not when I shall arrive there, or return here back unto you; for in good earnest, I'm a very ill Footman.

Let it be as thou likest, quoth Don *Quixote*, for thy Design displeaseth me nothing; and therefore I resolve that thou shalt depart from hence after three Days, for in the mean space thou shalt behold what I will do and say for my Lady's sake, to the end thou may'st tell it to her. Why, quoth *Sancho*, what more can I view, than that which I have seen already? Thou art altogether wide of the Matter, answer'd Don *Quixote*, for I must yet tear mine Apparel, throw away mine Armour, and beat mine Head about these Rocks, with many other Things of that kind, that will strike thee into Admiration. Let me beseech you, quoth *Sancho*, see well how you give yourself those Knocks about the Rocks; for you might happen upon some one of so ungracious a Rock, as at the first Rap would dissolve all the whole Machina of your Adventures and Penance: And therefore I would be of Opinion, seeing that you do hold it necessary that some Knocks be given with the Head, and that this Enterprize cannot be accomplish'd without them, that you content yourself, seeing that all is but feign'd, counterfeit, and a Jest; that you should, I say, content yourself with striking it on the Water, or on some other soft Thing, as Cotton or Wool, and leave to my Charge the Exaggeration thereof, for I will tell to my Lady, that you strike your Head against the Point of a Rock which was harder than a Diamond.

I thank thee, *Sancho*, for thy Good-will, quoth Don *Quixote*, but I can assure thee that all these Things which I do are no Jest, but very serious Earnests; for otherwise we should transgress the Statutes of Chivalry, which command us not to avouch any Untruth on pain of Relapse, and to do one Thing for another, is as much as to lye: So that my Head-knocks must be true, firm, and sound ones, without any sophistical or fantastical Shadow: And 'twill be requisite that thou leave me some Lint to cure me, seeing that Fortune hath depriv'd us of the *Balsamum*, which we lost. 'Twas worse to have lost the Ass, quoth *Sancho*, seeing that at once with him we have lost our Lint, and all our other Provision; and I

entreat you most earnestly not to name again that accursed Drink, for in only hearing it mention'd, you not only turn my Guts in me, but also my Soul. And I request you moreover to make account that the Term of Three Days is already expir'd, wherein you would have me take notice of your Follies; for I declare them already for seen; and will tell Wonders to my Lady: wherefore go write your Letter, and dispatch me with all haste, for I long already to return, and take you out of this Purgatory wherein I leave you.

Dost thou call it a Purgatory, *Sancho*, quoth *Don Quixote*? Thou had'st done better had'st thou call'd it Hell, or rather worse, if there be any thing worse than that. I call it so (quoth *Sancho*) *Quia in inferno nulla est retentio*, as I have heard say.

I understand not, said *Don Quixote*, what *retentio* meaneth. *Retentio* (quoth *Sancho*) is, that whosoever is in Hell never comes, nor can come, out of it: Which shall fall out contrary in your Person, or my Feet shall go ill, if I may carry Spurs to quicken *Rozinante*, that I may safely arrive before my Lady *Dulcinea* of *Toboso*, for I will recount unto her such strange Things of your Follies and Madness (for they be all one) that you have done, and do daily, as I'll make her as soft as a Glove, altho' I found her at the first harder than a Cork-tree; with whose sweet and honey Answer I'll return in the Air as speedily as a Witch, and take you out of this Purgatory, which is no Hell, altho' it seems one, seeing there is Hope to escape from it; which, as I have said, they want which are in Hell, and I believe you will not contradict me herein.

Thou hast Reason, answer'd the *Knight of the Ill-favour'd Face*, but how shall I write the Letter? And the Warrant for the Receipt of the Colts also, added *Sancho*. All shall be inserted together, quoth *Don Quixote*, and seeing we have no Paper, we may do well, imitating the ancient Men of Times past, to write our Minds in the Leaves of Trees or Wax; yet Wax is as hard to be found here as Paper. But now that I remember myself, I know where we may write our Mind well, and more than well,

well, to wit, in *Cardenio's* Tablets, and thou shalt have care to cause the Letters to be written out again fairly in the first Village wherein thou shalt find a Schoolmaster; or, if such a one be wanting, by the Clerk of the Church; and beware in any sort that thou give it not to a Notary or Court-Clerk to be copied, for they write such an entangling, confounded, Process Letter, as Satan himself would scarce be able to read it. And how shall we do for want of your Name and Subscription, quoth *Sancho*? Why, answer'd Don *Quixote*, *Amadis* was never wont to subscribe to his Letters. Ay, but the Warrant to receive t'ie three Asses must forcibly be subsign'd, and if it should afterward be copied, they would say the former is false, and so I shall rest without my Colts. The Warrant shall be written, and firm'd with my Hand in the Tablets, which as soon as my Niece shall see, she will make no Difficulty to deliver thee them. And as concerning the Love-letter, thou shalt put this Subscription to it, *Yours until Death, the Knight of the ill-favour'd Face*. And it makes no matter tho' it be written by any Stranger, forasmuch as I can remember, *Dulcinea* can neither write nor read, nor hath she seen any Letter, no, not so much as a Character of my Writing all the Days of her Life; for my Love and hers have been ever *Platonical*, never extending themselves farther than to an honest Regard and View one of the other; and even this same so rarely, as I dare boldly swear, that in these dozen Years, which I love her more dearly than the Light of these mine Eyes, which the Earth shall one day devour, I have not seen her four times; and perhaps of those same four times she hath scarce perceiv'd once that I beheld her; such is the Care and Closeness wherewithal her Parents *Lorenzo Corcueto* and her Mother *Aldonca Nogales* have brought her up. Ta, ta, quoth *Sancho*, that the Lady *Dulcinea* of *Toboso* is *Lorenzo Corcueto's* Daughter, call'd by another Name *Aldonca Lorenzo*? The same is she, quoth Don *Quixote*, and 'tis she that merits to be Empress of the vast Universe. I know her very well, reply'd *Sancho*, and I dare say that she can throw an Iron Bar as well as any the strongest Lad in our Parish. I vow by the

the Giver, that 'tis a Wench of the Mark, tall and stout; and so sturdy withal, that she will bring her Chin out of the Mire, in despite of any Knight-Errant, that shall err, or that shall honour her as his Lady. Out upon her what a Strength and Voice she hath! I saw her on a Day stand on the top of a Church-steeple, to call certain Servants of her Father's, that labour'd in a fallow Field, and altho' they were half a League from thence, they heard her as well as if they were at the Foot of the Steeple; and the best that is in her is, that she's nothing coy, for she hath a very great smack of Courtship, and plays with every one, and jibes and jests with 'em all. And now I affirm, Sir *Knight of the ill-favour'd Face*, that not only you may, and ought to commit raving Follies for her sake, but eke you may, with just Title, also despair and hang yourself; for none shall hear thereof, but will say you did very well, altho' the Devil carried you away. And fain would I be gone, if 'twere for nothing else but to see her, for 'tis many a Day since I saw her, and I am sure she is changed by this, for Women's Beauty is much impair'd by going always to the Field, expos'd to the Sun and Weather.

And I will now, Sir Don *Quixote*, confess a Truth unto you, that I have liv'd until now in a marvellous Error, thinking well and faithfully that the Lady *Dulcinea* was some great Princess, on whom you were enamour'd, or such a Person as merited those rich Presents which you bestow'd on her, as well of the *Biscaine's* as of the Slaves, and many others that ought to be, as I suppose, correspondent to the many Victories which you have gain'd, both now, and in the Time that I was not your Squire: But, pondering well the Matter, I cannot conceive why the Lady *Aldonca Lorenzo*, I mean the Lady *Dulcinea* of *Toboso*, should care whether these vanquish'd Men which you send, or shall send, do go and kneel before her; for it may befall that she, at the very time of their Arrival, be combing of Flax, or threshing in the Barn, whereat they would be ashamed, and she likewise laugh, and be somewhat displeas'd at the present.

I have often seen thee, *Sancho*, many times, that thou art too great a Prattler, quoth Don *Quixote*, and altho' thou hast but a gross Wit, yet now and then thy Frumpship: But, to the end thou mayst perceive the faultiness of thy Brain, and my Discretion, I will tell thee a short History, which is this: There was once a Widow, fair, young, free, rich, and withal very pleasant and jocund, that fell in love with a certain round and well-set Servant of a College; his Regent came to understand it, and therefore said on a Day to the Widow, by the way of Fraternal Correction, Mistress, I do greatly marvel, and not without Occasion, that a Woman so principal, so beautiful, and so rich, and specially so witty, could make so ill a Choice, as to wax enamour'd on so foul, so base, and foolish a Man as such a one, we having in this House so many Masters of Art, Graduates, and Divines, amongst whom you might have made choice as among Pears, saying, I will take this, and I will not have that. But she answer'd him thus, with a very pleasant and good grace: You are, Sir, greatly deceiv'd if you deem that I have made an ill Choice in such a one, let him seem never so great a Fool; for to the Purpose that I mean to use him, he knows as much, or rather more Philosophy than *Aristotle*. And so, *Sancho*, likewise is *Dulcinea* of *Toboso* as much worth as the highest Princess of the World, for the Effect I mean to use her? For all the Poets, which celebrate certain Ladies at pleasure, think'st thou that they all had Mistresses? No. Dost thou believe that the *Amarille's*, the *Fillis's*, *Sylvia's*, *Liana's*, *Galatea's*, *Alcida's*, and other such like, wherewithal the Books, Ditties, Barbers Shops, and Theatres are fill'd, were truly Ladies of Flesh and Bones, and their Mistresses which have and do celebrate them thus? No certainly, but were for the greater part feign'd to serve as a Subject of their Verses, to the end the Authors might be accounted amorous, and Men of Courage enough to be such. And thus 'tis also sufficient for me to believe and think that the good *Aldonza Lorenzo* is fair and honest; as for her Parentage, it matters but little, for none will send to take Information thereof, to give to her an Habit; and

and I make an account of her as of the greatest Princess in the World: For thou ought'st to know, *Sancho*, if thou dost it not already, that two Things alone incite Men to Love more than all Things else, and those be surpassing Beauty, and a good Name; and both these Things are found in *Dulcinea* in their Prime, for none can equal her in Fairness, and few come near her for a good Report. And for a final Conclusion, I imagine that all that which I say is really so, without adding or taking aught away: And I do imagine her in my Fantasy to be such as I could wish her, as well in Beauty as Principality; and neither can *Helen* approach, nor *Lucretia* come near her, no, nor any of those other famous Women, *Greek*, *Barbarous*, or *Latin*, of foregoing Ages: And let every one say what he pleaseth; for tho' I should be reprehended for this by the ignorant, yet shall I not therefore be chastis'd by the more observant and rigorous sort of Men.

I avouch, quoth *Sancho*, that you have great Reason in all that you say, and that I am myself a very Ass: But, alas! why do I name an Ass with my Mouth, seeing one should not make mention of a Rope in one's House that was hang'd? But give me the Letter, and farewell, for I will change. With that *Don Quixote* drew out his Tablets, and going a little aside, he began to indite his Letter with a great Gravity, and having ended it, called *Sancho* to him, and said, that he would read it to him, to the end he might bear it away in Memory, lest by chance he did lose the Tablets on the way, for such were his cross Fortunes, as made him fear every Event. To which *Sancho* answer'd, saying, Write it there twice or thrice in the Book, and give me it after, for I will carry it safely by God's Grace; for to think that I will be ever able to take it by rote, is a great Folly; for my Memory is so short, as I do many times forget mine own Name: But yet, for all that, read it to me, good Sir, for I would be glad to hear it, as a Thing which I suppose to be as excellent as if 'twere cast in a Mould. Hear it then, says *Don Quixote*, for thus it says:

The

The Letter of Don Quixote to Dulcinea
of Toboso.

Sovereign Lady,

THE Wounded by the Point of Absence and the Hart
by the Darts of the Heart, sweetest Dulcinea of To-
boso, doth send thee that Health which he wanteth
himself. If thy Beauty disdain me, if thy Valour turn not
to my Benefit, if thy Disdains convert themselves to my
Harm, maugre all my Patience, I shall be ill able to sustain
this Care, which besides that it is violent, is also too du-
rable. My good Squire Sancho will give thee certain Re-
lation, O beautiful Ingrate, and my dearest beloved Enemy, of
the State wherein I remain for thy sake! if thou please to fa-
vour me, I am thine; and if not, do what thou likest, for,
by ending of my Life, I shall both satisfy thy Cruelty and my
Desires.

Thine until Death,

The Knight of the Ill-favour'd Face.

By my Father's Life, quoth Sancho when he heard
the Letter, 'tis the highest Thing that ever I heard in
my Life. Good God! and how well do you say every
Thing in it! And how excellently have you applied the
Subscription of *The Knight of the Ill-favour'd Face*! I
say again in good earnest, that you are the Devil himself,
and there's nothing but you know it. All is necessary,
answer'd Don Quixote, for the Office that I profess.
Put then (quoth Sancho) in the other Side of that Leaf
the Warrant of the three Colts, and firm it with a legi-
ble Letter, that they may know it at the first sight. I am
pleas'd, said Don Quixote; and so writing it, he read it
after to Sancho, and it said thus:

You

You shall please, good Niece, for this first of Colts, to deliver unto my Squire Sancho Pancha Three of the Five that I left at home, and are in your Charge; the which three Colts I command to be deliver'd to him, for as many others counted and receiv'd here; for with this, and his Acquittance, they shall be justly deliver'd. Given in the Bowels of Sierra Morena the Two and twentieth of August, of this present Year.

It goes very well (quoth *Sancho*) subsign it therefore, I pray you. It needs no Seal (quoth *Don Quixote*) but only my Rubrick, which is as valuable as if it were subscrib'd, not only for three Asses, but also for three hundred. My Trust is in you, quoth *Sancho*, permit me, for I will go saddle *Roxinante*, and prepare yourself to give me your Blessing, for I purpose presently to depart, before I see any mad Prank of yours; for I will say that I saw you play so many, as no more can be desired. I will have thee stay, *Sancho* (and that because it is requisite) at least to see me stark naked, playing a Dozen or two of raving Tricks, for I will dispatch them in less than half an Hour, because thou having view'd them with thine own Eyes, may'st safely swear all the rest that thou pleasest to add; and I assure thee, that thou canst not tell so many as I mean to perform. Let me entreat you, good Sir, that I may not see you naked, for it will turn my Stomach, and I shall not be able to keep my self from weeping; and my Head is yet so sore since yesternight, through my Lamentations for the Loss of the grey Beast, as I am not strong enough yet to endure new Complaints; but if your Pleasure be such, as I must necessarily see some Follies, do them in *Jove's* name in your Clothes briefly, and such as are most necessary, chiefly seeing none of these things were requisite for me, and, as I have said, we might excuse Time (that shall now be lavished in these Trifles) to return speedily with the News you desire and deserve so much. And if not, let the Lady *Dulcinea* provide herself well; for if she answer not according to Reason, I make a solemn Vow to him that I may, that I'll make her disgorge out of her Stomach

mach a good Answer with very Kicks and Fists ; for, how can it be suffer'd, that so famous a Knight-Errant as your self should thus run out of his Wits, without, nor for what, for one ? Let not the Gentlewoman constrain me to say the rest, for I will out with it, and venture all upon Twelve, although it never were sold.

In good faith, *Sancho*, (quoth *Don Quixote*) I think thou art grown as mad as my self. I am not so mad, replied *Sancho*, but I am more cholerick : But, setting that aside, say, What will you eat till my Return ? Do you mean to do as *Cardenio*, and take by the Highway side perforce from the Shepherds ? Care thou not for that, replied *Don Quixote*, for altho' I had it, yet would I not eat any other Thing than the Herbs and Fruits that this Field and Trees do yield; for the Perfection of mine Affair consists in Fasting, and the exercise of other Castigations. To this *Sancho* replied, Do you know what I fear ? That I shall not find the Way to you again here where I leave you, it is so difficult and obscure. Take well the Marks, and I will endeavour to keep hereabouts, quoth *Don Quixote*, until thou come back again ; and will moreover about the time of thy return mount to the tops of these high Rocks, to see whether thou appear'st ; but thou should'st do best of all, to the end thou mayst not stray and miss me, to cut down here and there certain Boughs, and strew them on the Way as thou goest, until thou be'st out in the Plains ; and those may after serve thee as Bounds and Marks, by which thou mayest again find me when thou returnest, in imitation of the Clue of *Theseus's* Labyrinth.

I will do so, quoth *Sancho* ; and then cutting down certain Boughs, he demanded his Lord's Blessing and departed, not without Tears on both sides. And mounting upon *Roxinante*, whom *Don Quixote* commended very seriously to his Care, that he should tender him as he would his own Person, he made on towards the Plains, strewing here and there on the Way his Branches, as his Master had advised him, and with that departed, altho' his Lord importuned him to behold two or three Follies before he went away. But scarce had he
gone

gone a hundred Paces, when he return'd and said, I say, Sir, that you said well, that to the end I might swear with a safe Conscience that I have seen you play these mad Tricks, 'twere necessary that at least I see you do one, altho' that of your Abode here is one great enough.

Did not I tell thee so, quoth *Don Quixote*? Stay, *Sancho*, for I will do it in the Space of a Creed. And taking off with all haste his Hose, he remain'd the half of him naked, and did instantly give two or three Jerks in the Air, and two Tumbles over and over on the Ground with his Head downwards and his Legs aloft, where he discover'd such Things, as *Sancho*, because he would not see them again, turn'd the Bridle, and rode away, resting contented and satisfied that he might swear that his Lord was mad. And so we will leave him travelling on his Way, until his Return, which was very soon after.



C H A P. XII.

*Wherein are prosecuted the Pranks play'd by
Don Quixote in his amorous Humours, in the
Mountains of Sierra Morena.*

AND turning to recount what the *Knight of the Ill-favour'd Face* did when he was all-alone, the History says, That after *Don Quixote* had ended his Frisks and Leaps, naked from the Girdle downward, and from that upward apparel'd, seeing that his Squire *Sancho* was gone, and would behold no more of his mad Pranks, he ascended to the top of a high Rock, and began there to think on that whereon he had thought oftentimes before, without ever making a full Resolution therein, to wit, whether 'twere better to imitate *Orlando* in his unmeasurable Furies, than *Amadis* in his melancholy Moods; and speaking to himself,

would

would say, If *Orlando* was so valorous and good a Knight as Men say, what Wonder, seeing in fine he was enchanted, and could not be slain, if 'twere not by clapping a Pin to the Sole of his Foot, and therefore did wear Shoes still that had seven folds of Iron in the Soles? Altho' these his Draughts stood him in no stead at *Roncesvalles*, against *Bernardo del Carpio*, who understanding them, press'd him to death between his Arms. But leaving his Valour apart, let us come to the losing of his Wits, which 'tis certain he lost thro' the Signs he found in the Forest, and by the News that the Shepherd gave unto him, that *Angelica* had slept more than two Noon-tides with the little Moor *Medoro* of the curl'd Locks, him that was Page to King *Agramante*: And if he understood this, and knew his Lady had play'd beside the Cushion, what Wonder was it that he should run mad? But how can I imitate him in his Furies, if I cannot imitate him in their Occasion? For I dare swear for my *Dulcinea* of *Toboso*, that all the Days of her Life she hath not seen one Moor, even in his own Attire as he is, and she is now right as her Mother bore her, and I should do her a manifest Wrong, if, upon any false Suspicion, I should turn mad, of that kind of Folly that did distract furious *Orlando*.

On the other side, I see that *Amadis de Gaule*, without losing his Wits, or using any other raving Trick, gain'd as great Fame of being amorous as any one else whatsoever; for that which his History recites, was none other than that seeing himself disdain'd by his Lady *Oriana*, who had commanded him to withdraw himself from her presence, and not appear again in it until she pleas'd, he retired himself, in the company of a certain Hermit, to the *Poor Rock*, and there cramm'd himself with weeping, until Heaven assisted him in the midst of his greatest Cares and Necessity. And this being true, as 'tis, why should I take now the Pains to strip myself all naked, and offend these Trees, which never yet did me any harm? Nor have I any reason to trouble the clear Water of these Brooks, which must give me Drink when I'm thirsty. Let the Remembrance of *Amadis* live, and be imitated in every thing

thing as much as may be by *Don Quixote* of the *Mancha*, of whom may be said what was said of the other, That tho' he achiev'd not great Things, yet did he die in their pursuit: And tho' I am not contemn'd or disdain'd by my *Dulcinea*, yet 'tis sufficient, as I have said already, that I be absent from her: Therefore, Hands, to your Task; and, ye famous Actions of *Amadis*, occur to my Remembrance, and instruct me where I may best begin to imitate you: Yet I know already, that the greatest Thing he did use was *Prayer*, and so will I. And saying so, he made him a Pair of Beads of great Gauls, and was very much vex'd in Mind for want of an *Eremit*e, who might hear his Confession, and comfort him in his Afflictions; and therefore did entertain himself walking up and down the little green Field, writing and graving in the Rhinds of Trees, and on the smooth Sands many Verses, all accommodated to his Sadness, and some of 'em in the Praise of *Dulcinea*: But those that were found tho'owly finish'd, and were legible after his own finding again in that Place were only these ensuing;

O Ye Plants, ye Herbs and ye Trees,
That flourish in this pleasant Site,
In lofty and verdant Degrees!
If my Harms do not you delight,
Hear my holy Complaints, which are these.
And let not my Grief you molest,
Tho' it ever so feelingly went,
Since here, for to pay your Rest,
Don Quixote his Tears hath address'd,
Dulcinea's Want to lament,

Of *Toboso*.

In this very Place was first spy'd
The loyallest Lover and true,
Who himself from his Lady did hide,
But yet felt his Sorrows anew,
Not knowing whence they might proceed.

True

*Love did him cruelly wrest
 With a Passion of evil descent ;
 Which robb'd Don Quixote of Rest,
 Till a Pipe with Tears was full prest,
 Dulcinea's Want to lament*

Of Toboso.

*He searching Adventures blind
 Among these dear Woods and Rocks,
 Still curseth on pitiless Mind :
 For a Wretch amidst bushy Locks
 And Crags may Misfortunes find,
 Love with his Whip wounded his Breast,
 And not with those soft Bands him pent,
 And when he his Noddle had prest,
 Don Quixote his Tears did forth wrest,
 Dulcinea's Want to lament*

Of Toboso.

The addition *Of Toboso* to the Name of *Dulcinea*, did not cause small Laughter in those which found the Verses recited, because they imagin'd that Don *Quixote* conceiv'd, that if in the naming of *Dulcinea* he did not also add that *Of Toboso*, the Time could not be understood ; and in truth it was so, as he himself did afterward confess. He compos'd many others, but, as we have related, none could be well copied or found entire but these three Stanza's. In this, and in sighing, and invoking the *Faunes* and *Silvanes* of these Woods, and the Nymphs of the adjoining Streams with the dolorous and hollow Echo, that it would answer, and they consort and listen unto him ; and in the search of some Herbs to sustain his languishing Forces, he entertain'd himself all the time of *Sancho's* Absence ; who, had he staid three Weeks away, as he did but three Days, the *Knight of the Ill-favour'd Face* should have remain'd so disfigur'd, as the very Mother that bore him would not have known him,

But

But now 'tis congruent, that leaving him swallow'd in the Gulphs of Sorrow and Versifying, we turn and recount what happen'd to *Sancho Pancha* in his Embassage; which was, that issuing out to the Highway, he presently took that which led towards *Toboso*, and arriv'd the next Day following to the Inn where the Disgrace of the Coverlet befel him; and scarce had he well spy'd it, but presently he imagin'd that he was once again flying in the Air, and therefore would not enter into it, altho' his Arrival was at such an Hour as he both might and ought to have stay'd, being Dinner-time, and he himself likewise possess'd with a marvellous Longing to taste some warm Meat; for many Days past he had fed altogether on cold Viands. This Desire enforced him to approach to the Inn, remaining still doubtful notwithstanding whether he should enter into it or no. And as he stood thus suspended, there issued out of the Inn two Persous, which presently knew him, and the one said to the other, Tell me, Master Licentiate, is not that Horseman that rides there *Sancho Pancha*, he whom our Adventurer's old Woman said, departed with her Master for his Squire? It is, quoth the Licentiate, and that is our *Don Quixote's* Horse: And they knew him so well, as those that were the Curate and Barber of his own Village, and were those that made the Search and formal Process against the Books of Chivalry; and therefore, as soon as they had taken full notice of *Sancho Pancha* and *Roxinante*, desirous to learn News of *Don Quixote*, they drew near unto him, and the Curate call'd him by his Name, saying, Friend *Sancho Pancha*, where is your Master? *Sancho Pancha* knew them instantly, and desirous to conceal the Place and Manner wherein his Lord remain'd, did answer them, That his Master was in a certain Place withheld by Affairs for a few Days that were of great consequence, and concern'd him very much, and, that he durst not, for both his Eyes, discover the Place to them. No, no, (quoth the Barber) *Sancho Pancha*, if thou dost not tell us where he sojourneth, we must imagine, as we do already, that thou hast robb'd and slain him, especially seeing thou comest thus on his Horse; and therefore thou must

in good faith, get us the Horse's Owner, or else stand to thine Answer. Your Threats fear me nothing, quoth *Sancho*, for I am not a Man that robs or murders any one; every Man is slain by his Destiny, or by God that made him: My Lord remains doing of Penance in the midst of this Mountain, with very great Pleasure. And then he presently recounted unto them, from the beginning to the end, the Fashion wherein he had left him, the Adventures which had befall'n, and how he carried a Letter to the Lady *Dulcinea* of *Toboso*, who was *Lorenzo Corcueto's* Daughter, of whom his Lord was enamour'd up to the Livers.

Both of 'em stood greatly admir'd at *Sancho's* Relation, and altho' they knew *Don Quixote's* Madnefs already, and the Kind thereof, yet as often as they heard speak thereof they rested newly amaz'd. They requested *Sancho* to shew them the Letter that he carried to the Lady *Dulcinea* of *Toboso*; he told them, That it was written in Tablets, and, that he had express Order from his Lord to have it fairly copied out in Paper, at the first Village whereunto he should arrive. To which the Curate answer'd, bidding shew it unto him, and he would write out the Copy very fairly.

Then *Sancho* thrust his Hand into his Bosom, and search'd the little Book, but could not find it, nor should not, tho' he had search'd till Doom's-day, for it was in *Don Quixote's* Power, who gave it not to him, nor did he ever remember to demand it. When *Sancho* perceived that the Book was lost, his Visage waxed as pale and wan as a dead Man, and turning again very speedily to feel all the Parts of his Body, he saw clearly that it could not be found; and therefore, without making any more ado, he laid hold on his own Beard with both his Fists, and drew almost the one half of the Hair away, and afterward bestow'd on his Face and Nose, in a *Memento*, half a dozen such Cuffs, as he bathed 'em all in Blood; which the Curate and Barber beholding, they ask'd of him, what had befallen him that he entreated himself so ill: What should befall me, answer'd *Sancho*, but that I have lost at one Hand, and in an Instant, three Colts, whereof

whereof the least was like a Castle? How so, quoth the Barber? Marry, said *Sancho*, I have lost the Tablets wherein were written *Dulcinea's* Letter, and a Schedule of my Lord's, address'd to his Niece, wherein he commanded her to deliver unto me three Colts of four or five that remain'd in his House. And saying so, he recounted the Loss of his grey As. The Curate comforted him, and said, that as soon as his Lord were found, he would deal with him to renew his Grant, and write it in Paper, according to the common Use and Practice, forasmuch as those which were written in Tablets were of no Value and would never be accepted, or accomplish'd.

With this *Sancho* took Courage, and said, If that was so, he cared not much for the Loss of *Dulcinea's* Letter, for he knew it almost all by rote. Say it then, *Sancho*, quoth the Barber, and we will after write it. Then *Sancho* stood still, and began to scratch his Head to call the Letter to memory, and now would he stand upon one Leg, and now upon the other; sometimes he look'd on the Earth, other whiles upon Heaven; and after he had gnawn off almost the half of one of his Nails, and held them all the while suspended, expecting his Recital thereof, he said, after a long Pause, On my Soul, Master Licentiate, I give to the Devil any thing that I can remember of that Letter, altho' the Beginning was thus; *High and Unfavoury Lady*. I warrant you, quoth the Barber, he said not, but *Super-humane* or *Sovereign Lady*.

'Tis so, quoth *Sancho*, and presently follow'd, if I can well remember, *He that is wounded and wants Sleep, and the hurt Man doth kiss your Worship's Hands, Ingrate and very scornful Fair*; and thus he went roving until he ended in *Yours until Death, the Knight of the Ill-favour'd Face*. Both of 'em took great delight to hear *Sancho's* good Memory, and praised it to him very much, and requested him to repeat the Letter once or twice more to them, that they might also bear it in Memory, to write it at the due Season. *Sancho* turn'd to recite it again and again, and at every Repetition told other three thousand Errors: And, after this, he said other things of his Lord, but spoke not a Word of his own tossing in a Coverlet,

verlet which had befallen him in that Inn, into which he refus'd to enter. He added besides how his Lord, in bringing him a good Dispatch from his Lady *Dulcinea* of *Toboso*, would forthwith endeavour how he might become an Emperor, or at least a Monarch, for they had so agreed between themselves; and 'twas a very easie matter for him to become one, such was the Valour of his Person, and Strength of his Arm; and that when he were one, he would procure him a good Marriage, for by that time he should be a Widower at the least: and he would give him one of the Emperor's Ladies to Wife, that were an Inheritrix of some great and rich State on the firm Land, for now he would have no more Islands. And all this was related so seriously by *Sancho*, and so in his perfect Sense, he scratching his Nose ever and anon as he spoke, so as they two were struck into a new Amazement, pondering the Vehemency of Don *Quixote's* Frenzy, which carried quite away with it in that sort the Judgment of that poor Man, but would not labour to dispossess him of that Error, because it seem'd to them, that since it did not hurt his Conscience, 'twas better to leave him in it, that the recital of his Follies might turn to their greater Recreation; and therefore exhorted him to pray for the Health of his Lord, for 'twas a very possible and contingent thing to arrive in the process of Time to the Dignity of an Emperor, as he said, or at least to that of an Archbishop, or other Calling equivalent to it.

Then *Sancho* demanded of 'em, Sirs, if Fortune should turn our Affairs to another Course, in such sort as my Lord, abandoning the Purpose to purchase an Empire, would take in his Head that of becoming a Cardinal, I would fain learn of you here what Cardinal-Errants are wont to give to their Squires. They are wont to give 'em (quoth the Curate) some simple Benefice, or some Parsonage, or to make 'em Clerks, or Sextons, or Vergers of some Church whose Living amounts to a good Penny-rent, beside the Profit of the Altar, which is oft-times as much more. For that, 'tis requisite (quoth *Sancho*) that the Squire be not married, and that he know how to help Mass at least; and if that be so, unfortunate I, that am
both

both married, and knows not besides the first Letter of the *A, B, C*, what will then become of me if my Master take the Humour to be an Archbishop, and not an Emperor, as is the Custom and use of Knights-Errant? Do not afflict thy Mind for that, Friend *Sancho* (quoth the Barber) for we will deal with thy Lord here, and we will counsel him, yea, we will urge it to him as a Matter of Conscience, that he become an Emperor, and not an Archbishop; for 'twill be more easy for him to be such a one, by reason that he is more valorous than learned.

So methinks (quoth *Sancho*) altho' I know he hath Ability enough for all. That which I mean to do for my part, is, I will pray unto our Lord to conduct him to that Place wherein he may serve him best, and give me greatest Rewards. 'Thou speak'st like a discreet Man (quoth the Curate) and thou shalt do therein the Duty of a good Christian: But that which we must endeavour now is, to devise how we may win thy Lord from prosecuting that unprofitable Penance he hath in hand, as thou say'st. And, to the end we may think on the Manner how, and eat our Dinner withal, seeing 'tis time, let us all enter into the Inn. *Sancho* bade them go in, and he would stay for 'em at the Door; and, that he would after tell them the Reason why he had no mind to enter, neither was it in any sort convenient that he should; but he entreated them to bring him somewhat forth to eat that was warm, and some Provand for *Rosinante*. With that they departed into the Lodging, and within a while after the Barber brought forth unto him some Meat; and the Curate and Barber, after having ponder'd well with themselves what Course they were to take to attain their Design, the Curate fell on a Device very fit both for *Don Quixote's* Humour, and also to bring their Purpose to pass, and was, as he told the Barber, that he had bethought him to apparel himself like a Lady-Adventurous, and, that he therefore should do the best that he could to fit himself like a Squire, and that they would go in that Habit to the Place where *Don Quixote* sojourn'd, feigning that she was an afflicted and distressed Damsel, and would demand a Boon of him, which he, as a valorous Knight-

Errant, would in no wise deny her; and, that the Gift which he meant to desire, was, to entreat him to follow her where she would carry him, to right a Wrong which a naughty Knight had done unto her; and, that she would besides pray him not to command her to unmask her self, or enquire any thing of her Estate, until he had done her Right against that bad Knight; and by this Means he certainly hoped that Don *Quixote* would grant all that he requested in this manner. And in this sort they would fetch him from thence, and bring him to his Village, where they would labour with all their Power, to see whether his extravagant Phrenzy could be recover'd by any Remedy.



C H A P. XIII.

How the Curate and Barber put their Design in practice, with many other Things worthy to be recorded in this famous History.

THE Curate's Invention disliked not the Barber, but rather pleas'd him so well as they presently put it in execution. They borrow'd therefore of the Inn-keeper's Wife a Gown and a Kerchief, leaving her in pawn thereof a fair new Cassock of the Curate's. The Barber made him a great Beard of a py'd Ox's Tail, wherein the Inn-keeper was wont to hang his Horsecomb. The Hostess demanded of them the Occasion why they would use these Things: The Curate recounted in brief Reasons of Don *Quixote*'s Madness, and how that Disguisement was requisite, to bring him away from the Mountain wherein at that present he made his Abode.

Presently the Inn-keeper and his Wife remember'd themselves how he had been their Guest. and of his *Balsamum*, and was the toils'd Squire's Lord; and then they rehears'd again to the Curate all that had pass'd between him and them in that Inn, without omitting the Accident
that

that had befallen *Sancho* himself; and in conclusion the Hostess trick'd up the Curate so handsomely, as there could be no more desired: for she attir'd him in a Gown of broad Cloth laid over with Guards of black Velvet, every one being of a Span breadth, full of Gashes and Cuts, the Body and Sleeves of green Velvet welted with white Sattin, which Gown and Doublet, as I suspect, were both made in the Time of King *Bamba*. The Curate would not permit 'em to veil and bekerchief him, but set on his Head a white, quilted, Linen Night-cap, which he carried for the Night, and girded his Forehead with a black Taffaty Garter, and with the other he masked his Face, wherewithal he cover'd his Beard and Visage very neatly: Then did he incask his Pate in his Hat, which was so broad, as it might serve him excellently for a *Quitafol*, and lapping himself up handsomely in his long Cloak, he went to Horse, and rode as Women use. Then mounted the Barber likewise on his Mule, with his Beard hanging down to the Girdle, half red and half white, as that which, as we have said, was made of the Tail of a pye-colour'd Ox; then taking leave of 'em all, and of the good *Martines*, who promis'd (altho' a Sinner) to say a Rosary to their Intention, to the end that God might give them good Success in so christian and difficult an Adventure as that which they undertook. But scarce were they gone out of the Inn, when the Curate began to dread a little that he had done ill in apparelling himself in that wise, accounting it a very indecent Thing, that a Priest should dight himself so, altho' the Matter concern'd him never so much? And acquainting the Barber with his Surmise, he entreated him that they might change Attires, seeing 'twas much more just that he, because a Layman, should feign the oppressed Lady, and himself would become his Squire, for so his Dignity would be less prophaned; to which if he would not condescend, he resolv'd to pass on no farther, altho' the Devil should carry therefore *Don Quixote* away. *Sancho* came over to them about this season, and seeing of 'em in that Habit, he could not contain his Laughter. The Barber (to be brief) did all that which

the Curate pleas'd, and making thus an exchange of Inventions, the Curate instructed him how he should behave himself, and what Words he should use to Don *Quixote*, to press and move him to come away with him, and forsake the Propension and Love to that Place, in which he had chosen to perform his vain Penance.

The Barber answer'd, That he would set every Thing in his due Point and Perfection; tho' he had never lesson'd him, but would not set on the Array until they came near to the Place where Don *Quixote* abode, and therefore folded up his Clothes, and Master Parson his Beard, and forthwith went on their Way, *Sancho Pancha* playing the Guide, who recounted at large to them all that had happen'd with the Madman, whom they found in the Mountain, concealing notwithstanding the Booty of the Waller, with the other Things found therein; for altho' otherwise most simple, yet was our young Man very sly, an ordinary Vice of Fools, and had a spice of Covetousness.

They arriv'd the next Day following to the Place where *Sancho* had left the Tokens of Boughs to find that wherein his Master sojourn'd; and having taken notice thereof, he said unto them, That was the Entry, and therefore they might do well to apparel themselves, if by chance that might be a Mean to procure his Lord's Liberty; for they had told him already, that on their going and apparelling in that manner consisted wholly the Hope of freeing his Lord out of that wretched Life he had chosen; and therefore did charge him, on his Life, not to reveal it to his Lord in any case what they were, nor seem in any sort to know them; and that if he demanded (as they were sure he would) whether he had deliver'd his Letter to *Dulcinea*, he should say that he did, and that, by reason she could not read, she answer'd him by Word of Mouth, saying, that she commanded, under pain of her Indignation, that presently abandoning so austere a Life, he would come and see her; for this was most requisite, to the end that mov'd therewithal, and by what they meant likewise to say unto him, they made certain account to reduce him to a better Life, and would besides persuade him to that Course instantly, which might
set

set him in the Way how to become an Emperor or Monarch; for as concerning the being an Archbishop he needed not to fear it at all.

Sancho listen'd to all the Talk and Instructions, and bore them away well in Memory, and gave them great Thanks for the Intention they had to counsel his Lord to become an Emperor, and not an Archbishop; for, as he said, he imagin'd in his simple Judgment that an Emperor was of more Ability to reward his Squire than an Archbishop-Errant. He likewise added, That he thought it were necessary he went somewhat before them to search him, and deliver his Lady's Answer, for perhaps it alone would be sufficient to fetch him out of that Place, without putting them to any further Pains. They lik'd of *Sancho Pancha's* Device, and therefore determin'd to expect him until his Return with the News of finding his Master. With that *Sancho* enter'd in by the Clifts of the Rocks (leaving them both behind together) by which ran a little smooth Stream, to which other Rocks, and some Trees that grew near unto it, made a fresh and pleasing Shadow. The Heats, and the Day wherein they arriv'd there, was one of those of the Month of *August*, when in those Places the Heat is intolerable; the Hour about Three in the Afternoon. All which did render the Place more grateful, and invited them to remain therein until *Sancho's* Return. Both therefore arresting there quietly under the Shadow, there arriv'd to their Hearing the Sound of a Voice, which without being accompanied by any Instrument, did resound so sweet and melodiously, as they remain'd greatly admir'd, because they esteem'd not that to be a Place wherein any so good a Musician might make his abode. For altho' it is usually said, that in the Woods and Fields are found Shepherds of excellent Voices, yet is this rather a Poetical Endearment than an approved Truth; and most of all, when they perceiv'd that the Verses they heard him singing were not of rustick Composition, but rather of delicate and courtly Invention: The Truth whereof is confirm'd by the Verses, which were these;

*WHO doth my Weal diminish thus and stain?
Disdain.*

*And say by whom my Woes augmented be?
By Jealousie.*

*And who my Patience doth by Trial wrong?
An Absence long.*

*If that be so, then for my grievous Wrong
No Remedy at all I may obtain,
Since my best Hopes I cruelly find slain
By Disdain, Jealousie, and Absence long,
Who in my Mind those Dolors still doth move?*

Dire Love.

*And who my Glory's Ebb doth most importune?
Fortune.*

*And to my Plain's, by whom Encrease is given?
By Heaven.*

*If that be so, then my Mistrust jumps even,
That of my wondrous Evil I needs must die:
Since in my Harm join'd and united be
Love, wavering Fortune, and a rigorous Heaven.
Who better Hap can unto me bequeath?*

Death.

*From whom his Favours doth yet Love estrange?
From Change.*

*And his too serious Harms who cureth wholly?
Folly.*

*If that be so, it is no Wisdom truly
To think by human Means to cure that Care,
Where th' only Antidotes and Medicines are
Desired Death, light Change, and endless Folly.*

The Hour, the Time, the Solitariness of the Place, Voice, and Art of him that sung, struck Wonder and Delight in the Hearers Minds, which remain'd still quiet, listening whether they might hear any thing else; but perceiving that the Silence continued a pretty while, they agreed to issue and seek out the Musician that sung so harmoniously. And being ready to put their Resolution in practice, they were again arrested by the same Voice, the which touch'd their Bars a-new with this Sonnet.

A SONNET.

H^OLY Amity! which with nimble Wings
 Thy Semblance leaving here on Earth behind,
 Among the blessed Souls of Heaven up-flings
 To those Imperial Rooms, to cheer thy Mind.
 And thence to us, is when thou lik'st assign'd
 Just Peace, whom shady Veil so cover'd brings,
 As oft, instead of her, Deceit we find
 Clad in the Weeds of good and virtuous Things.
 Leave Heav'n, O Amity! do not permit
 Foul Fraud thus openly thy Robes to invest,
 With which, sincere Intents destroy does it:
 For if thy Likeness from't thou dost not wrest,
 The World will turn to the first Conflict soon
 Of Discord, Chaos, and Confusion.

The Song was concluded with a profound Sigh, and both the others lent attentive Ear, to hear if he would sing any more; but perceiv'g that the Musick was converted into Throbs and doleful Complaints, they resolv'd to go and learn who was the Wretch, as excellent for his Voice as dolorous in his Sighs: And after they had gone a little, at the doubling of the Point of a Crag, they perceiv'd one of the very same Form and Fashion that *Sancho* had painted unto them, when he told them the History of *Cardenio*: Which Man espying them likewise, shew'd no semblance of Fear, but stood still, with his Head hanging on his Breast like a Malecontent, not once lifting up his Eyes to behold them, from the first time when they unexpectedly arriv'd.

The Curate, who was a Man very well spoken (as one that had already Intelligence of his Misfortune, for he knew him by his Signs) drew nearer to him, and pray'd and perswaded him with short, but very forcible Reasons, to forsake that miserable Life, lest he should there eternally lose it, which of all Miseries would prove the most miserable. *Cardenio* at this season was in his right Sense, free from the furious Accident that distracted him so often; and therefore viewing them both attired in so strange and unusual a Fashion from that which was used

among those Desarts, he rested somewhat admir'd, but chiefly hearing them speak in his Affair as in a Matter known (for so much he gather'd out of the Curate's Speeches) and therefore answer'd in this manner : I perceive well, good Sirs (whosoever you be) that Heaven, which hath always Care to succour Good Men, yea, even the Wicked many times, hath without any Desert address'd unto me by these Desarts and Places, so remote from vulgar haunt, Persons, which laying before mine Eyes with quick and pregnant Reasons the little Cause I have to lead this kind of Life, do labour to remove me from this Place to a better ; and, by reason they know not 'as much as I do, and that after escaping this Harm I shall fall into a far greater, they account me perhaps for a Man of weak Discourse, and what is worse, for one wholly devoid of Judgment : And were it so, yet is it no Marvel, for it seems to me that the Force of the Imagination of my Disasters is so bent and powerful in my Destruction, that I, without being able to make it any resistance, do become like a Stone, void of all good Feeling and Knowledge ; and I come to know the Certainty of this Truth when some Men do recount and shew unto me Tokens of the Things I have done whilst this terrible Accident over-rules me ; and after I can do no more than be griev'd, tho' in-vain, and curse, without benefit, my too froward Fortune, and render as an Excuse of my Madness the Relation of the Cause thereof, to as many as please to hear it : for wise Men perceiving the Cause, will not wonder at the Effects ; and tho' they give me no Remedy, yet at least will not condemn me, for 'twill convert the Anger they conceive at my Misrules, into Compassion of my Disgraces. And, Sirs, if by chance it be so, that you come with the same Intention, that others did, I request you, ere you enlarge farther your discreet Persuasions, that you'll give ear a while to the Relation of my Mishaps ; for perhaps when you have understood it, you may save the Labour that you would take comforting an Evil wholly incapable of Consolation.

Both of them, which desired nothing so much than to understand from his own Mouth the Occasion of his Harms,

Harms, did intreat him to relate it, promising to do nothing else in his Remedy and Comfort, but what himself pleaded: And with this the sorrowful Gentleman began his doleful History, with the very same Words almost that he had rehearsed it to Don *Quixote*, and the Goat-herd, a few Days past, when, by Occasion of Master *Elisabat* and Don *Quixote*'s Curiosity in observing the Decorum of Chivalry, the Tale remain'd imperfect, as our History left it above. But now good Fortune so dispos'd Things, that his foolish Fit came not upon him, but gave him Leisure to continue his Story to the End: And so arriving to the Passage that spoke of the Letter Don *Ferdinando* found in the Book of *Amadis de Gaule*, *Cardenio* said that he had it very well in Memory; and the Sense was this.

LUSCINDA TO CARDENIO.

I Discover daily in thee Worths, that oblige and inforce me to hold thee dear; and therefore if thou desirest to have me discharge this Debt, without serving a Writ on my Honour, thou mayst easily do it. I have a Father that knows thee, and loves me likewise well; who, without forcing my Will, will accomplish that which justly thou oughtest to have; if it be so, that thou esteemest me as much as thou sayest, and I do believe.

This Letter moved me to demand *Luscinda* of her Father for my Wife, as I have already recounted; and by it also *Luscinda* remained in Don *Ferdinando*'s Opinion crowned, for one of the most discreet Women of her Time. And this Billet Letter was that which first put him in mind to destroy me, ere I could effect my Desires. I told to Don *Ferdinando* wherein consisted all the Difficulty of her Father's protracting the Marriage, to wit, in that my Father should first demand her; the which I dared not to mention unto him, fearing lest he would not willingly consent thereunto; not for that the Quality, Bounty, Virtue, and Beauty of *Luscinda*, were to him unknown, or that she had not Parts in her able to ennoble and adorn any other Lineage of *Spain* whatsoever: But because I understood by him, that he desired not to marry

marry me, until he had seen what Duke *Ricardo* would do for me.

Finally, I told him that I dared not reveal it to my Father, as well for that Inconvenience, as for many others, that made me so afraid, without knowing what they were, as methought my Desires would never take Effect.

To all this Don *Ferdinando* made me Answer, that he would take upon him to speak to my Father, and persuade him to treat of that Affair also with *Luscinda's*. O ambitious *Marius*! O cruel *Catiline*! O facinorous *Quila*! O treacherous *Galalon*! O traitorous *Vellido*! O revengeful * *Julian*! O covetous *Judas*! Traytor, cruel, revengeful, and cozening; what Indeserts did this Wretch commit, who with such Pains discovered to thee the Secrets and Delights of his Heart? What Offence committed I against thee? What Words did I speak, or Counsel did I give, that were not at all address'd to the increasing of thine Honour and Profit? But on what do I, of all Wretches the worst, complain, seeing that when the Current of the Stars doth bring with it Mishaps, by reason they come down precipitately from above, there is no earthly Force can with-hold, or humane Industry prevent or evacuate them? Who would have imagined that Don *Ferdinando*, a noble Gentleman, discreet, obliged by my Deserts, and powerful to obtain whatsoever the amorous Desire would exact of him, where and whensoever it seized on his Heart, would (as they say) become so corrupt, as to deprive me of one only Sheep, which yet I did not possess? But let these Considerations be laid apart as unprofitable, that we may knit up again the broken Thread of my unfortunate History. And therefore I say, that Don *Ferdinando* believing, that my Presence was a Hindrance to put his treacherous and wicked Design in Execution, he resolved to send me to his eldest Brother, under Pretext to get some Money of him, for to buy six great Horses, that he had of purpose, and only to

tho

* One, who for the Rape of his Daughter, committed by Roderick King of Spain, brought in the Moors, and destroyed all the Country.

the end I might absent myself, bought the very same Day that he offered to speak himself to my Father, and would have me go for the Money, (because he might bring his treacherous Intent the better to pass.) Could I prevent this Treason? or could I perhaps but once imagine it? No truly; but rather glad for the good Merchandize he has made, did make Proffer of myself to depart for the Money very willingly. I spoke that Night to *Luscinda*, and acquainted her with the Agreement past between me and *Don Ferdinando*, bidding her to hope firmly, that our good just Desires would sort a wished and happy End. She answered me again (as little suspecting *Don Ferdinando's* Treason as myself) bidding me to return with all Speed, because she believed that the Conclusion of our Affections should be no longer deferred, than my Father deferred to speak unto her's. And what was the Cause I know not; but as soon as she had said this unto me, her Eyes were filled with Tears, and somewhat thwarting her Throat, hindred her from saying many other Things, which methought she strived to speak.

I rested admired at this new Accident, until that Time never seen in her; for always as many times as my good Fortune and Diligence granted it, we conversed with all Sport and Delight, without ever intermeddling in our Discourses, any Tears, Sighs, Complaints, Suspensions, or Fears. All my Speech was to advance my Fortune; for having received her from Heaven as my Lady and Mistress, then would I amplify her Beauty, admire her Worth, and praise her Discretion. She, on the other side, would return me the Exchange, extolling in me what she, as one enamoured, accounted worthy of Laud and Commendation. After this, we would recount a hundred thousand Toys and Chances befall'n our Neighbours and Acquaintance, and that to which my Presumption dared farthest to extend itself, was sometimes to take her beautiful and ivory Hands perforce, and kiss them, as well as I might, thorow the rigorous Strictness of a niggardly Iron-grate, which divided us. But the precedent Night to the Day of my sad Departure, she wept, sobb'd, and sigh'd, and departed,

departed, leaving me full of Confusion and inward Assaults, amazed to behold such new and doleful Tokens of Sorrow and Feeling in *Luscinda*. But because I would not murder my Hopes, I did attribute all these Things to the Force of her Affection towards me, and to the Grief which Absence is wont to stir in those that love one another dearly. To be brief, I departed from thence sorrowful and pensive, my Soul being full of Imaginations and Suspensions, and yet knew not what I suspected or imagined; clear Tokens, foretelling the sad Success and Misfortune which attended me. I arrived to the Place where I was sent, and deliver'd my Letter to Don *Ferdinando's* Brother, and was well entertained, but not well dispatched; for he commanded me to expect (a Thing to me most displeasing) eight Days, and that out of the Duke his Father's Presence; because his Brother had written unto him to send him certain Monies unknown to his Father. And all this was but false Don *Ferdinando's* Invention; for his Brother wanted not Money wherewithal to have dispatched me presently, had not he written the contrary.

This was so displeasing a Commandment and Order, as almost it brought me to Terms of disobeying it, because it seemed to me a Thing most impossible to sustain my Life so many Days in the Absence of my *Luscinda*; and specially having left her so sorrowful as I have recounted; yet notwithstanding I did obey like a good Servant, altho' I knew it would be with the Cost of my Health. But on the fourth Day after I had arrived, there came a Man in my Search with a Letter, which he deliver'd unto me, and by the Indorsement I knew it to be *Luscinda's*; for the Hand was like her's. I opened it not without Fear and Assaultment of my Senses, knowing that it must have been some serious Occasion, which could move her to write unto me, being absent, seeing she did so rarely, even when I was present. I demanded of the Bearer, before I read, who had delivered it to him? and what Time he had spent in the Way? He answered me, That passing by chance at Mid-day thorough a Street of the City, a very beautiful Lady did call
him

him from a certain Window : Her Eyes were all beblubbered with Tears ; and said unto him very hastily, Brother, if thou bee'st a Christian, as thou appearest to be one, I pray thee for God's sake, that thou do forthwith address this Letter to the Place and Person that the Superscription assigneth (for they be well known) and therein thou shalt do our Lord great Service.

And because thou may'st not want Means to do it, take what thou shalt find wrapped in that Handkerchief. And saying so, she threw out of the Window a Handkerchief, wherein were lapped up a hundred Rials, this Ring of Gold which I carry here, and that Letter which I delivered unto you. And presently, without expecting mine Answer, she departed, but first saw me take up the Handkerchief and Letter ; and then I made her Signs that I would accomplish herein her Command : And after perceiving the Pains I might take in bringing you it, so well considered, and seeing by the Indorsement, that you were the Man to whom it was address'd, for, Sir, I know you very well ; and also obliged to do it by the Tears of that beautiful Lady ; I determin'd not to trust any other with it, but to come and bring it you my self in Person : And in sixteen Hours since it was given unto me, I have travelled the Journey you know, which is at least eighteen Leagues long. Whilst the thankful new Messenger spake thus unto me, I remained in a Manner hanging on his Words, and my Thighs did tremble in such manner, as I could very hardly sustain my self on Foot ; yet, taking Courage, at last I opened the Letter, whereof these were the Contents.

The Word that Don Ferdinando hath past unto you to speak to your Father, that he might speak to mine, he hath accomplished more to his own Pleasure than to your Profit. For, Sir, you shall understand, that he hath demanded me for his Wife ; and my Father, born away by the Advantage of Worths which he supposes to be in Don Ferdinando more than in you, hath agreed to his Demand in so good Earnest, as the Espousals shall be celebrated within these two Days, and that so secretly and alone, as only the Heavens, and some few Folk of the House shall be Witnesses.

How

How I remain, imagine; and whether it be convenient you should return, you may consider; and the Success of this Affair shall let you to perceive, whether I love you well or not. I beseech Almighty God that this may arrive unto your Hands, before mine shall see it self in danger to join with his, which keepeth his promised Faith so ill.

These were, in sum, the Contents of the Letter, and the Motives that perswaded me presently to depart, without attending any other Answer, or other Monies; for then I conceived clearly, that it was not the Buyal of the Horses, but that of his Delights, which had moved Don *Ferdinando* to send me to his Brother. The Rage which I conceived against him, joined with the Fear to lose the Jewel which I had gained by so many Years Service, and Desires, did set Wings on me; for I arrived as if I had flown the next Day at my own City, in the Hour and Moment fit to go speak to *Luscinda*. I entred secretly, and left my Mule whereon I rode in the honest Man's House that had brought me the Letter; and my Fortune purposing then to be favourable to me, disposed so mine Affairs, that I found *Luscinda* sitting at that Iron Gate, which was the sole Witness of our Loves. *Luscinda* knew me straight, and I her, but not as we ought to know one another. But who is he in the World which may truly vaunt, that he hath penetrated, and thorowly exhausted the confused Thoughts, and mutable Nature of Women? Truly none. I say then, to proceed with my Tale, that as soon as *Luscinda* perceived me, she said, *Cardenio*, I am attired with my wedding Garments, and in the Hall do wait for me, the Traytor Don *Ferdinando*, and my covetous Father, with other Witnesses, which shall rather be such of my Death, than of mine Espousals: Be not troubled, dear Friend, but procure to be present at this Sacrifice, the which if I cannot hinder by my Persuasions and Reasons, I carry hidden about me a Ponyard secretly, which may hinder more resolute Forces, by giving End to my Life, and a Beginning to thee, to know certain the Affection which I have ever born, and do bear unto thee. I answered her troubled and hastily, fearing I should not have the Leisure to reply unto her,

saying,

saying, Sweet Lady, let thy Works verify thy Words ; for if thou carriest a Ponyard to defend thy Credit, I do here likewise bear a Sword, wherewithal I will defend thee, or kill myself, if Fortune prove averse and contrary. I believe that she could not hear all my Words, by reason she was called hastily away, as I perceived, for that the Bridegroom expected her coming. By this the Night of my Sorrows did thorowly fall, and the Sun of my Gladness was set ; and I remained without Light in mine Eyes, or Discourse in my Understanding. I could not find the Way into her House, nor could I move myself to any Part: Yet considering at last how important my Presence was, for that which might befall in that Adventure, I animated myself the best I could, and entred into the House ; and as one that knew very well all the Entries and Passages thereof, and specially by reason of the Trouble and Business that was then in hand, I went in unperceived of any. And thus, without being seen, I had the Opportunity to place my self in the hollow Room of a Window of the same Hall, which was covered by the Ends of two encountering Pieces of Tapestry, from whence I could see all that was done in the Hall, remaining my self unviewed of any. Who could now describe the Assaults and Surprisals of my Heart, whilst I there abode ? the Thoughts which encountred my Mind, the Considerations which I had, which were so many, and such, as they can neither be said, nor is it Reason they should ? Let it suffice you to know, that the Bridegroom entred into the Hall without any Ornament, wearing the ordinary Array he was wont, and was accompanied by a Cousin-German of *Luscinda's*, and in all the Hall there was no Stranger present, nor any other than the Household Servants. Within a while after, *Luscinda* came out of the Parlour, accompanied by her Mother and two Waiting-maids of her own, as richly attired and deckt, as her Calling and Beauty deserved, and the Perfection of courtly Pomp and Bravery could afford : My Distraction and Trouble of Mind lent me no Time to note particularly the Apparel she wore, and therefore did only mark the Colours which were Carnation and White ;
and.

and the Splendour which the precious Stones and Jewels of her Tires, and all the rest of her Garments yielded; yet did the singular Beauty of her fair and golden Tresses surpass them so much, as being in Competency with the precious Stones, and Flame of four Links that lighted in the Hall, yet did the Splendour thereof seem far more bright and glorious to mine Eyes. O Memory, the mortal Enemy of mine Ease, to what End serves it now to represent unto me the uncomparable Beauty of that my adored Enemy? Were it not better, cruel Memory, to remember and represent that which she did then; that being moved by so manifest a Wrong, I may at least endeavour to lose my Life, since I cannot procure a Revenge? Tired not, good Sirs, to hear the Digressions I make; for my Grief is not of that Kind that may be rehearsed succinctly and speedily, seeing that in mine Opinion every Passage of it is worthy of a large Discourse.

To this the Curate answered, that not only they were not tired or wearied hearing of him, but rather they received marvellous Delight to hear him recount each Minuity and Circumstance, because they were such as deserved not to be passed over in Silence, but rather merited as much Attention as the principal Parts of the History. You shall then wit (quoth *Cardenio*) that as they thus stood in the Hall, the Curate of the Parish entered, and taking them both by the Hand, to do that which in such an Act is required, at the saying of, *Will you, Lady Luscin-da, take the Lord Don Ferdinando, who is here present, for your lawful Spouse, according as our holy Mother, the Church, commands?* I thrust out all my Head and Neck out of the Tapestry, and with most attentive Ears and a troubled Mind, settled my self to hear what *Luscin-da* answered; expecting by it, the Sentence of my Death, or the Confirmation of my Life. O! if one had dared to fall out at that Time, and cried with a loud Voice, O *Luscin-da, Luscin-da*, see well what thou dost, consider withal what thou owest me! Behold how thou art mine, and that thou canst not be any other's! Note, that thy saying of Yea, and the End of my Life, shall be both in one Instant. O Traytor, Don *Ferdinando*!

Robber

Robber of my Glory, Death of my Life, what is this thou pretendest? what wilt thou do? Consider, thou canst not Christian-like atchieve thine Intention, seeing *Luscinda* is my Spouse, and I am her Husband. O foolish Man! now that I am absent, and far from the Danger, I say what I should have done, and not what I did. Now, after that I have permitted my dear Jewel to be robbed, I exclaim on the Thief, on whom I might have revenged my self, had I had as much Heart to do it, as I have to complain. In fine, since I was then a Coward and a Fool, it is no matter tho' I now die ashamed, sorry and frantick. The Curate stood expecting *Luscinda's* Answer a good while ere she gave it; and in the End, when I hoped that she would take out the Ponyard to stab herself, or would unloose her Tongue to say some Truth or use some Reason or Persuasion that might redound to my Benefit, I heard her, instead thereof, answer with a dismayed and languishing Voice, the Words, *I will*: And then *Don Ferdinando* said the same; and giving her the Ring, they remained tied with an indissoluble Knot. Then the Bridegroom coming to kiss his Spouse, she set her Hand upon her Heart, and fell in a Trance between her Mother's Arms.

Now only remains untold the Case wherein I was, seeing in that, yea, which I had heard my Hopes deluded, *Luscinda's* Words and Promises falsified, and myself wholly disabled to recover, in any Time, the Good which I lost in that Instant: I rested void of Counsel, abandoned (in mine Opinion) by Heaven, proclaimed an Enemy to the Earth which upheld me, the Air denying Breath enough for my Sighs, and the Water Humour sufficient to mine Eyes; only the Fire increased in such manner, as I burned thorowly with Rage and Jealousy. All the House was in a Tumult for this sudden Amazement of *Luscinda*; and as her Mother unclasped her Bosom, to give her the Air, there appeared in it a Paper folded up, which *Don Ferdinando* presently seized on, and went aside to read it by the Light of a Torch: And after he had read it, he sat down in a Chair, laying his Hands on his Cheek, with manifest Signs of melancholy Discontent, without be-
thinking

thinking himself of the Remedies that were applied to his Spouse, to bring her again to herself. I seeing all the Folk of the House thus in an Uproar, did adventure myself to issue, not weighing much whether I were seen or no; bearing withal a Resolution (if I were perceived) to play such a rash Part, as all the World should understand the just Indignation of my Breast, by the Revenge I would take on false *Don Ferdinando*, and the mutable and dismayed Traitors: But my Destiny, which hath reserved me for greater Evils, if possibly there be any greater than mine own, ordained that Instant my Wit should abound, whereof ever since I have so great Want; and therefore without Will to take Revenge of my greatest Enemies, (of whom I might have taken it with all Facility, by reason they suspected so little my being there) I determined to take it on myself, and execute in myself, the Pain which they deserved; and that perhaps with more Rigour than I would have used towards them, if I had slain them at that Time, seeing that the sudden Death finisheth presently the Pain, but that which doth lingeringly torment, kills always, without ending the Life.

To be short, I went out of the House, and came to the other where I had left my Mule, which I caused to be saddled, and without bidding mine Host adieu, I mounted on her, and rode out of the City, without daring, like another *Lot*, to turn back and behold it: And then seeing myself alone in the Fields, and that the Darkness of the Night did cover me, and the Silence thereof invite me to complain, without Respect or Fear to be heard or known, I did let slip my Voice, and untied my Tongue with so many Curses of *Luscinda* and *Don Ferdinando*, as if thereby I might satisfy the Wrong they had done, me. I gave her the Title of cruel, ungrateful, false, and scornful, but specially of covetous, seeing the Riches of mine Enemy had shut up the Eyes of her Affection, to deprive me thereof, and render it to him, with whom Fortune had dealt more frankly and liberally: And in the midst of this Tune of Maledictions and Scorns, I did excuse her, saying, That it was no marvel that a Maiden kept close in her Parent's House, made and accustomed

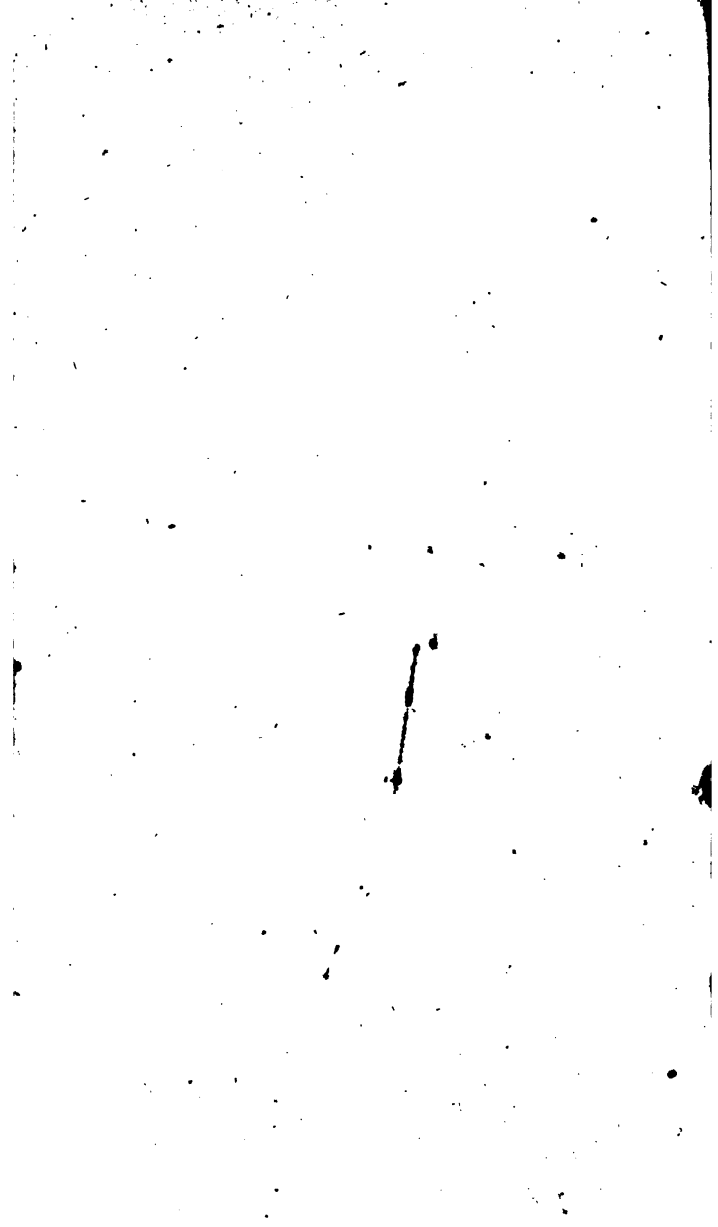
customed always to obey them, should at last condescend to their Will, specially, seeing they bestowed upon her for Husband, so noble, so rich, and proper a Gentleman, as to refuse him, would be reputed in her, to proceed either from Want of Judgment, or from having bestowed her Affections elsewhere; which Things must of force greatly prejudice her good Opinion and Renown. Presently would I turn again to say, that tho' she had told them that I was her Spouse, they might easily perceive, that in chusing me, she had not made so ill an Election, that she might not be excused, seeing that before Don *Ferdinando* offered himself, they themselves could not happen to desire, if their Wishes were guided by Reason, so fit a Match for their Daughter as my self: And she might easily have said, before she put herself in that last and forcible Pass of giving her Hand, that I had already given her mine; which I would come out to confess, and confirm all that she could any way feign in this Case; and concluded in the End, that little Love, less Judgment, much Ambition, and Desire of Greatness, caused her to forget the Words, wherewithal she had deceived, entertained, and sustained me in my firm Hopes and honest Desires.

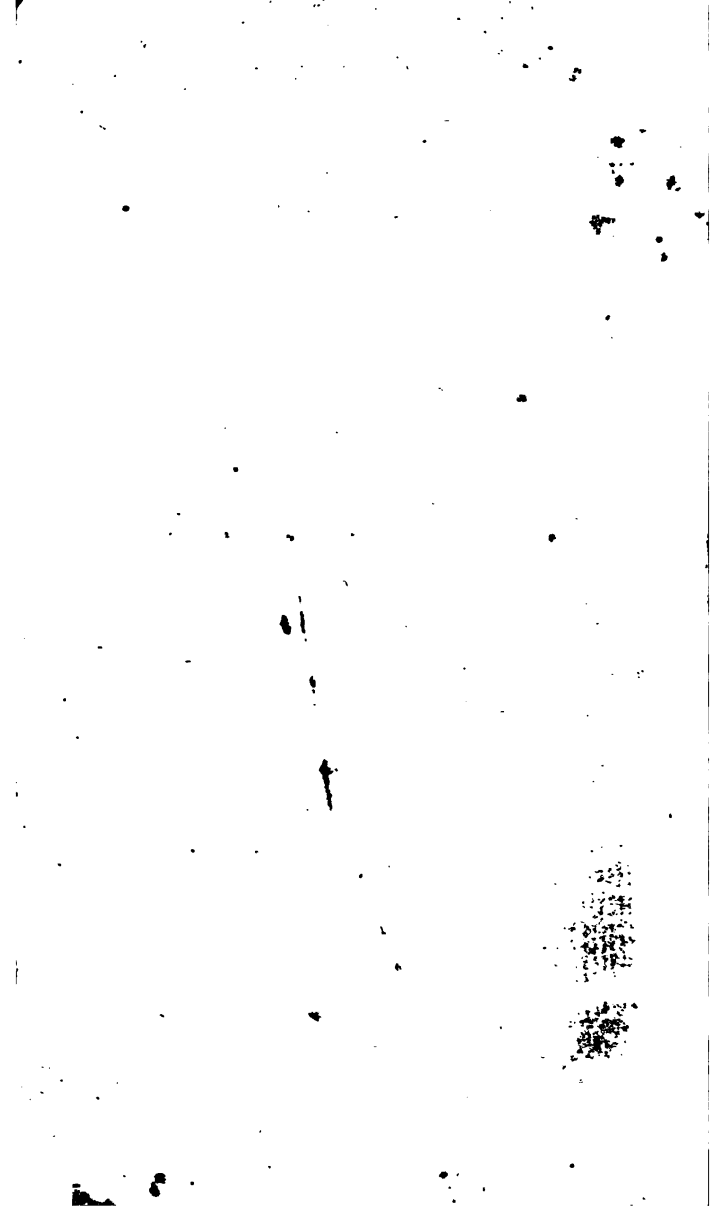
Using these Words, and feeling this Unquietness in my Breast, I travelled all the rest of the Night, and struck about Dawning into one of the Entries of these Mountains, thorow which I travelled three Days at Random, without following or finding any Path or Way, until I arrived at last to certain Meadows and Fields, that lie, I know not in which Part of these Mountains; and finding there certain Herds, I demanded of them which Way lay the most craggy and inaccessible Places of these Rocks, and they directed me hither, and presently I travelled towards it, with Purpose here to end my Life: And entering in among those Desarts, my Mule, thro' Weariness and Hunger, fell dead under me, or rather, as I may better suppose, to disburden himself of so vile and unprofitable a Burden as he carried of me. I remained a-foot, overcome by Nature, and pierced with Hunger and Grief, and withal so careless of Relief, that I threw myself
along

along on the Ground, and lay I know not how long in a Faint or Trance: Coming to my Senses again, I found by me some Goat-herds, who, because I had no Hunger upon me, I thought had given me some Sustenance, but I did not remember to have taken any. They told me in what a wild Condition they found me, talking and looking so strangely, that they judg'd I had quite lost my Senses. And I have great Cause to think, that my Reason sometimes leaves me, and that I commit all the Pranks of Rage and Madness, as tearing my Clothes, howling thro' these Desarts, filling the Air with Curses and Lamentations, and calling upon *Luscinda's* Name, till I become so weak, that I can hardly stir. My Place of Retirement at Night is usually some hollow Cork-tree, where these neighbouring Goat-herds, out of meer Pity, leave me sometimes Part of their own Victuals to support my miserable Life; tho' sometimes, in my Fits, I take it from them by Violence, as they often tell me in my Intervals of Reason, and chide me for it; but I can make no other Excuse, than the Greatness of my Distraction, which, till Heaven put a Period to my Life, and by that Means to the Memory of *Luscinda's* Beauty and Perjury, will not allow me the Use of my Senses. Thus, Sirs, I have related an Account of my Misfortunes; judge now whether I can shew less Concern; and pray do not prescribe Remedies to me who will make Use of none, who can have no Health without *Luscinda*. Since she has forsaken me, I must die; and as she has shewed by her Unfaithfulness that she desires my Ruin, I will, by my unheard-of Sufferings, strive to convince her, that I deserved a better Fate.

Here *Cardenio* ended his Story, and as the Curate was going to give him some proper Consolation, he was prevented by the doleful Sounds of another Complaint, which engaged their Attention: But the Account of that Adventure is reserved to the fourth Book of this History; for the wise and judicious Historian *Cid Hamet Benengeli* here put an end to the third.

The End of the First Volume.





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